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July, 1919

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Grant M. Overton

THE RADICAL PRESS IN AMERICA
Charles Edward Russell

THE PARIS OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS
Arthur Bartlett Maurice

THE RISE OF MELISANDE MERINGUE
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THE BOOKMAN

THE RADICAL PRESS IN AMERICA

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Of all the free and advanced nations of this world, the United States of America alone can be said to have no radical press. We have, I know, certain doctrinaire publications that with travail and almsgiving issue from time to time to edify a following already convinced of every line thus printed. Also, we have newspapers that give space to radical matter when it constitutes what is called a good story, newspapers strong for virtue and civic righteousness, and newspapers that—habitually printing the ablest of all editorials—often print expressions of more or less radical sympathy. But of journals of a constant and practical radical aim, having also large circulation and large influence, we have none.

In a way, the American psychology would make impossible such journals of this order as do well elsewhere; certainly it is poisonous soil for any growth that looks like propaganda. In this country you must wear your propaganda with a difference. As a nation we care very little for expressed opinion of any sort, being now fixed in the habit of making our own, and nothing at all for that which charges at us, beetle-browed, to drive us into strange ways. I do not know that this phenomenon has been enough noted, but it is certainly a base key to the real and not the imaginary America, if we care for that. We are, for instance, the only people on whom the signature of eminence is largely futile. Opinions by the President are noted because they have back of them the possibility of being cast into laws; but as to all the rest of mankind we have unconsciously erected a polemic democracy. We do not care a hoot what they think. And I have often wondered at the persistence of doctrinal champions that cite authority in support of their views. We care just as little for a senator's opinion (as a senator) on the League of Nations as we should care for his opinion on tooth-paste. It may be taken for certain that in these days there is no such thing in America as a leader of thought. I do not know that there is one man whose views on any subject connected with public affairs have the slightest weight because they are his. They may be listened to (now and then), because he expresses them well or because he

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puts into words the thoughts of millions, but the days of the prophets are dead and gone.

What does move the average, typical American mind, stir it to action and mould its decision, is a statement of apparent fact. The news column relating something that has happened, or is said to have happened, is a million times more powerful than the editorial expounding some learned gentleman's thought about that happening. Instinctively, the prompting of the American is that his own mental machinery is as good as that of the gentleman back of the editorial page and the product thereof as respectable. Therefore, seek not to lead him by the nose, good writers of editorials; you will get nowhere with that haltering because he has a passion for leading himself. I am convinced that the best editorial pages in our newspapers are read—perhaps not generally or widely, but still they are read, and certainly public taste demands them; but they are always read with reserve. For us, gone dumb is the oracle long ago. Once there might have been magic and mystery in the editorial "we" that muttered and thundered from the adytum, but now we only laugh. Who made this person a high priest to froth at the mouth and transmit tips from Olympus? Nay, even when he shrieks in double leads and assures all and sundry of the supreme importance of what he is saying, the effect is still the same; we do not care a hoot.

And then we have, or seem to have, some instinctive horror of the doctrinaire, or of anything looking like that unfortunate creature; that is another strange fact about us, all the stranger in a nation where agitation is incessant and unquenchable. The idea seems to be that we will stand for agitation and agitators, but not for persons obsessed with but one idea. At the charge of the hobby-horse brigade we turn and run. Many a stout heart not to be shaken in battle quails at the thought of a bore parroting forever the same formula. Let him have done; we have heard, say we, from childhood's happy hour all about his remedy for political boils and chilblains and he has never cured anything yet. Instinctively, again, we distrust him. If he will offer us any plan of human betterment, let him come as a man and not a phonograph.

It is the same way with propaganda publications. No matter how just and necessary the cause they advocate, in the end they do it more harm than good. Once let the label of the doctrinaire be put upon them and all is over with their influence and power; the public discounts everything they say. And when we come to the radical cause in America —by which I mean the struggle for industrial and social justice and the whole cause of the people against exploiters—many gentlemen once committed to that endeavor seem henceforth unable to free themselves from the idea of a furious and unceasing din of propaganda. It is, of course, easy to conceive of an American journal like "The Bulletin" of Sydney, Australia, that would be never tiresome, repetitious, or prosy; a journal that would recognize that to the average man engaged in fighting for daily bread in the existing system of society, life must necessarily have some interests besides taxation reform, for instance; a journal that would never cease to offer facts out of which convictions should spring in favor of better conditions, but that

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would not take a poor reader by the throat and jab him full of doctrine. For many years the Sydney "Bulletin" was and probably still is a powerful influence for social reform in Australia; but it has been at all times a sane, readable, attractive, entertaining journal for general circulation, and because it has maintained this high average of sane human interest, it has been able to be effective for the advance steps it has advocated. Australians are much like Americans. If "The Bulletin" had been a propaganda sheet it would have gone years ago to the scrap heap, and some of the reforms it has stood for would be still unachieved. Yet the strange thing is that with much greater problems than Australia ever had, we have in America no such journal as the Sydney "Bulletin" nor anything remotely resembling it, nor apparently the least chance of having it. If we ever start a publication devoted to the people's cause, we think we must shriek "Down with the bourgeoisie!" in every line. Whereupon the average American says, "Another nut has broken out of the asylum, I see", and turns to a press more or less dominated by his exploiters. We seem unable to separate ourselves from the idea that the only way to advocate a cause is to dance a snake-dance until we drop exhausted. And yet if anybody should come along with wit enough to make a Sydney "Bulletin" in the United States, he would probably have in a year more power than the whole propaganda press together and much profit besides.

Ninety-nine American reformers in a hundred will go wrong on this subject. Before them stands the wall that entrenches wrong, injustice, privilege, mediævalism, or whatever else is to be destroyed; and the only idea in their heads is to bring up some form of labeled engine of war like a battering-ram, plant it a mile away, and heave it to and fro. What though it strike nothing but the woundless air? Still are they active, they are doing something, the great beam swings back and forth with much éclat; they are happy. Meantime, the panoplied hosts of evil may be conceived to look down and smile. It is not with loud noises that their walls are to be overthrown.

There is also another reason for the absence in America of what abroad is known as a radical press. Intelligent publicity is the life-blood of social progression no less here than elsewhere; but it is not confined to any one form. This generation with us has seen reforming publicity pass out of one form, go through two others, and enter a fourth. Between each of its phases was a period when publicity as an agent for betterment seemed extinct. It never was extinct because betterment is an eternal law of the race, and radical publicity is only its expression that in one way or another it is certain to find.

For many years the newspaper was the normal tribune of the populace. It lay bare what was wrong, pilloried malefactors, indicated improvements. These were the traditional functions of the palladium of liberty and that sort of thing, that the newspaper was then supposed to be. Before the beginning of this century the newspaper had practically ceased to perform any of these functions. It was greater than ever in the field of its own development; it was directed with greater ability. No doubt the editors were as earnest in their belief in righteousness as any of their predecessors had been, and assuredly

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more skilful in expressing it. But the business had undergone a transformation that nobody had foreseen or desired. A newspaper had become, by evolutionary processes, a commodity in the market, a manufactured article to be sold for profit. Competition had increased manufacturing cost to a point where this was unavoidable. To publish a newspaper for any other purpose or on any other basis than that of strict business became impossible.

Before long competition wrought also this condition—that the selling price of the commodity no longer equaled the cost of producing it. First the white paper and ink in each copy of a newspaper cost more than the price at which it was sold; then this became the fact about the white paper alone, and all the other cost items, overhead and interest included, were sheer loss. This condition forced the business to become dependent for its existence upon what was really a by-product. The sale of its advertising space alone provided the revenues that made up the deficit on sales of the commodity.

The largest purchasers of the most valuable advertising space were great business enterprises whose interests were all against the changes advocated by the social reformers. Nothing was more natural than that the men in charge of such enterprises should refuse to purchase space in newspapers that threatened the welfare of their investments. From their point of view they were in this justified by sound business reason; but the result was the passing of the newspaper as the champion of the masses. Whatever editors might desire or proprietors might believe, there was no gainsaying a condition so imperious.

A period of inarticulation followed in which the radical voice seemed chiefly limited to the street-corner and the obscure soap-box. By 1904 the new forum had appeared, resounding with a new and fetching eloquence. The magazine became, for a time, the compelling enginery of reform, much more powerful than the daily newspaper had ever been. The magazine, issuing at longer intervals, spoke with the greater authority; it had more time to consider and to prepare its articles and much more space in which to develop them; its appeal lasted for a month instead of a few moments. It could, therefore, in the most telling way present those facts—and then facts and always facts, from which alone the average American likes to arrive at an opinion. While the reforming magazine lasted it was the greatest radical influence ever known, and wrought historic changes. A catalogue of its achievements, accurately prepared, would be an astonishing document for the ages and the sure discourager of pessimism. One series of magazine articles started a movement that raised municipal government in America from a state notoriously the worst among the nations to a place near the best; others achieved the seemingly impossible, reversed the country's thought, abolished forever the apotheosis of wealth however acquired, and fostered that idealism that in the closing months of the Great War made the world stare. The overthrowing of the blind worship of Mammon represented a profound change. Yet it would be found on examination only an item in a long list of services performed by the radical magazine—so long as it lasted.

That was not long. The same causes that had eliminated the newspaper forum were at work to under-

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mine the magazine forum no less. Magazines, too, under the stress of competition, had come to be manufactured at a loss. Hence they, too, must look to the by-product of advertising not merely for their profits but for their lives. As before, the sale of this by-product was largely due to influences that in self-defense must object to any disturbance of the system that existed, and hence the magazine passed in its turn and the next stage set in.

This, brief and hot, consisted of investigations by committees of Congress and by federal commissions, culminating in the many-volumed Industrial Relations report, which may be called the most stupendous radical tract ever issued. All the labors of the radical writers were eclipsed by the investigations of these commissions, for the reason that, having the national authority, they could issue subpœnas, put witnesses under oath, and summon them to produce books and papers. They could therefore do in a few hours what the radical writers could hardly do in years of inferior effort. The completed report in its ponderous tomes might be read by but few; the daily sessions must be reported in the press and the columns once closed to such information were automatically reopened to it. Obviously, it was a stage that could not last long, but while it lasted it produced a deep impression on the country. If we take but the Industrial Relations report alone, it may be said with confidence that the conditions it revealed can never exist again.

The fourth phase of radical publicity is now upon us and, outside of a limited use of the platform, the chief exponent of radical thought has become the book publisher. The agitator for social progress does not now appeal principally to the newspaper press nor write magazine articles; he writes books. So do his opponents. The publishers' lists are become so many arenas, clanging with fight. Marvelous shifting of the battle line —from a single column or so among the flying leaves of a time-driven journal, through the magazines and reviews to the bookstores! It is not with the paper bullet of the ancient pamphleteer that reform now assails and reaction defends the citadel, but with the thundering cannon of bound volumes!

Already the steadily increasing output of controversial literature has encroached upon the supremacy of fiction, sacred and unassailable for generations. I even hear rash, bold men predict that in this country, at least, the book with a purpose (taken collectively) is to stand equal with roseate romance or overspire it! Preposterous is the look of this, I know, but the prophets are unruffled. They say that this country is always becoming more serious-minded; and they refer to the experience of one of the most famous of American actors who went to the trenches to read humorous selections to the American troops and ended by reading Hamlet, Macbeth, and the Sonnets. Imagine, if you can, a public posting hotfoot to the bookseller's—not for the latest creations of Mr. Wells or Mr. Chambers, but to tear eagerly from the presses copies of Smith on "Municipal Taxation" and Jones on "The League of Nations". It sounds insane enough, but in these days when all hawsers are cut from all moorings, anything is possible. What are the current topics of most serious interest? The peace treaty and Bolshevism. Look at the long lists of books already out, in press or in preparation, that deal with differ-

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ent phases of the peace problem. What are these but expanded leading articles? What are most of these writers but journalists wielding bigger pens across an enlarged strip of copy paper? And by this ascension behold the principle of publicity indomitable, irrepressible, going always to greater power instead of less, for that is the fact about it.

I have before me now seven books on Bolshevism recently from the press: John Spargo's, John Reed's, Radziwill's "The Firebrand of Bolshevism", Kerensky's "The Prelude to Bolshevism", Beasley, Forbes, Birkett's "Russia", and others. They deal with both sides of the question; you can gather from them every shade of impression about the Bolshevists from deviltry to sainthood. It is the tractarian tilting of the eighteenth century magnified until it has become prodigy.

Is this a disadvantage? You are probably inclined to think so because it seems to mean so much more time, so much more effort. We must read books where we formerly read pages. No doubt; but the gain outweighs the loss. Above everything else the man that writes the book is now free, or nearly free. There are no advertisements in books; the business manager will not run upstairs with the devastating intelligence that the Beef Trust has withdrawn a page because of unkind remarks in our last issue. The libel laws and the fear of putting forth an unsalable book are about the only limitations a publisher knows. There may be interests that for certain reasons, good and sufficient, he does not wish to offend, but he need not look for a loss of sales if he offend them; he is not likely to see his income cut in half.

And then, just as the magazine was bigger artillery than the newspaper, so a book is bigger artillery than a magazine. It speaks with more authority; assumably it has been prepared with still greater care; it has still longer time to make its influence felt. It stands upon the shelf long after the magazine has gone back to paper stock; it is a storehouse of facts, influence, and maybe inspiration. Year after year other writers will come with shovels and scoop up its statistics. Idlers in the public libraries will pick it up and get impressions from it. Newspapers will discuss in it statements that could not legitimately be brought in any other way to their attention. Instead of being depressed by the mutations in the instruments of progress the radical should lift up his heart and be glad. If we have no periodical radical press, we have a book press that is better.

And anyway there is no such thing as any lost utterance on the side of progress. The only seed that falls on stony ground is the seed of reaction. This is the ultimate truth in the long struggle for emancipation, however much at times it may seem obscured to us. Where are now all the words with which able lackeys and literary bootlickers used to defend the divine right of kings? Nobody knows and nobody cares; they are not even relics on museum shelves. But the words with which men upheld the rights of men—immortal! And this is so even when they were uttered in subcellars and garrets, in lonely exile or under the noose, to three or four fugitives or in the senate. The history of reaction affords to the philosopher much refined amusement; but surely it takes on its funniest aspect when it marches forth, gag in hand, to silence criticism!

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LITERARY EDITORS

BY GRANT M. OVERTON

Editor of the New York "Sun" Literary Supplement: "Books and the Book World"

I

The very term *literary editor* is a survival. It is meaningless but we continue to use it because no better designation has been found, just as people in monarchical countries continue to speak of "King George" or "Queen Victoria of Spain". Besides, there is politeness to consider. No one wants to be the first to allude publicly and truthfully to "Figurehead George" or "Social Leader Victoria".

Literary editors who are literary are not editors, and literary editors who are editors are no longer literary. Of old there were scholarly, sarcastic men (delightful fellows, personally) who sat in cubbyholes and read unremittingly. Afterward, at night, they set down a few thoughtful, biting words about what they had read. These were printed. Publishers who perused them felt as if knives had been stuck in their backs. Booksellers who read them looked up to ask each other pathetically: "But what does it *mean?*" Book readers who read them resolved that the publication of a new book should be, for them, the signal to read an old one. It was good for the second-hand trade.

We've changed all that, or, if we haven't, we're going to. Take a chap who runs what is called a "book section". This is a separate section or supplement forming part of a daily or Sunday newspaper. Its pages are magazine size—half the size of newspaper pages. They number from eight to twenty-eight, depending on the season and the advertising. The essential thing to realize about such a section is that it requires an editor to run it.

It does not require a literary man or woman at all. The editor of such a section need have no special education in the arts or letters. He must have judgment, of course, and if he has not some taste for literary matters he may not enjoy his work as he will if he has that taste. But highbrowism is fatal.

Can our editor "review" a book? Perhaps not. It is no matter. Maybe he knows a good review when he sees it, which will matter a good deal. Maybe he can get capable people to deal with the books for him. Which will matter more than anything else on earth in the handling of his book section.

A section will most certainly require, to run it, a man who can tell a good review (another word-survival) and who can get good reviewers. It will require a man or woman with a sharp, clear, and very broad viewpoint. Such exist. What do we mean —viewpoint?

The right conception, it seems to us, starts with the proposition that a new book is news (sometimes an old one is news too), and should be dealt with as such. Perhaps we are dealing only with a state of mind in all this, but states of mind are impor-

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tant. They are the only states where self-determination is a sure thing. To get on:

Your literary editor is like unto a city editor, an individual whose desk is usually not so far away but that you can study him in his habitat. The city editor tries to distinguish the big news from the little news. The literary editor will wisely do the same. What is big news in the world of books? Well, a book that appears destined to be read as widely fifty years hence as it is today on publication is big news. And a book that will be read immediately by 100,000 people is bigger news. People who talk about news often overlook the ephemeral side of it. Much of the newsiness and importance of news resides in its transiency. What is news today isn't news tomorrow. But today 100,000 people, more or less, will want to know about it.

Illustration: two events happen on the same day. One of them will be noted carefully in histories written fifty years hence, but it affects, and interests, at the hour of its occurrence, very few persons. Of course it is news, but there may easily, at that hour, be much bigger. For another event occurring on that same day, though of a character that will make it forgotten fifty years later, at once and directly affects the lives of the hundred thousand.

Parallel: two books are published on the same day. One of them will be dissected fifty years later by the H. W. Boyntons and Wilson Folletts of that time. But the number of persons who will read it within the twelvemonth of its birth is small—in the hundreds. The other book will be out of print and unremembered in five years. But within six months of its publication hundreds of thousands will read it. Among those hundreds of thousands there will be hundreds, and maybe thousands, whose thoughts, ideas, opinions will be seriously modified and in some cases lastingly modified—whose very lives may change trend as a result of reading that book.

No need to ask which event and which book is the bigger news. News is not the judgment of posterity on a book or event. News is not even the sum total of the effects of an event or a book on human society. News is the immediate importance, or interest, of an event or a book to the greatest number of people.

Eleanor H. Porter writes a new story. One in every thousand persons in the United States, or perhaps more, wants to know about it, and at once. Isidor MacDougal (as Frank M. O'Brien would say) writes a literary masterpiece. Not one person in 500,000 cares, or would care even if the subject-matter were made comprehensible to him. The oldtime "reviewer" would write three solid columns about Isidor MacDougal's work. The present-day literary editor puts it in competent hands for a simplified description to be printed later; and meanwhile he slaps Mrs. Porter's novel on his front page.

The troubles of a literary editor are the troubles of his friend across the aisle, the city editor. The worst of them is the occasional and inevitable error in giving out the assignment. All his reporters are good book reporters, but like the people on the city editor's staff they have usually their limitations, whether temperamental or knowledgable. Every once in a while the city editor sends to cover a fire a reporter who does speechified dinners beautifully but who has no sympathy with fires, who

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can't get through the fire lines, who writes that the fire "broke out", and who burns up more words misdescribing the facts than the copyreader can extinguish with blue air and blue pencil. Just so it will happen in the best regulated literary editor's sanctum that, now and then, the editor will give the wrong book to the right man. Then he learns how unreasonable an author can be, if he doesn't know already from the confidences of publishers.

The literary editor's point of view, we believe, must be that expressed by a reviewer "cuss" in the essay on reviewing presented in a recently published volume of collected papers. Few books that get published by established publishing houses are so poor or so circumscribed as not to appeal to a body of readers somewhere, however small or scattered. The function of the book reporter is transcendently to find a book's waiting audience. If he can incidentally warn off those who don't belong to that audience, so much the better. That's a harder thing to do, of course.

II

The first requisite in a good book section is that it shall be interesting. As regards the news of new books, this is not difficult where book reporters, with the reporter's attitude, are on the job. Reporters' stories are sometimes badly written, but they are seldom dull. New books described by persons who have it firmly lodged in their noodles that they are "reviewing" the books, fare badly. The reviewer-obsession manifests itself in different ways. Sometimes the new book is made to march past the reviewer in column of squads, deploying at page 247 into skirmish formation, and coming at page 431 into company front. Very fine, but the reader wants to see them in the trenches, or, headed by the author uttering inspiriting yells, going over the top. On other occasions the reviewer assumes the so-called judicial attitude, the true inwardness of which William Schwenk Gilbert was perhaps the first to appreciate, with the possible exception of Lewis Carroll. Then doth our reviewer tell us what will be famous a century hence. Much we care what will be famous a century hence. What bothers us is what we shall read tomorrow. Of course it may happen to be one and the same book. Very well then, why not say so?

The main interest of the book section is served by getting crackerjack book reporters. They will suffice for the people who read the section because they are interested in books. If the literary editor stops there, however, he might as well never have started. These people would read the book section anyway, unless it were filled throughout with absolutely unreadable matter, as has been known to happen. Even then they would doubtless scan the advertisements. At least, that is the theory on which publishers hopefully proceed. There are book sections where the contributors always specify that their articles shall have a position next to advertising matter.

No, the literary editor must interest people who do not especially care about books as such. He can do it only by convincing them that books are just as full of life and just as much a part of a normal scheme of life as movies, or magazine cutouts, or buying things on the instalment plan. Many a plain person has been led to read books by the fact that books are sometimes sold for instal-

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ment payments. Anything so sold, the ordinary person at once realizes, must be something which will fit into his scheme of existence. Acting on an instinct so old that its origin is shrouded in the mists of antiquity, the ordinary person pays the instalments. As a result, books are delivered at his residence. At first he is frightened. But he who looks and runs away may live to read another day. And from living to read it is but a step to reading to live.

Now one way to interest people who don't care about books for books' sake is to get up attractive pages, with pleasant or enticing headlines, with pictures, with jokes in the corners of 'em, with some new and original and not-hitherto-published matter in them, with poetry (all kinds), with large type, with signed articles so that the reader can know who wrote it and like or hate him with the necessary personal tag. But these things aren't literary, at all. They are just plain human and fall in the field of action of every editor alive—though of course editors who are dead are exempt from dealing with them. That is why a literary editor has no need to be literary and, indeed, had better not be if it is going to prevent his being human.

We have been talking about the literary editor of a book section. There are not many book sections in this country. There are hundreds of book pages—half-pages and whole pages and double pages. The word *technique* is a loathsome thing and really without any significance in this connection, inasmuch as there is no particular way of doing the news of books well, and certainly no one way of doing it that is invariably better than any other. But for convenience we may permit ourselves to use the word *technique* for a moment; and, permission granted, we will merely say that the technique of a book page or pages is entirely different from the technique of a book section—if you know what we mean.

Clarified (we hope) it comes down to this: that things which a fellow would attempt in a book section he would not essay in a book page or double page. Conversely, things that will make a page successful may be out of place in a section. It is by no means wholly a matter of newspaper makeup, though there is that to it, too. But a man with a book section, though not necessarily more ambitious, is otherwisely so. For one thing, he expects to turn his reporters loose on more books than his colleague who has only a page or so to turn around in. For another, he will probably want to print a careful list of all books he receives, of whatever sort, with a description of each as adequate as he can contrive in from twenty to fifty words, plus title, author, place of publication, publisher and price. Such lists are scanned by publishers, booksellers, librarians, readers in search of books on special subjects—by pretty nearly everybody who reads the section at all. Even the rather prosaic quality of such a list has its value. A woman down in Texas writes to the literary editor that there is too much conscious cleverness in lots of the stuff he prints, "but the lists of books are delightful"! There you are. In editing a book section you must be all things to all women.

The fellow with a page or two has quite other preoccupations. Where's a photo, or a cartoon? Must have a headline to break the solidity of this close-packed column of print. How about a funny column? That gifted

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person, Heywood Broun, taking charge of the book pages of the New York "Tribune", announces that he is in favor of anything that will make book reviewing exciting. Nothing can make book reviewing exciting except book reporting and the books themselves; but if Broun is looking for excitement he will find it while filling the rôle of a literary editor. Before long he will learn that everybody in the world who is not the author of a book wants to review books—and some who are authors are willing to double in both parts. Also, a considerable number of books are published annually in these still United States and a considerable percentage of those published find their way to the literary editor. It is no joke to receive, list with descriptions, and sort out for assignment or non-assignment an average of 1,500 volumes a year; nor to assign to your book reporters, with as much infallibility in choosing the reporter as possible, perhaps half of the 1,500. Likewise there are assignments which several reporters want, a single book bespoken by four persons, maybe; and there are book assignments that are received with horror or sometimes with unflinching bravery by the good soldier. To hand a man, for instance, the extremely thick two-volume "History of Labour in the United States" by Professor Commons and his associates, is like pinning a decoration on him for limitless valor under fire—only the decoration bears a strong resemblance to the Iron Cross.

III

Newspapers depend upon advertising for their existence, let alone their profits, in most instances. Of course, if there were no such things as advertisements we should still have newspapers. The news must be had. Presumably people would simply pay more for it, or pay as much in a more direct way.

What is true of newspapers is true of parts of newspapers. The fact that a new book is news, and, as such, a thing that must more or less widely but indispensably be reported, is attested by the maintenance of book columns and pages in many newspapers where book advertising there is none. The people who read the Boston "Evening Transcript", for example, would hardly endure the abolition of its book pages whether publishers used them to advertise in or not.

At the same time the publisher finds, and can find, no better medium than a good live book page or book section; nor can he find any other medium, nor can any other medium be created, in which his advertising will reach his full audience. "The trade" reads the excellent "Publishers' Weekly", librarians have the journal of the American Library Association, readers have the newspapers and magazines of general circulation on which they rely for the news of new books. But the good book page or book section reaches all these groups. Publishers, authors, booksellers, librarians, book buyers—all read it. And if it is really good it spreads the book reading habit. Even a bookshop seldom does that—we have one exception in mind, pretty well known. People do not, ordinarily, read in a bookshop.

Of course a literary editor who has any regard for the vitality of his page or section is interested in book advertising. There's something wrong with him if he isn't. If he isn't he doesn't measure up to his job, which is to get people to read books and find their way about among them. A book

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page or a book section without advertising is no more satisfactory than a man or a woman without a sense of the value of money. It looks lopsided and it is lopsided. Readers resent it, and rightly. It's a beautiful façade, but the side view is disappointing.

The interest the literary editor takes in book advertising need no more be limited than the interest he takes in the growth or improvment of any other feature of his page or section. It has and can have no relation to his editorial or news policy. The moment such a thing is true his usefulness is ended. An alliance between the pen and the pocketbook is known the moment it is made, and is transparent the moment it takes effect in print. A literary editor may resent, and keenly, as an editor, the fact that Bing, Bang & Company do not advertise their books in his domain. He is quite right to feel strongly about it. It has nothing to do with his handling of the Bing Bang books. That is determined by their news value alone. He may give the Bing Bang best seller a front page review and at the same time decline to meet Mr. Bing or lunch with Mr. Bang. And he will be entirely honest and justified in his course, both ways. Puff & Boom advertise like thunder. The literary editor likes them both immensely, or, at least, he appreciates their good judgment (necessarily it seems good to him in his rôle as editor of the pages they use). But Puff & Boom's books are one-stick stories. Well, it's up to Puff & Boom, isn't it?

Oh, well, first and last there's a lot to being a literary editor, new style. But first and last there's a lot to being a human. Anyone who can be human successfully can do the far lesser thing much better than any literary editor has yet done it.

SEA-GULLS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

Fearless riders of the gale,
In your fierce eyes is the memory
Of great ships broken on the rocks:
Desire, unsatisfied,
Droops in your wide wings.

You lie at dusk
In your green cradles,
Unresponsive to the sea's tender mood,
And in your soulless cry,
Oh dread, gray birds,
Is the mocking echo of woman's weeping
In the night.

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THE PARIS OF THACKERAY AND DICKENS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is,
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And there's an inn not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a plate of bouillabaisse..

The genial Laird, one of the Three Musketeers of the Brush of Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby", tossed on a bed of fever, while kindly French nurses in attendance wept as they listened to the reverential voice in which he mumbled over what they conceived to be his prayers. But these "prayers", strangely enough, always ended with allusion to,—

Red peppers, garlic, roach, and dace,
All these you get in Terré's Tavern
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.

Thousands of other Scotchmen, and tens of thousands of Britons and of Americans have thrilled, as Sandy McAllister of Cockpen did, over the verses into which Thackeray, writing in a vein of assumed lightness, poured so much of the feeling of his lost youth. As poetry, the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse" is not to be ranked with Keats's "Ode on a German Urn". Neither is Kipling's "Mandalay". Thackeray himself wrote many better verses, but none which has so delighted the ear and the palate of posterity, and which is so likely to endure. Every now and then its vitality is attested by some new Columbus who discovers in a Paris restaurant to his liking the original of Terré's Tavern. For example there was the American, Julian Street, who, six or seven years ago in a little book called "Paris à la Carte", wrote: "Those who remember Thackeray's 'Ballad of the Bouillabaisse' will find the restaurant therein celebrated a few blocks back of the Café Laperousse, near the Church of St. Germain des Prés. I do not know that bouillabaisse may still be had there, but I hope so. Perhaps you will find out."

Now as a matter of fact the restaurant of Mr. Street's discovery actually has certain Thackerayan associations. Thackeray dined there often when he was an art student, and to this day there hangs on the wall a portrait of the novelist at table, and an appended note setting forth the facts of his fame and his patronage. But it never was Terré's. The site of the lair of the bouillabaisse is not on the south side of the river at all, but is almost within a stone's throw of the great boulevards and the fashionable shops of the Rue de la Paix. Soon after Thackeray's Paris days the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs became the Rue des Petits Champs. It is that today, running from the Rue de la Paix, upon which its western end abuts, diagonally across the Avenue de l'Opéra, back of the gardens of the Palais Royal, and almost to the Place des Victoires. The number of the building occupied by Terré's Tavern was originally 16. The structure that now occupies the site is of conventional type and architecture, and may be identified by the sign of a banking-house that projects at right angles over the sidewalk.

The impression of one of the many

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who came in contact with the personal Thackeray and afterward wrote about it, was that he spoke the most beautiful French that the visitor had ever heard from the lips of an Englishman. That encomium was qualified by Thackeray himself, when he confessed to a foreigner's limitations in judging the style of George Sand, whose sentences nevertheless impressed him with their charm, seeming to him like "the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear". Perhaps French was not quite a second mother language to him as it was to du Maurier and has been to half a dozen other English men of letters. But the Paris of his day was as familiar to him as was his own Pall Mall and Russell Square; and with that part of him which was not wholly belligerently British, he very much preferred it to the London of fogs and of the intolerant eyes of the Lord Farintoshes and the Sir Barnes Newcomes.

It was not exactly Thackeray's fault that his novels were not written from a detached point of view. He simply could not help being autobiographical. How much of himself he gave in the making of Arthur Pendennis is a matter of general knowledge. The Paris of his youth, and many of his aspirations and heartaches are reflected in the pages of "The Adventures of Philip". The first chapter of "The Paris Sketch Book" is entitled "A Caution to Travellers". The moral it conveys is one of the oldest of morals. The story was told two thousand years before Thackeray. Ten years ago one of the cleverest of American tale-spinners was retelling it with conspicuous success. A hundred years hence, and five hundred years hence the same plot will probably again be presented with little or no variation. It is the innocent traveler who falls among gilded thieves. In the Thackerayan version the name of the victim happened to be Sam Pogson; the fascinating lady called herself for the time being la Baronne Florval-Derval, and her accomplices were a mythical baron, and a son of that Earl of Cinqbars who was ubiquitous in Thackeray's pages; and the particular scene of the fleecing was an apartment in the Rue Taitbout. But the point of the matter is that the experience was one that Thackeray in his callow days—and he seems to have had quite a faculty for playing the fool—had shared with others equally guileless and impressionable. Even though he never dropped his *h's*, he had been Sam Pogson for a day.

If ever there was a book made by a book review it was "Vanity Fair". The first numbers dragged, as "Pickwick" had dragged before Sam Weller came upon the scene. The British public was slow to recognize that a new star was beginning to glitter in the literary firmament. Then came Abraham Hayward's sweeping tribute in "The Edinburgh" for January, 1848; and with it the doors were opened, and Thackeray passed in to take his place among the accepted masters of English fiction. In introducing the man, Hayward recalled finding him, ten or twelve years before, day after day engaged in the Louvre copying pictures in order to qualify himself for his intended profession of artist. The gallery of the Louvre, as much as the Charterhouse, or Cambridge, was a school that played a conspicuous part in Thackeray's intellectual development. It was not that there he learned to draw

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—he never did that—but there, under the influence of the mighty dead, he completed his education in the humanities.

It was in July, 1833, when he was twenty-two years old, and acting as Paris correspondent of "The National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts"—a little paper first edited and subsequently purchased by him—that he wrote to his mother, Mrs. Carmichael Smith: "I have been thinking very seriously of turning artist. I can draw better than I can do anything else, and certainly I should like it better than any other occupation, so why shouldn't I?" In answer to the question he trudged off to spend the pleasant and profitable days in a room,—

> . . . half a mile long, with as many windows as Aladdin's palace, open from sunrise till evening, and free to all manners and varieties of study, where the brethren of the brush, though they sleep perhaps in a garret, and dine in a cellar, have a luxury which surpasses all others, and the enjoyment of a palace which all the money of all the Rothschilds could not buy.

Thackeray's first Paris was the city he had visited as a wide-eyed boy. His second Paris was the Louvre.

Then came the Paris of his marriage and his honeymoon. On August 20, 1836, he and Miss Isabella Gethen Creagh Shawe, a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe of a Bengal regiment, were united in the British Embassy, and went to live in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, hard by Terré's Tavern. There is an echo of that period in certain lines of the "Ballad of the Bouillabaisse":

> Ah, me! how quick the days are flitting!
> I mind me of a time that's gone,
> When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
> In this same place—but not alone.
> A fair young form was nestled near me,
> A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
> And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
> —There's no one now to share my cup.

No. For many years there was no one to share his cup.

There is no need to dwell at length upon the tragedy of Thackeray's brief married life, or the long period during which he was practically a widower. It was the Paris of his youth that was associated with his first great affair of the heart; the Paris of his maturity played a part in his second journey into the realm of serious sentimental attachment. For when the lady in the case was exasperatingly friendly and exasperatingly discreet, it was to Paris that the great man repaired, there to brood over his infatuation, and to write letters in which the tone changed abruptly from assumed lightness to violent recrimination. Thackeray seems to have first met Jane Octavia Brookfield about 1839, three years after his marriage, and soon after the separation enforced by Mrs. Thackeray's mental trouble. The husband, Reverend William H. Brookfield, had been known to Thackeray in the undergraduate days at Cambridge. A chance meeting led to Brookfield's taking Thackeray home unexpectedly to dinner, when there happened to be nothing in the house but a shoulder of cold mutton, and the embarrassed hostess was obliged to send a maid to a neighboring pastry-cook's for a dozen tartlets. The first letter in what is known as the "Brookfield correspondence", which was kept so long a mystery and finally given to the public early in 1914, was one written by Thackeray to M. Cazati in Paris, asking the latter to do the honors in the French capital for Mr. Brookfield. Some years elapsed, however, before the novelist's attentions began to cause comment.

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Brookfield himself seems to have been a complaisant husband, and Jane the "bread- and butter-cutting Charlotte" of "The Sorrows of Werther"; but in 1850 the lady's uncle, Henry Hallam, was moved to protest at the frequency of Thackeray's visits. So the greater part of 1850, Thackeray, who about the time was writing "Pendennis", spent in Paris. To indicate his affluence and extravagance, it is necessary merely to mention that he stayed at the Hotel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme.

From Paris he wrote often to Mrs. Brookfield, and often to others about her, in the latter letters expressing freely his unfavorable opinion of the husband. It was the Paris of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, just before the *coup d'état*, and in one letter he tells of the President's ball and the people he met there:

When I tell you, ma'am, that there were *tradesmen* and their wives present! I saw one woman pull off a pair of list slippers and take a ticket for them at the greatcoat repository; and I rather liked her for being so bold. Confess now, would you have the courage to go to court in list slippers and ask the footman at the door to keep 'em till you came out? Well, there was Lady Castlereagh looking uncommonly 'andsome, and the Spanish Ambassador's wife blazing with new diamonds and looking like a picture by Velasquez, with daring red cheeks and bright eyes. And there was the Princess What-d'you-call-'em, the President's cousin, covered with diamonds too, superb and sulky. . . . . The children went to church yesterday, and Minny sat next to Guizot, and Victor Hugo was there—a queer heathen. Did you read of his ordering his son to fight a duel the other day with the son of another literary man? Young Hugo wounded his adversary and I suppose his father embraced him and applauded him—and goes to church afterwards as if he was a Christian. . . . I am going to Gudin's tonight, being tempted by the promise of meeting Scribe, Dumas, Mery; and if none of them are there, what am I to do?

So much, in this limited narrative, for the Paris of Thackeray's life. There is the Paris of his books. Henry Esmond went there to plan the great scheme that was to restore the Stuarts on the English throne, a gallant venture brought to naught by the Prince's pursuit of Beatrix. That eighteenth century Paris was the scene of various activities of the Beatrix of later years, the Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians". After Waterloo the Rawdon Crawleys lived in Paris for a time—little Rawdon being put out to nurse in the suburbs, —and departing, left behind them innumerable debts. In "The Newcomes", from the Hotel de la Terrasse which was on the Rue de Rivoli, Clive wrote to his friend Pendennis, telling of his first walk in the Tuileries Gardens, "with the chestnuts out, the statues all shining, and all the windows of the palace in a blaze", and recording that the Palais Royal had changed much since Scott's time. It would hardly have been Thackeray's fist if the Louvre had not been brought in to play an early part in the narrative. There Clive fell in love with the most beautiful creature that the world has ever seen.

She was standing, silent and majestic, in the center of one of the rooms of the statue gallery, and the very first glimpse of her struck one breathless with the sense of her beauty. I could not see the color of her eyes and hair exactly, but the latter is light, and the eyes, I should think, are gray. She may be some two and thirty years old, and she was born about two thousand years ago. Her name is the Venus of Milo.

Then Clive and his father went to dine with the Vicomte de Florac at the Café de Paris, which was certainly not where the restaurant of that name is to be found today; and then, in a house in the Rue St. Dominique —the Thackerayan visitor of the present Anno Domini may select the edifice that best fits his own mental picture—"Tom" Newcome again saw his Leonore after all the years. To

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Clive's eyes that tender and ceremonious meeting was like an elderly Sir Charles Grandison saluting a middle-aged Miss Byron. It is the most beautiful of all Thackeray's love stories. Later another love story ran part of its troubled course in the Hotel de Florac and the little garden behind. There, under the kindly chaperonage of the sweet French lady, Clive and Ethel were closer in communion of heart than ever before or after, save possibly in that fable-land at which Thackeray hinted as lying beyond the horizon of "Finis". About the Hotel de Florac there was an American flavor, for when Clive first saw it, the upper part was rented to "Major-General the Honorable Zeno F. Pokey, of Cincinnati, U. S."

Though his *métier* was not the melodramatic school, there are plenty of great moments in Thackeray. Anthony Trollope held Lady Rachel's disclosure of Henry's legitimacy to the Duke of Hamilton in "Esmond" to be the greatest scene in English fiction. What reader can forget the pursuit of the Prince to Castlewood, or George Osborne lying on his face, "dead, with a bullet through his heart", or Becky, admiring her husband, "strong, brave, and victorious"? Once Thackeray reached heights in a comic scene, in the battle between the Bayneses, the Bunches, and the MacWhirters, in the Champs Elysées *pension* of Madame Smolensk. The "Petit Château d'Espagne" was the sonorous name of the *pension* in question, and the full title of the proprietress, which Mrs. Baynes used in letters designed to impress her friends, was Madame la Générale Baronne de Smolensk. But save as indicating a general type of *pension* that flourished in the streets adjacent to that part of the Champs Elysées that lies about the Rond Point in Thackeray's time, it is practically certain that the "Petit Château d'Espagne" was never more than an imaginary structure.

Closer to reality were the bohemian haunts of Philip Firmin. Like some of the characters of Balzac, Firmin was in the habit of dining at Flicoteau's. Flicoteau's was an actual restaurant of the Paris of 1840, which stood on ground now occupied by one of the newer buildings of the Sorbonne. There, for an expenditure of seventeen sous, Philip sat down to the enjoyment of the soup, the beef, the rôti, the salad, the dessert, and the whitey-brown bread at discretion. He would have been poor in the Rue de la Paix; he was wealthy in the Luxembourg quarter. His habitation was the Hotel Poussin, in the Rue Poussin, where there was a little painted wicket that opened, ringing; and the passage and the stair led to Monsieur Philippe's room, which was on the first floor, as was that of Bouchard, the painter, who had his *atelier* over the way. Besides Bouchard, who was a bad painter but a worthy friend, the Hotel Poussin sheltered Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretended to be studying law but whose heart was with the Muses and whose talk was of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset; and the suspiciously wealthy Escasse; and old Colonel Dujarret, who had been a prisoner of war in England; and Tymowski, sighing over his Poland. No such street as the Rue Poussin now exists in that part of Paris. It debouched, according to Philip, into the Rue de Seine, which winds in back of the Institute of France from the Quai Malaquais, and runs to the south, crossing the Boulevard St. Germain. The Rue Visconti,

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where Balzac had the printing-press that ruined him, or the Rue des Beaux Arts, both little changed in the course of three-quarters of a century, will give the visitor the flavor of Philip Firmin's environment. To Thackeray the Hotel Poussin was more than a corner of the city he loved so well. It was Bohemia; it was the careless, light, laughing youth of which he had sung in his adaptation from Béranger's "Le Grenier".

With pensive eyes the little room I view
Where in my youth I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two.
And a light heart breaking into song.
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

France is in "Dombey and Son", and it is in "Little Dorrit". But for the Paris of the fiction of Dickens the natural and inevitable turning is to "A Tale of Two Cities", which was first in its author's mind as "One of These Days", then as "Buried Alive", then as "The Thread of Gold", and then as "The Doctor of Beauvais". "A Tale of Two Cities" (which Andrew Lang held to be one of the three most enthralling stories ever written, the other two being "Quentin Durward" and "Twenty Years After"), and "Barnaby Rudge" were Dickens's only ventures in the field of the historical novel, and the preparation of the scene of the former, especially, was a work of great care and elaboration. The Paris that he personally knew was the city of the 'forties and the 'fifties. To ensure topographical accuracy he spent days in poring over old maps and in laboriously consulting documents, essays, and chronicles. To Mercier's "Tableau de Paris", which had been printed in Amsterdam, he turned for the picture of his Marquis. Rousseau was his authority for the peasant's shutting up his house when he had a bit of meat; in the tax tables of the period he studied the general wretched condition of the proletariat in the years when the storm of revolution was gathering. "These", records Forster, "are interesting intimations of the care with which Dickens worked; and there is no instance in his novels, excepting this, of a deliberate and planned departure from the method of treatment which had been preeminently the source of his popularity as a novelist." Also Carlyle's "French Revolution" had recently appeared, and Froude tells us of the tremendous hold it took on Dickens's mind. "He carried a copy of it with him wherever he went."

It was the St. Antoine quarter, seething into revolt, that was almost the protagonist of the early Paris chapters of the book. There, in a street the exact identity of which is a matter of no particular importance, was the wineshop of Monsieur and Madame Defarge. It was "haggard St. Antoine", "clamorous St. Antoine", "St. Antoine, a vast dusky mass of scarecrows heaving to and fro", "St. Antoine shouting and dancing his angry blood up", "St. Antoine writing his crimes on flaring sheets of paper", "St. Antoine sleeping and dreaming of the fresh vengeance of the morrow". Then the note changed. A new figure came to replace St. Antoine, a hideous figure that grew as familiar as if it had been before the general gaze from the foundations of the world—the figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine. "It was the popular theme for jests; it was the best cure for headache, it infallibly prevented the hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion, it was the national

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razor which shaved close; who kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack."

But there were material scenes. Miss Pross "threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont Neuf"; from the Prison of the Abbaye, Gabelle wrote the letter beginning "Monsieur heretofore the Marquis"; Charles Darnay, journeying from England in response, and making his way in bad equipages drawn by bad horses over bad roads, was consigned to La Force. Tellson's Bank was in the Saint-Germain quarter, "in the wing of a large house, approached by a courtyard and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate"; Alexandre Manette wrote his story while in a doleful cell in the Bastile; part of the Palais de Justice as we see it today is the Conciergerie, where Evrémonde awaited execution; it was on a spot which is now part of the beautiful Place de la Concorde that Sidney Carton made the supreme sacrifice. "He has described London", wrote one of his earliest critics, "like a special correspondent for posterity". The same might be said of his Paris of the *sans-culottes*, and the awakening of the Greater Jacquerie.

Dickens first saw Paris to know it in November, 1846. With his family he had left England the end of the preceding May, crossing to Belgium, and traveling by way of the Rhine to Switzerland, where a stay of several months was made. Then the party made its way from Geneva, journeying in three carriages and stopping between six and seven each evening. The arrival was a day later than expected, and the stop was at the Hotel Brighton in the Rue de Rivoli. Two years earlier Dickens had passed through the city on his way to Italy. This time he was there for a stay of three months. His first experience was a "colossal" walk about the streets, half frightened by the brightness and brilliance, in the course of which his notice was attracted by a book in a shop window announced as "Les Mystères de Londres par Sir Trollopp". In frequent letters to Forster he practised his French, which was apparently very good, though one suspects references to the text-book or dictionary convenient to hand. Then Forster crossed the Channel to join him, and the Parisian education began in earnest. Together they passed through every variety of sightseeing—prisons, palaces, theatres, hospitals, the Morgue and St. Lazare, as well as the Louvre, Versailles, St. Cloud, and all the spots made memorable by the first revolution. The comedian Régnier made them free of the green-room of the Français. They supped with Alexandre Dumas, and with Eugène Sue—then at the height of his fame,—and met Théophile Gautier, and Alphonse Karr. Forster relates:

> We saw Lamartine also, and had much friendly intercourse with Scribe, and with the good-natured Amédée Pichot. One day we visited in the Rue du Bac the sick and ailing Chateaubriand, whom we thought like Basil Montagu; found ourselves at the other extreme of opinion, in the sculpture-room of David d'Angers; and closed that day at the house of Victor Hugo, by whom Dickens was received with infinite courtesy and grace. The great writer then occupied a floor in a noble corner house in the Place Royale, the old quarter of Ninon l'Enclos, and the people of the Regency. . . I never saw upon any features so keenly intellectual such a soft and sweet gentility, and certainly never heard the French language spoken with the picturesque distinctness given to it by Victor Hugo.

Even more pronounced in literary flavor was Dickens's second Paris

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residence of 1855-56. Then his social life was passed almost exclusively among writers, painters, actors, and musicians. His apartment was in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, within a door or two of the Jardin d'Hiver. The painter, Ary Scheffer, brought many distinguished Frenchmen there. Besides he had the society of fellow craftsmen of his own nation. Wilkie Collins was in Paris, and the Brownings, and Thackeray—the estrangement between the two men over the Yates-Garrick Club case had not yet taken place—ran over from London to pay visits to his daughters, who, like the Dickenses, were living in the Champs Elysées. At Scribe's table Dickens dined frequently, and found the dinners and the company to his liking. At the house of Madame Viardot, the sister of Malibran, he met George Sand, and was not greatly impressed. In his honor Emile de Girardin gave two banquets the descriptions of which read like pages from the Arabian Nights or from Dumas's "The Count of Monte Cristo". This life ended late in April, 1856, when Dickens returned to London. In January, 1863, he visited Paris for the last time for the purpose of reading at the Embassy in behalf of the British Charitable Fund.

GIFTS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Many have given me songs,
Others have given me power,
Joy like a cleaving sword,
Pain like a rain-sweet flower,
Vision of worlds unfound,
Dreams that burn in the breast.
With a smile in your quiet eyes
You give me—rest.

Friends have clasped my hand,
Lovers my lips have kissed,
Priests have lifted my soul
As the incense rises in mist,
Prophets have called me like trumpets
Where the work of the world is done.
You open the door of my heart
To God's dear sun.

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AMERICAN MAGAZINES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

M. A. De Wolfe Howe has written a pleasant little book on "The Atlantic Monthly and its Makers", wherein he sets forth the circumstances under which that magazine was founded, gives an account of its successive editors and publishers, and catalogues its more important contributors. A record like this is useful to all who are interested in the development of literature in the United States,—a development which has always been more or less dependent on the hospitality which the magazines might be able to afford. A corresponding volume would be welcome if it were devoted to the honorable history of "The Southern Literary Messenger", established in Richmond in 1834, edited from 1835 to 1837 by Edgar Allan Poe, and in those years accepted as the most interesting magazine in the United States and not in the South only. In fact, there would be advantages to students of American literature if we had half a dozen other monographs, each narrating the life and adventures of a single magazine, adorned with apt anecdotes and buttressed with solid facts.

Indeed, it is not a little curious that while many authors have been moved to write the history of American literature and not a few have undertaken to tell the story of American journalism, no one has been tempted to make a corresponding study of the American monthly magazine, which is a half-way house between literature and journalism. To the second volume of the new "Cambridge History of American Literature", Professor William B. Cairns has contributed a well-documented chapter on "Magazines, Annuals and Gift-Books, 1783-1850"; and in the third volume of this valuable work we may hope to find another chapter discussing the more exuberant expansion of the American magazine in the three score years and nine since the middle of the nineteenth century.

But Professor Cairns's paper extends to only sixteen pages—four less than are allotted to the immediately following article on "Newspapers, 1775-1860"; and it has to survey not only the monthlies and the quarterlies, but also the annuals and the gift-books. True it is that the annual, as it existed in the United States of a century ago, was the precursor of the monthly; indeed, it might fairly be considered as a magazine issued once a year. Like the modern monthly the annual of 1820 and 1830 and 1840 had a warm welcome for the brief tale; and it was in one or another of these evanescent year-books that Hawthorne's earlier stories appeared. Like certain of the more frankly "popular" of our monthlies, the annual relied on the appeal of a pageant of fair women—the chief difference being that our latter-day periodicals put their fair ladies on their richly colored covers month after month, whereas the annuals of the early nineteenth century had each of them a gallery of a dozen steel-engraved fancy portraits of the heroines of Byron or Scott or Moore.

It is a curious coincidence that no

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one on the other side of the western ocean has undertaken to trace in detail the history of periodical literature in Great Britain. Of course, the topic is duly considered in the several volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature"; but these chapters, whatever their merits may be, are far too condensed to supply the varied information we should like to have. It is to be hoped that an ample history of the evolution of the quarterly review and the monthly magazine in the British Isles will be written sooner or later, and in season to inspire and support a similar history of their development in the United States. On this side of the Atlantic we borrowed both the quarterly and the monthly from our kin across the sea; and it is only in the two English-speaking nations that these two kinds of periodicals have been able to maintain themselves profitably.

There are, of course, monthlies and quarterlies in France; but the French prefer to publish their more important periodicals semimonthly. It is on the first and the fifteenth of every month that the "Revue des Deux Mondes" appears; and the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is not only the foremost periodical in France; it has really no rival in its own comprehensive field even outside of France. And its chief competitors, the "Nouvelle Revue" and the "Revue de Paris" have been compelled to pattern themselves upon the older and more prosperous review and to appear twice a month. There is no important quarterly in French; and the successive attempts to establish an illustrated monthly magazine in Paris on the model of "Harper's" or "Scribner's" have none of them been successful.

II

The monthly magazines of Great Britain and of the United States are of many different types, but of these, two predominate. Superficially the difference between them is that one type is illustrated and that the other is not; but the difference is really wider than this statement would imply; as we can see at a glance when we compare "Scribner's Magazine" with "The Atlantic Monthly". The non-illustrated monthlies tend to conform more or less closely to the type established over a century ago by "Blackwood's Magazine"; and the illustrated monthlies are, more or less obviously, improvements on the type established more than three-quarters of a century ago by "Knight's Pictorial Magazine". We can see that "Scribner's" is far superior to "Knight's", which strikes us today as frankly primitive; but there would be no great difficulty in indicating the several stages by which the type ascended, decade after decade, as its possibilities were more closely perceived. And we cannot fail to see that the present non-illustrated monthly such as "The Atlantic" on our side, and "The Cornhill" on the other side, still follows the pattern of "Blackwood's". There is, of course, no conscious and deliberate imitation of the Edinburgh original; the existing British and American monthlies are merely conforming to the tradition established in Scotland more than a century ago.

In one respect, and in one respect only, has there been a departure from the pattern set by the Edinburgh original; and this departure is an indisputable improvement. Almost from the beginning the editors of "Blackwood's" indulged in violent and vulgar abuse of all those with whose

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opinions they did not agree and of whose writings they did not approve. This is probably the reason why Robert Louis Stevenson denied to Lockhart the right to be accepted as a gentleman. Andrew Lang held that Lockhart was not personally responsible for the infamous attack on Keats; but this virulent criticism was only a little worse in taste and in temper than a succession of other articles assaulting Wordsworth and Coleridge and Leigh Hunt. It is not too much to say that "Blackwood's" a hundred years ago was not merely ungentlemanly, but boldly blackguardly. And it is also not too much to say that its manners have continued to be bad all through its hundred years of life, as everyone will testify who has chanced to glance at the vindictive insults which Charles Lever hurled at the United States in the dark days of the Civil War.

Even now, in this twentieth year of the twentieth century, when "Blackwood's" is old enough to know better, there is not a little of the bitterness and rancor and intolerance of Lockhart and Wilson in the "Musings without Method" which may be called the sting in the tail of the "Blackwood's" of today. These truculent and insolent musings make a pitiable appearance when we contrast them with the gentle and kindly "Roundabout Papers" which Thackeray put at the end of "The Cornhill" more than half a century ago. It is the spirit of Thackeray rather than the spirit of Lockhart and Wilson that we find in the "Easy Chair" of "Harper's" for example, whether its pleasant paragraphs were the work of George William Curtis or William Dean Howells or of Charles Dudley Warner, all of them unfailingly courteous and charmingly urbane. Perhaps some day some acute inquirer will be able to explain to us why it is that the bigoted Tory, stoutly entrenched in the past and resolutely refusing to face the future, is incessantly tempted to defend the throne and the altar in the language of the stable and the taproom.

One reason why the writers in "Blackwood's" felt themselves free to exhibit such very bad manners is that all the articles were unsigned; and masked men are less likely to control their evil instincts than men who have made no effort to conceal their identity. The tradition of anonymity inherited by "Blackwood's" from "The Quarterly Review" and inherited from "Blackwood's" by the magazines which followed, is now surrendered by almost every British or American monthly or quarterly. Even "The Unpopular Review", in its latest number, has yielded to the current fashion and affixes the name of every writer to his contribution. But this tradition of anonymity was respected three score years ago when the first number of "The Atlantic" appeared; and its readers were left to guess at the authorship of the several articles by writers whose lights were all hidden under the same bushel. What a loss this was can be judged by Mr. Howe's statement that among the fourteen American men of letters who were represented in the pages of this number, were Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Motley, and Harriet Beecher Stowe—"a combination of all the talents" probably never equaled in any other issue of any American or British magazine.

In "The Cornhill" when Leslie Stephen was its editor, his own "Hours in a Library" were unsigned; and Stevenson's early essays in this magazine were distinguished only by

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the appended "R. L. S." The late Edmund Clarence Stedman told me that he had persistently declined the invitations of the editor of "Harper's", because that magazine persistently suppressed the names of its contributors, although "Scribner's Monthly" had followed the opposite policy from its very first number. It was almost forty years ago that "Harper's" reversed its policy and followed the example set by its rival; and when it experienced this change of heart Stedman became at once a contributor. Nowadays, as all know, it is the custom of many if not most of our magazines, not only to print the list of the contributors in the inside table of contents, but also to emblazon boldly on the cover outside the names of their star writers.

III

When "The Atlantic" was founded in 1857 it had for its chief competitors "The Knickerbocker Magazine", started in 1833 with Charles Fenno Hoffman as its first editor, and surviving until 1859; and "Putnam's Magazine", started in 1853, early illuminated by the "Potiphar Papers" of George William Curtis. "Harper's" could hardly be considered as a rival as its field was widely different. It had begun to appear in 1850; and it was intended at first to be chiefly a vehicle for the serial publication of the novels of the British authors with whom the house of Harper and Brothers had friendly relations. It also made a specialty of a kind of article now no longer seen—the adroit condensation of an important biography or of a significant book of travels—a condensation so deftly concocted that it served to whet the appetite of the casual reader and to tempt him into the purchase of the book itself.

Although it had been the intention of the founders of "Harper's" to rely largely upon the works of the British novelists, the magazine owed the expansion of its early prosperity to a serial which was not British and not a novel. This was J. S. C. Abbott's life of Napoleon, praising his virtues and palliating his vices. The serial publication of an amply illustrated biography was an American innovation—at least, so far as I can recall, nothing of this sort had ever been attempted in any of the British periodicals. It has set an example which was advantageously followed in time by other American magazines—notably by "The Century" more than forty years later when it published Professor Sloane's solidly documented and sumptuously adorned account of the career of the Emperor of the French.

In "The Century" itself Sloane's "Napoleon" was followed by Hay and Nicolay's "Lincoln"; and it had been preceded by the famous War Series, republished in four volumes as the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War", edited by Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Clough Buel, and contributed to by Grant and by almost every other surviving officer of both the Union and the Confederate forces. "Scribner's" had a series on the "American Railroads" written by carefully selected experts; and "McClure's" had a history of the Standard Oil Company by Miss Ida Tarbell; while "Harper's" had a delightful sequence of essays by Andrew Lang on "Shakespeare's Comedies" to supply the text for E. A. Abbey's equally delightful illustrations. Of late years a serial of this kind seems to have fallen out of favor with the editors of American magazines, although "Everybody's" has very re-

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cently continued from month to month Brand Whitlock's story of his experiences in Belgium during the German occupation.

When we turn back to the "Harper's" of sixty years ago, the woodcuts which illustrated Abbott's "Napoleon" seem to us today sadly old-fashioned, stiff, and inadequate. It was not until nearly a score of years later that the great period of American wood-engraving began. It was made possible by the invention of a method whereby any picture in black and white—pencil-sketch, pen-drawing, or wash-drawing—could be transferred to the engraver's block, thus doing away with the necessity the artists had hitherto been under of drawing on the wood itself, a necessity which they had found a hampering limitation. As it happened the art editor of "The Century" was A. W. Drake, who had been an engraver himself and who was ready to encourage new methods in the art; and the art editor of "Harper's" was Charles Parsons, who soon proved himself to be almost equally receptive and encouraging. The result of the intelligent rivalry of "The Century" and "Harper's" was the stimulation of both the draftsmen and the wood-cutters. The drawings of Abbey and C. S. Reinhart and Howard Pyle were interpreted by the engraving of Timothy Cole and George Kruell, Whitney and Jungling. The artists were delighted because their designs were no longer destroyed by the engraver, and because the engraver (no longer compelled to the servile following of the actual lines) was able to reproduce more liberally and far more satisfactorily the spirit of the work of art he was interpreting.

It was largely because of this new development of the American art of wood-engraving and of the accompanying increase in the number of our illustrators, that the American monthlies were encouraged to invade the British market. "The Century" first, "Harper's" a little later, and the new "Scribner's Magazine", as soon as it was started (now a little more than thirty years ago), were published in London on the same day that they were issued in New York; and they attained to a circulation in the British Isles far larger than any of their British rivals in the United States. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that in the 'eighties or the 'nineties of the last century these three American magazines really had no British competitors.

Even when a powerful London publishing house started "The English Illustrated Magazine" avowedly to vie with the American invaders, it could not establish itself, partly because the British wood-engravers were unwilling to depart from their traditions and partly because the publishers did not organize an adequate editorial staff. Even when wood-engraving became less important as the various mechanical processes of reproducing the artist's sketch were perfected, the advantage remained with the American magazines; and some of the British photo-engravers were frank in admitting their inferiority. For the illustration of Austin Dobson's critical biography of Hogarth, a few of the process-plates were made in London, while others were imported from New York, after having appeared in "The Century". And I recall that the author told me that when he complained to the London engraver that the British plates were not as sharp in outline and as rich in texture as the plates brought over from New York, the aggrieved Englishman re-

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plied, "You don't expect me to turn out work equal to that of those Americans, do you?"

IV

When we turn the pages of Professor Cairns's article in "The Cambridge History of American Literature", we discover ourselves to be taking a stroll through a graveyard, filled with tombstones of forgotten magazines. Ambitious authors and speculative publishers were constantly bringing forth monthlies and quarterlies doomed to an early death. The new-born magazine of the first half of the nineteenth century appears to have resembled the human baby, in that it was hard to carry it through the second summer. For many of these bantlings we might transcribe the epitaph of the infant who died before its first birthday,—

> If at last so soon I'm done for,—
> I wonder what I was begun for.

William Cullen Bryant came to New York in 1825 to edit "The New York Review", which did not survive its second year. Emerson was able to carry on "The Dial" for only four years, from 1840-1844, although Lowell and Ripley and Channing and Jones Very were among its contributors. Lowell's own venture "The Pioneer" started in 1843, and survived for only three numbers when it came to an untimely end, leaving its editor burdened with debt. Perhaps we ought to believe that Edgar Allan Poe was really fortunate in never having issued even the first number of his projected magazine, "The Stylus", for which he collected subscriptions in advance, year after year, during his stay in Philadelphia, from 1838 to 1844.

Perhaps on the other hand it was unfortunate for him that he could not raise the small amount of money which was then requisite to establish a magazine, since he had revealed unusual ability as an editor. It was due to his adroitness in directing the affairs of "The Southern Literary Messenger" that this periodical was able to survive the perilous period of infancy. While he was editorially connected with "The Gentleman's Magazine" (owned by William E. Burton, the comedian), and with "Graham's", those monthlies immediately experienced an increase in circulation in consequence of his editorial skill. It was not only because he put into the pages of the magazine whose destinies he was directing, his own lyrics and his own tales, his own criticisms and his own essays, that its popularity multiplied; it was also because he had the special gift—whatever this may be—that a successful editor needs to have. Of course he had also the fatal disqualification that his sobriety was uncertain, and that he might yield to his besetting temptation and put an enemy in his head to steal away his brains, at the very moment when the magazine had to go to press so that it might appear at the appointed day.

A periodical, daily or weekly, monthly or quarterly, necessarily and inevitably depends on the ability and the character of its editor; it reflects his personality; it is the echo of his individuality; it is what he makes it, no more and no less. Probably the high rate of infant mortality among American magazines between 1820 and 1860 must be ascribed to the fact that few of the American men of letters who undertook the conduct of these ventures were found to possess the indispensable qualifications of the successful editor. It is not easy to catalogue these indispensable quali-

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fications or even to declare exactly what they are; but whatever they may be, they are not those of the man of letters. For example, Dickens was a competent editor; and Thackeray was not,—or at least he was far less competent than Dickens, perhaps because he did not really enjoy the work of editing, which he soon surrendered to another hand. Certain of the reasons which led him to withdraw from the conduct of "The Cornhill" he told us himself in the "Roundabout Paper" called "Thorns in the Cushion".

To be a really good editor a man must have a genuine relish for detail, bearing in mind Michelangelo's saying that "trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle". But he must not allow any absorption in detail to obscure his vision and to prevent that larger planning, that diligent prevision, upon which the immediate expansion and the ultimate prosperity of the periodical will depend. He must possess tact to enable him to attract and retain contributors. He must have taste and insight and even enthusiasm, that he may discern and encourage the promising beginners. He must have an intuitive perception of the trend of public opinion or at least of the preferences of that circle of the public to which his periodical is intended to appeal. He must not allow his own prejudices or his own predilections to tempt him into making his magazine only a reflection of his own idiosyncracies, his own fancies, and his own fads.

V

One of the most obvious differences between the principles which guided the editors of British monthlies and those which were followed by the editors of American magazines, is that the favor of the reading public in the British Isles could be most easily won and kept by a steady succession of long serial stories, whereas the American reading public has always had a greater desire for the novelette and more particularly for the short story. Thirty or forty years ago Charles Reade asserted that a serial of his "floated 'The Argosy' "—a magazine which has long since sunk beneath the wave of oblivion. So all-important was the serial in the eyes of many British editors that the tales and essays and poems which filled the pages not surrendered to the continued story, were contemptuously termed the "padding".

While most American magazines are likely to have a serial story, it is not at all uncommon for this to be missing for several numbers, and sometimes for a year or more. Perhaps this willingness of our earlier editors to get along without the aid of the long novel, served out in monthly instalments, may have been due to the fact that we had comparatively few writers of fiction here in the United States until the final decades of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it ought to be ascribed rather to the other fact that such writers of fiction as we had were more felicitous in the short story than in the ampler novel. Our magazine editors welcomed the short story; and the short story was often the most alluring feature of our magazines. And it is not easy to say which one of these two things was the cause or the consequence of the other. What it is easy to say is that the short story had an ampler development in the American branch of English literature than it had in the British branch.

Hawthorne appears to have attained the true short-story form only

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occasionally and almost by accident; whereas Poe was always a conscious artist working in accordance with the definite principles, which he declared, more or less explicitly, in his review of the "Twice-Told Tales". The influence of Poe—at least of his practice, even if the full purport of his declaration of principles was not seized until later—is obvious in Fitz-James O'Brien's "Diamond Lens" and "What Was It?", in Bayard Taylor's "Who Was She?", in Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw", and even in Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country". Then came Bret Harte's "Outcasts of Poker Flat", and Henry James's earlier tales, influenced partly by Hawthorne and partly by Turgenev. And in swift succession there followed Rose Terry Cooke and Sarah Orne Jewett, Cable and Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris, Owen Wister and Hamlin Garland, H. C. Bunner and Richard Harding Davis, all of them the product and the support of the American magazine.

The British had their novelists all through the nineteenth century; and as the London magazines were always hungry for serials, these British novelists felt that they could not afford to waste their invention on the far less profitable short story. When at last Stevenson arrived, and Kipling, they promptly disclosed themselves as disciples of the American masters of the short story—Stevenson following in the footsteps of Poe and Hawthorne, and Kipling treading the trail blazed by Poe and Bret Harte. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed"; and it was in the American magazine that the plant had come to its fruition. When an American friend once made bold to tell Kipling that his early work revealed an intimate acquaintance with the American short-story writers, he laughed and admitted it at once. "How do you suppose we filled the broad columns of that paper in India", he asked, "except with tales taken from the American magazines?"

VI

Before bringing these rambling records to their fortuitous termination, there are two more observations that I desire to record.

The first of these is that the future historian of our American magazines will have to note the frequency with which they have swallowed one another. The original "Scribner's Magazine" (now "The Century Magazine"), began by absorbing a monthly called "Hours at Home" edited by Richard Watson Gilder (who became the assistant of Dr. J. G. Holland in the editing of the new magazine and who succeeded to the editorial chair when Dr. Holland died). "Scribner's Monthly" almost immediately consolidated with itself "Putnam's Magazine", revived not very long before, it having been suspended as a result of the panic of 1859. "The Critic", edited by Jeannette L. Gilder and Joseph B. Gilder, was at first a weekly, and it early joined unto itself another weekly called "Good Literature"; and in the course of time, it became a monthly, changing its name to "Putnam's Magazine" and being at last absorbed by "The Atlantic". It may also be noted that "The Atlantic" had earlier consolidated with itself "The Galaxy", edited by W. C. and F. P. Church. "St. Nicholas" had at one time or another acquired "Our Young Folks" and "The Riverside" and "Wide Awake". And "The New Princeton Review", edited by Professor William M. Sloane, had only a

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year or two of independent existence when it was merged in the "Political Science Quarterly" edited by Professor Munroe Smith.

The second and final observation is that the literary level of our periodical literature is higher than it was fifty years ago. I do not mean to suggest that any one number of any of our magazines today can rival the brilliancy of the first number of "The Atlantic" with its glittering constellation of stars of the first magnitude. That would be an absurd suggestion; but it is not absurd to insist that the average writing of the twentieth century is distinctly better than the average writing of the nineteenth century. The standard of style is higher, even if we may not now possess as many writers of the highest distinction. To say this, is only to say that we have made our profit out of the past; we have learned the lesson taught by our predecessors; and there is in our monthlies today less of the amateur and more of the professional.

Of course, this improvement is equally evident on the other side of the Atlantic. Even in "Blackwood's" there is more sobriety, more reserve, more respect for the best traditions of literature. I chanced to have in my hands not long ago a volume containing two numbers of "The Quarterly Review" for 1823; and I turned its pages with persistent disappointment. I had had the accepted belief that "The Quarterly" and "The Edinburgh" were remarkably well written by two rival groups of remarkable men; and to my surprise I discovered that most of the dozen or more articles which I glanced through were indisputably dull. They were not only dull, they were inflated and stodgy. In other words they were deficient both in substance and in style.

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THE LONDONER

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In Arnold Bennett's play, "The Title", the young woman who finds herself face to face with an impostor who claims to have written the articles for which her own brains are responsible, asks him the question which Mr. Bennett himself has found so difficult to answer in the course of his long experience of bores. She says, "Do you write best in the morning or do you burn the midnight oil?" I know how curious all readers are to learn the truth about the methods of their favorite authors. The first question asked of a young writer who astonishes his friends by getting something into print is probably, "How do you *think* of it all?" When the fact is well established that he *can* think of anything, the next perplexity of his friends is inevitably that relating to the manner of his executive travail. It is then that Hildegarde Culver's problem arises. All wonder when the thing happens. The point is one of interest to all writers themselves, for it is a matter on which there is no general agreement. Trollope has been slanged more violently over his regular watch-timed rule of composition than for any reason whatsoever. Innocents who encourage charlatanism in the arts always assume that any absence of pretense is either affectation or proof of uninspired hack verbosity. They say, in effect, that it is impossible to sit down at any time and compose in the grand style.

This is half true, but it is not the whole truth. Writers often perform their tasks in the middle of trials. Some of their best work has been produced in circumstances far from congenial. I have heard of one work greatly praised for its artistry, which was written by a novelist who was playing housemaid, sick-nurse, plumber (it was a severe winter, and the pipes froze while his head burned), carrying on a vehement epistolary quarrel, writing all sorts of minor stuff, and reading his chapters aloud in the evenings to an invalid who sometimes slept during the process. How that book was written he cannot recall. It was being set up while he still wrote the last chapters. A most romantic affair. Other novelists have assured me that they cannot work in the morning, or after dinner, or with others in the room, or unless beautiful music is being played, or unless everybody else in the house is in bed. I believe it is a fact that Compton Mackenzie wrote "Carnival" in the small hours, beer and bread and cheese within reach, in a silent house in the country. Wells often gets up in the night, if he is wakeful, and writes for hours without strain. Others must have talk as a stimulant; they must have somebody at hand to reassure. Others again are dependent upon the perpetual encouragement of a wife or a friend, must smoke and play in intervals, and are easily disconcerted, so that they cannot work if there has been the least friction at breakfast. And so on. Authorship is an odd business. One can see, therefore, how engrossing the subject is to both writers and public. It is inexhaustible. It will never be settled "which is the

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properest day to write" and the "properest" hour.

* * * *

Another thing that personally I find more interesting is the calligraphy of authors. Handwriting is supposed to be a great revealer of character. Whether it is so or not I leave to the experts, but it is certainly fascinating to see the manuscript of a novelist with whose printed work one is familiar. It is like seeing it in an altogether fresh aspect. One sees not the calligraphy alone but the corrections, the interlineations, the important changes of name and phrase, place and idea. Such things are extraordinary to the inquiring mind. They reveal so much. Why should one phrase seem at the moment of writing perfectly to express the author's idea, and that phrase become, after a while, intolerable? Why should he accept a girl's name for a time, and then find that he cannot work with such a name constantly in friction with his increasing knowledge of his heroine's character? They are small points in their way, but of vast importance in the craft. Similarly, why should a man's handwriting seem so often to indicate truth about his character and then again be so disconcerting? Possibly one explanation may be found in the accuracy or inaccuracy of our individual expectations; possibly, again, there may be that in the man's character which is forever concealed. But why should Wells, for example, have the handwriting that seems to go with his rapid and inquiring intelligence, and Henry James the large, rather sprawling calligraphy, without a suggestion of subtlety, that may be pored over for many moments as a problem in the unexpected? Why should one's first thought in contemplating the handwriting of J. D. Beresford be that it is the work of an intelligent and sensitive woman? His books are not feminine.

It is different with Hugh Walpole's manuscripts. Here one meets the delightful little curls and wriggles that one would expect from a novelist with his occasional whimsy, his love of the unforeseen, his rapid and at times careless mental action. Arnold Bennett's manuscripts are a delight to the eye. They are all penned in beautiful style, and the most finished of them are in a sort of fine script, incomparable. John Galsworthy has a most unliterary, but very flowing, hand. I have never seen a manuscript of his. Barrie has a way of writing that is at times almost indecipherable. It is not particularly large; in fact it is rather small. It is merely indistinct, so that the word "heartily" might just as well be the word "beautifully" if it were not that the one is a little longer than the other. Morley Roberts's is a tumbled scratch, obviously nervous and vehement, as his nature is. Men like Conrad have no suggestion of the literary hand, while Stevenson, of course, is clearly the writer from the first glance. The same applies to Kipling, who has the rapid manner of the journalist forced to economize time. Gilbert Cannan writes his books on small slips of paper in a most charming style, with scarcely an alteration. Walpole, I should say, changes a good deal. Swinnerton writes small, is very curly, very rapid, neat, and free from erasure. His manuscript gives the impression of being produced with great care. Chesterton has a remarkable hand, medium-sized, round, and a sort of script. His alterations are made by the obliteration of offending words by small "whorls" which entirely con-

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ceal what is below them. Belloc uses large capital letters, but the rest is tiny and very sharp-pointed. Shaw has a very clear, very small writing, every word of it absolutely distinct, and he uses charming loops which never make what he has written appear less than careful and well-considered. Bennett's ordinary style suggests French models, the words are run together to an incalculable extent. I should say that he was among the most rapid of all writers.

What is the reason that all these writers, who are all of them practised in the use of the pen, have styles so different, not only from each other, but from one's first suppositions? How far can we go in thinking that the writing is characteristic, and how can we reconcile the fact that one man has learned to express himself in a way that suggests speed, while another has apparently never learned to economize effort by the elimination of unnecessary strokes? You would say that James, Conrad, and Galsworthy were all very painstaking, or slow writers, given to pondering over their sentences while they were in progress. That is an impression. All three have the forward slope. So have Wells and Bennett—Bennett more noticeably than his great contemporary. The younger writers, except Mackenzie, whose hand is strangely invertebrate, favor an upright style. The smallest handwriting I have ever seen is that of Rebecca West, which is microscopic and extremely scrupulous. But it is not much smaller than that of some of the men I have named, or than that of, say, Rafael Sabatini, one of our best-known young "picturesque" novelists. His is tiny, but it is not so compressed as Miss West's, and it does not create such an impression of care. It is rapid and flexible: Miss West, on the other hand, seems to form each letter with jealous precision.

* * * *

Speaking as I have done above about some of the young novelists, reminds me of Miss Amy Lowell's amusing article in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN. In this article Miss Lowell, in support of one of her arguments, goes badly off the rails:

> The novel of plot was succeeded by the novel of sociology; the novel of sociology has given way to the novel of individuality. Now, the experience of young writing persons being a good deal like the experiences of other young writing persons, the stage for these various egos is very much the same. They differ as green and blue plums differ, and not in the least as plums differ from barberries.

Miss Lowell then proceeds to instance various characters from a few of the novels by young men and women that she has been reading. She says, "With what unanimity is London the background for these stories!" Well, Miss Lowell has evidently not read deeply in the works of the writers she is discussing. Mr. Mackenzie certainly does not confine himself to London. Manchester has been the scene of Mr. Cannan's best book. Mr. Beresford roams over England. The characters cited by Miss Lowell are also unrepresentative of the authors she names. It is perfectly well known in London from whom Cannan took the character of his Mendel. Swinnerton's Velancourt is unlike any other person in any other of his books, and was probably suggested by a study of the life of George Gissing. The Swinnerton type young man (I am sorry to have to say of an old friend that he has a type young man; but truth will out, as the "Daily Mail" says) is far different. He is represented in the book cited by Miss Lowell, by the rather overpoweringly assertive Am-

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berley. Beresford has written about many other types of character besides Jacob Stahl. He is interested in human nature far more strongly than he is interested in his own ego.

The suggestion that Michael Fane is representative of Mackenzie is also only half true, for Mackenzie's life has been unlike that of his hero, and unlike that of any other of the young novelists. He is the son, it is well known, of a fine old actor, Edward Compton. His connections are all theatrical, and this has its reflection in the character, though not in the scheme of his work. If it were true that the life and experience of young writing persons was identical, the personalities of these men would be less distinct. For example, men like Beresford and Swinnerton have had to earn their livings from an early age; Mackenzie has always been a young man in the fashion, seeking adventure where he found it. The difference is at once to be perceived in the character of their novels. Cannan, although coming from a family such as that represented in "Round the Corner", has vehement proletarian sympathies, and his life has been as far as possible from that of Mackenzie. So to those "on the spot", as it were, Miss Lowell seems less than usually accurate in this part of her article. I am not going to say that her inferences are wrong: they show a great deal of shrewdness, although they may not be any the more palatable to the subjects of the article for that reason. It is the lot of the critical writer to displease his (or her) victims.

* * * *

A young writer—not mentioned by Miss Lowell—from whom his admirers expected great things, but whose output has been unfortunately limited since his famous book "The Rainbow" was prosecuted and suppressed, is D. H. Lawrence. I do not know why this should be so, except that Lawrence is among the most "temperamental" of our novelists; but it is a fact that, apart from poems and a few essays, Lawrence has been silent for a long time. I now hear that he is extremely ill, the strain of the war having adversely affected a man never gifted with a very vigorous physique. It would be a serious loss for English letters at this period if Lawrence were to give up writing novels, for more than any of his contemporaries he had a definite and recognizable genius.

That the war has been bad for our young writers (those, at any rate, who have not acquired new experience from actual contact with the fighting) will hardly be denied by anybody closely acquainted with their work. It has made them question the attitude to life which had carried them along more or less adequately until the black days; and while it has destroyed in most cases that instinctive philosophy, it has offered no new system of thought capable of taking the place of the old one. It has suggested innumerable new problems, all alike insoluble; and it happens that the men who had in 1914 reached a definite stage of acceptance by the literary public are just beyond the age at which one easily adjusts one's self to a new state of affairs. To the older writers the cleavage, however abrupt, has presented fewer difficulties. They have been able to see the progress of events with a more impersonal interest. The younger men have seen the destruction of the world they knew, and the kind of life to which they had begun to bring a trained intelligence. They have seen a new generation arise, inevitably concerned with the enterprise of the

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moment and with the fatalistic acceptance of the chances of war. Such fatalism the writers of thirty and over cannot accept. They have become pessimistic, or they have by reaction become optimistic; but they have none of them been able to break with the past. It is this fact that will be found to explain so much of the inferior work that has been written of late by men of real talent. If the restored conditions of peace stabilize ordinary life, there is no reason why the novel should not resume in the hands of these men its function as an illumination of the time. But we may have to wait a year or two for the recovery. It is not going to come with a rush.

* * * *

This pessimism to which I have referred has recently found exposition in the pages of a very old-established journal which within the last few weeks has come under the direction of a young editor, and which may be regarded as the voice of at any rate one section of the writers of the day. The paper is "The Athenæum", long the organ of a rather elderly (not to say dry-as-dust) body, and latterly devoted to the interests of a particular group of sociologists. Disdaining, it would appear, the facile optimism of the older generation, "The Athenæum" impresses one as a grimly "responsible" voice from the grave of dead enthusiasm for life as it is. The new editor, I understand, is Middleton Murry, who may be known in America, as he is here, as the author of a philosophical book on Dostoyevsky and as a writer in "The Times Literary Supplement". Murry is a man of just over thirty, with a real knowledge of current French literature. He has gathered round him a number of very talented writers, including Lytton Strachey (whose mordant and destructive book of attacks upon the mighty dead, entitled "Eminent Victorians", had such a run last year and set all the quidnuncs fuming); Clive Bell, the author of that brilliant work "Art"; Edward J. Dent, the best writer on Mozart and one of the best musical critics in the country; Roger Fry, Bertrand Russell, E. M. Forster —a young novelist who made everybody excited in about 1911 and who has since then forsworn novel-writing altogether; and last, but not least, George Santayana. With so brilliant a personnel the paper would seem marked out for success; but of course one never can tell. It will strike those who know the trend of opinion here that there are a good many members of what is called the Bloomsbury intelligentsia in the group; and the danger to be feared is that the paper may too exclusively voice the views of a particular brand of highbrow critic.

In the earliest numbers of the new (for it is practically a new) journal this danger has been apparent. There is no risk, however, of any blind following of these guides, for Murry is not himself a member of the Bloomsbury intelligentsia, and he may be relied upon to observe the movement of current talent with something more than the eye of a clique. Personally, I find the paper extremely interesting, though I should prefer a more technical criticism of imaginative work than has yet found a place in its pages. The truth is, that we need in England something rather more rough and candid in the treatment of our imaginative writers. They are occasionally dismissed by the "Times" in a very superior manner, and in the Manchester "Guardian" there is often a genuine understanding of what makes books good or bad. Apart from these

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two papers there is no real criticism in the country. "The Athenæum" may supply it. I hope it will; but it can only affect general opinion, which is the true manufacturer of realistic judgments, if it will come into the field as the exponent of a hard and just discrimination between what is first-rate and what is merely guff. There is any amount of guff going about under the cloak of big reputations for what is imagined to be the genuine article. There are several "bubble reputations" won before the cannon's mouth began to open which are still cheerily sailing above the reach of candor. I do not suggest that "The Athenæum" should be iconoclastic, for iconoclasm so often holds nothing but conceited blame for people who are doing their best with insufficient talent. Nothing is easier than the demolition of sweating mediocrity by means of the poorest critical bravura. But candid criticism is a different matter. It has its uses. If "The Athenæum" will set out its standards and conform to them, it will do great work.

* * * *

One very good feature of "The Athenæum" is the selection of letters from Anton Tchekhov which has been appearing in its pages. The boom in Tchekhov has been quite a genuine affair, and it seems probable that the Garnett translation of his "Tales" will eventually run into something like a dozen volumes. This is good news for such Tchekhovians as myself. But I have come across few who are indifferent to this incomparable master. The other day I was staying in the country at a house which also held as guest a woman whose son was a member of the Expeditionary Force in Archangel. She was not what you would call a literary woman, but she wanted to read something which would, so to speak, "fill out" her son's somewhat meager descriptions of the country in which his life was being precariously spent. Our host found her with a very poor translation of a book by Lermontev. He removed it from her hand. Plaintively she explained her ambition. She was given a volume of Tchekhov. She remained silent for many hours. The following day I said, "How are you getting on with your Tchekhov?" Her answer was to point to the fact that she was nearing the end of a *second* volume. In order to read this she forewent a tempting excursion after her own heart. She was in the thrall of this genius.

The letters which are being serialized in "The Athenæum" are not translated by Constance Garnett. Mrs. Garnett, however, is making a translation of a full selection of them, and this will be issued here in the autumn. I suppose Macmillans, who published Mrs. Garnett's edition of the "Tales" in New York, will also have the letters. In any case, I am assured by a Russian woman who knew Tchekhov that they are of extraordinary interest. They lack, of course, the vehemence of the letters of Dostoyevsky. The two men were of different temperament. It would be an amusing task to compare the differences of the great Russian writers. I should like to do this myself, but if somebody who knew Russian would carry out fully the task half begun by Merejkovsky, it would be of enormous interest to all who love analytical criticism. At one time there was some announcement, the nature of which I have forgotten, which made me think that Edward Garnett, who has done more to introduce Russian writers to the English public than any other person except his wife, was

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going to attempt the task. Unfortunately, Garnett contented himself with a rather partisan study of Turgenev, which was overweighted by his imperviousness to the great gifts of Dostoyevsky. This was a pity. We badly need a critic who can do justice to both men. And, no doubt, to Tolstoi as well, and to other writers who are at present hindered from full recognition in England through the abominable translations of their works which at this time of writing show no sign of quitting the field at the bidding of better versions.

It is appalling to think how bad most translations are. I myself know a translator from the Russian who doesn't know the Russian alphabet. He gets all his material from the German, and as his knowledge of German appears to be about as adequate as his knowledge of English (that is, despicable), I am horrified to see Russian works being published with his name upon the title-page. God forbid that I should take away this man's livelihood! But he would be better dead, for once a book is translated no publisher will consider the issue of another version of it. One may rail until one is black in the face. Inexorably the publisher replies that the market has already been exhausted. He adds, in the sublime laconism of publishers, "Translations are difficult (i.e. to sell, not to make)". Much as I dislike censorship I should be prepared to assist in the formation of a board of control for translations. I would have every proposed translation submitted to this board. Those from languages other than the language of the original work I would ruthlessly destroy. The rest I would submit first to linguists and then to intelligent literary men. Only so could we hope to have worthy versions of the greatest novels ever written outside the English language. It would be worth any trouble to attain such an end.

SIMON PURE

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY HENRY MILLS ALDEN

Editor of Harper's Magazine

The intimacy between life and literature seems to reach its fullest possibilities in the writings of William Dean Howells. It cannot be said of any writer of genius that his environment accounts for the quality of his work. That is determined by his personality and by the unfathomable implications of that personality, hidden in the mystery of heredity. But in a peculiar sense as compared with other writers, Howells's environment, summed up in the impressions made upon his sensibility by things of time and place and by human contacts, serves as a constant and faithful guide to the imaginings embodied in the eighty-nine volumes published since 1860—exclusive of some two hundred "Easy Chair" essays, and a number of his most characteristic short stories that have not yet found their way to book publication.

Did ever bibliography and biography have so close coincidence? Some of these volumes are at once literature and frankly biographical—like "My Literary Passions", "A Boy's Town", and "Years of My Youth". But the others impress the reader as being just as directly drawn from living experience and observation. From the first, to use his own expression, he "hungered to resemble all life to literature".

I would not have the reader suppose me to mean that Howells has sought merely to transfer to the written page the actualities and superficial features of life and its surroundings as they have occurred to his observation. It is only *felt* life that appeals to his æsthetic imagination and that seems to him worth while to reflect in his art; and not merely literature but the art of literature, in content as well as in form, has always been his passionate quest.

All art implies, in some degree, a detachment from actual experience and observation—enough, at least, for the translation of its material to the plane of the creative imagination. This translation may be effected in the psychology of ordinary life, whether or not it assumes a literary form. In either case, it unveils reality; but it becomes something very different when it takes on artistic literary expression. Then it is a projection of the reality and, thus communicated, becomes a cherished treasure of common human sensibility.

In Howells this prompting to literary expression was stronger because of his native imaginative temperament which, he has himself said, may reasonably be attributed to the mixture of Welsh, German, and Irish in him—a temperament "which has enabled me all the conscious years of my life to see reality more iridescent and beautiful, or more lurid and terrible than any make-believe about reality". We note this artistic detachment especially in his poetry—even more in his earlier than in his later poems.

Why is it that so many of our best prose writers began their career as poets, but that in the eagerness of

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youth and the first glow of creative imagination they sought wings at once for flight? Prose has all degrees of apparent formlessness, until the writer has grown into his own individual manner, until his matter by the refinement of his art becomes manner.

To those youths who have ambition rather than inspiration, or even genuine aspiration, the lure of poetry is still tempting; and probably many more attempts have been made at verse-making by young writers than have left any substantial evidence behind. To these poetry was a diversion. To Howells it was a literary passion, as he was proud to call it. Though he was destined to become the least "literary" of all writers, yet from the first it was his one aim to belong to the literary guild and to win distinction there—a matter of emulation rather than of vain ambition.

Howells was born in a provincial neighborhood, but his father was a journalist who printed his own newspaper after putting it into type with the help of other journeymen compositors, including Howells's elder brother. He spelled in types himself before he went to school—the latter being remembered by him chiefly as a diversion from home-schooling. His father, too, was a man of literary tastes, especially shown in his love of the best English eighteenth-century poetry, which he delighted in reading regularly in the home circle. Thus, fortunately, the boy was from infancy domesticated to literature in some of its finest products as well as in its mechanical elements. Often his earliest verse took shape first at the compositor's desk. Soon he passed beyond his father's guidance in his reading, for, whatever letters may have meant to the elder brother, to him they were the gateway to the largest principality of human culture. He learned Spanish from direct acquaintance with Cervantes, of whom it was his boyish dream to become interpreter and biographer. He, in the same direct way, made acquaintance with Heine.

Poetry so deeply impressed his sensibility that his earliest exercise of the poetic faculty was, though only in form, an assimilation, to which he frankly confesses. Thus we might successfully trace his favorite poets from Pope and Goldsmith to Heine and Tennyson. Whether it was his own conjecture or a fact conveyed to him later, he speaks in "Years of My Youth" of one of his earliest poetical offerings to "The Atlantic", when Lowell was the editor, as not having been heard from by him for some time, because it was so Heinesque that the editor was searching to discover of what particular poem of Heine's it was a translation. Howells, almost as persistently as Hardy, was constant in his devotion to poetry and, though the art of fiction claimed him more and more in his maturity, never more than a few years passed without the publication of some fresh volume of his poems. In these there is scarcely a trace of any tributary assimilation; he had achieved his individual form, though no less loyal to the guild whose impress upon his early verse he had gloried in.

There was one stamp upon his work as journalist, editor, and author that early circumstances repudiated for him—that of the academic university; but they substituted for that the severe and, in many ways, more valuable graduation from the university of life. Whatever this course lacked —the conscious academic atmosphere, the class *esprit*, the emulous and gen-

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erous rivalry of fellow aspirants, and the personal inspiration of such college presidents as Mark Hopkins and Theodore Woolsey—he has since confessedly keenly regretted; but he had his compensations. In the years when the contemporary young men of his age were at college, or in their post-graduate course of special preparation for professional life, he was already a fully-equipped journalist, at a time when the question of slavery was rapidly reaching its moral and economic crisis; and in Columbus, the capital city of Ohio, where he was in the active exercise of this profession, the question was uppermost in public consciousness.

Hitherto he had, following his father's nomadic newspaper enterprises, covered in his wanderings portions of nearly every quarter of Ohio, from east to west and from south to north. Going from Martin's Ferry where he was born, before he reached his 'teens he had sojourned at Hamilton and at Dayton, doing his share in his father's printing office; then, his father having been obliged to recur to his earlier trade of miller and so moving to a point on the Little Miami, the boy had a year or two of country life, enjoying to the liveliest degree its youthful sports. Then his father, called to report the legislative proceedings at the state capital, had moved to Columbus, and at thirteen the boy was again at the compositor's desk, first in the office of the "State Journal" and afterward in the book room, where he made the acquaintance of John James Piatt, with whom years later he was to be joint author of "Poems of Two Friends". When the legislature adjourned, his father received a call to a new journalistic undertaking in Ashtabula, and the boy's first visit to Columbus came to a sudden close. Thus he was transferred to the "Western Reserve".

Soon an agreeable change came in the removal of the newspaper plant to the neighboring county-seat at Jefferson, which was more of a village, on the lake shore. Howells was then in his fifteenth year and, notwithstanding the village gayeties in which he took his full share, he found time to pursue his studies in the continental languages. During the next four years his literary tendencies deepened and crystallized, his predilection for poetry becoming stronger during this adolescent period, though he often, but with less success, made adventures in the field of prose fiction. Certainly he had enough mastery of prose for journalistic purposes—so that when, in 1856, he returned with his father to Columbus, his news articles and sketches were eagerly sought by the Cincinnati "Gazette", and he even accepted, tentatively, the offer of the position of city editor of that paper, which he soon gave up.

When he resumed work on the "State Journal", it was as a member of its editorial staff. Such work as his father had done in preparing news letters from the capital for other eminent city journals he very soon had wholly committed to the son, who had very much extended the scope of this correspondence; while the father gave himself entirely to his Jefferson newspaper, assisted by the elder brother who finally became quite prosperous, his good fortune greatly increasing the comfort and happiness of the family household.

In the meantime, Howells's editorial work on the "State Journal" had brought him into closer intimacy with society at the capital than he had enjoyed in the winter of 1856-7, when his acquaintances had been wholly

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political. His self-culture had prepared him to make the most of the new field opened up to him in a way so agreeable. His extensive reading of all that was best in English or continental literature made companionship easy with both the younger and older members of a society unusually appreciative of literary values. It was the heyday of such authors as Tennyson, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charles Reade, and their books were topics of general social comment.

His migrations through the state had brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of western pioneers. But here and now, this Ohio epic, which was also the epic of his youth and early manhood, was reaching its culmination in the midst of a cultivated urban society that had for him a novel fascination. In Jefferson he had met such national figures as old Senator Ben Wade and his law partner, Joshua R. Giddings. He had even given a month to the study of law in their office—but that had sufficed. Here, in Columbus, he was a welcome guest in the home of Salmon P. Chase, who had won distinction as a United States senator and was now governor of the state. He had had a glimpse of Whitelaw Reid on his way to take the place he had himself so suddenly abandoned on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati "Gazette". Horace Greeley, too, with whom Reid was subsequently to be associated on the New York "Tribune", once visited the office of the "State Journal"; and Howells had, in common with the other editors, to listen to a scolding lecture from the veteran journalist on the conduct of their paper. Garfield, who had graduated at Williams in 1856 and was then a teacher in Columbus, came in one day and entertained the members of the staff by his readings from Tennyson.

I have spoken of Howells's youthful career in Ohio as an epic. It now, at the epoch of its maturity, became a tensely interesting personal drama. About this time he was chosen to speak for his fellow journalists as their poet at the annual Ohio convention of editors. The poem, while assuming the serenely classic form and atmosphere of Tennyson's "In Memoriam", was wholly worthy of these qualities in its burden, and in its exaltation of the illusions of dawning manhood.

I am not attempting to write a biography of Howells. Fortunately he has lived long enough to do that himself, and more attractively than anyone else could. Such allusions as I have made to his early career have been offered merely to serve as a prelude to what seems to me the most interesting period of a literary man's life—that of his entrance upon his chosen field, when suddenly, as it seems to him, the gate is opened to the royal highway, though he soon discovers that he has been upon it all his years. The surprise gives place to a sense of an old familiarity—hitherto hardly registered in his own consciousness, and of course not at all in the consciousness of any others beyond his closest intimates.

A young publisher in Columbus who had brought out "Poems of Two Friends" soon afterward published his "Life of Abraham Lincoln", a campaign biography. It was in connection with some business project of this publisher that about this time an opportunity was offered to Howells to visit Boston, where he met and talked with James T. Fields, at the same time making his first personal acquaintance with Lowell, Holmes, and others of

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that brilliant coterie. That trip included also New York, when the Bohemian Club which frequented Pfaff's was at the height of its renown, with Walt Whitman as its chief outstanding figure. Though so brief and abrupt a flight from the Ohio circle of youthful memories, what a tremendous episode this Atlantic tour was—a prophetic prelude to how vast an epic of travels!

From that time the sequence of dramatic events in Howells's life is very rapid. Returning to Columbus, he met there the woman whom the next year he was to marry. The "Life of Abraham Lincoln", though so occasional, was so much more sympathetic in its narrative of the man's career and in its portraiture of the great pioneer than the other campaign biographies issued, that it naturally led to his appointment to a foreign consulship. Thus nearly the whole of the Civil War was spent by him in Venice.

The literary result of this Italian sojourn was "Venetian Life", followed in 1867 by "Italian Journeys". The possibilities of prose writing as an exquisite art were more fully disclosed to him in the quiet but stimulating atmosphere of those Italian days. He had not abandoned and never has quite abandoned the Muse who had commanded his early devotion.

But his main aim in literature had been greatly affected by his new contacts with life—by an experience and observation which, in a man of his deep imaginative sensibility, were more closely human than projectively imaginative, and gave him a new and more real view of life and the world. While Howells on his return from Venice had cheerfully resumed his journalistic connection at Columbus, we may be sure that he gladly embraced the opportunity soon offered him to become editorial contributor to "The Nation" (1865-6), and still more gladly responded to the call to the editorship of "The Atlantic", which then seemed to him the most enviable of all positions—one which he retained for fifteen years, a period outlasting that of the brilliant galaxy which had originally made that periodical illustrious, and the personal association with whose members had so strongly attracted him.

The field of daily journalism, already interrupted by his European sojourn, was now left wholly behind him. Though he now had to devote so much of his time and attention to the writings of others—both old and new contributors—the fact that during his editorship he wrote a score of books—two of which were volumes of poems and nearly all the others fiction, including that remarkably eminent novel "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—shows how completely he had, from the beginning of his Boston career, been launched upon the free field of pure literature; and how rapidly he had developed a new type of fiction—which we have learned to characterize as realistic—creatively such, because its mask veils and reveals the reality of life, while the mask itself is identical with the very stuff of life as it is lived.

Howells is of all writers the most difficult to associate with any theory about writing. Though so excellent a critic, he never makes a point of analyzing the writings of others; at least his analysis never comes eruptively to the surface—it is creative. Therefore he aims to give any argument concerning life or literature the dramatic form of a dialogue, preserving the separate mask of each interlocutor as carefully as if he were writ-

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ing a novel of dramatic characterization.

In its maturity his style, in essay or in story, has been charmingly modulated to the tone of conversation—partly for companionable intimacy of communication, but chiefly as indicating the modesty and tolerance generated by profound and pervasive human sympathy. Out of his heart, truly, are the issues of his life; and his feeling of life is so real as to exclude sentimentality and romanticism, though neither sentiment nor romance.

His impressions derived from his early readings in Spanish, French, and Italian, confirmed by his later travels, have led him to keep in close touch with the best of contemporary foreign fiction, and our literature is deeply indebted to him for appreciations, especially of Spanish and Russian fiction, such as it could have had from no other.

Though his disposition toward direct and companionable communication with contemporary readers has been so strong as to make the living world of the present the very texture of the work by which he is best known, Howells is a real humanist, in that his sympathetic appreciation includes far more of the sense of ancient and mediæval life than is retained by university graduates generally. From three universities he has received offers of professorships—the most enviable of them being that formerly held by Longfellow and Lowell at Harvard. Fortunately for literature he declined these honors.

New York is to be congratulated in that it has had the benefit of Howells's literary association with it for a considerably longer period than Boston—the riper period, too, and if not so buoyant, yet more fertile, and richer in the humor and in the fine, free play of his rare artistry. In these thirty-five years, which he has been able to devote entirely to his own literary expression rather than to editorial functions, literature has had the whole possession of him and has been enriched by his varied resources in poetry, fiction, farces, travel sketches, essays, and criticism. Yet no living writer has been so generous in the quick recognition and encouragement of young writers who are beginning to show distinctive worth in poetry and fiction—for which he has paid dearly in time and attention exacted of him by literary aspirants as inconsiderate as they are often unworthy.

In these later years he has been freer to indulge in wanderings to familiar haunts abroad and at home —haunts usually known to his readers as "revisited". However nearly associated with him in the literary sense, those situated as I am have only occasional glimpses of him personally in these days. I remember him far more vividly in years past, when his family household was still unbroken. Reminiscences of that time seem almost too sacred to be talked of or written about in these so different circumstances. Any one privileged to have at any time enjoyed his acquaintance must have been so impressed by his magical personal charm as to envy such comrades as Mark Twain their longer and closer intimacy. To express that charm—"he was so human!" which Lowell applied to Agassiz, would be inadequate. It baffles speech. One might interpret it, if one could see him smiling upon his grandchildren and their mother. The readers of his writings quite fully comprehend his humanness.

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FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

How far will what the French are already beginning to call "La Grande Tourmente" affect the lighter side of French literature? Probably for far less long than most of us would think possible. Partly because, just as there is so much truth in the cynical old saying "the price of a thing is what it will fetch", so any kind of demand always provokes a considerable supply. And also because all over the world there are thousands of readers who delight in the type of witty and *risqué* story for which French writers have been famed since printing was first introduced into Europe.

As I think I observed in one of my earlier articles, the war so far has produced extraordinarily few humorous books. Even "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier", which has already become a classic, had its laughter ever very near to tears; and most of the French war books were completely lacking in even the fleeting "sense of fun" to be found in the majority of English volumes of the same kind. The war brought far too heavy a burden of grief, indignation, and anger to every Frenchman and every Frenchwoman for there to be room for any lightening of the cloud while the awful storm lasted. But now that the cloud is dispersed, M. Mauclair is sure to find plenty of readers for "La Magie de l'Amour", and that in spite of his protests that he is dealing with the subject of love from a very serious, and not at all from a frivolous, point of view. As a matter of fact, this expert on the master passion analyzes with remarkable subtlety and power the various types of love which may exist, and do exist, between a man and a woman—indeed, it is not too much to say that only a Frenchman, and a very intelligent Frenchman at that, could have written certain passages of this curious book, for everything concerning the art of love is intellectually interesting to the French mind. To the student of French literature the most interesting chapter is that in which M. Mauclair analyzes the part which the passion played in the life of Baudelaire.

He considers the poet of "Les Fleurs du Mal" to have been the absolute type of Don Juan—the man who is ever seeking love and never finding it. Incidentally there is a charming account of Madame Sabatier, the delicious Parisienne whose friends called her "La Présidente", and who acted Beatrice to Baudelaire's Dante. What was passionate in their affection lasted but a little while; but she remained his faithful friend to the end, and when he became paralyzed she let no day go by without going to see him.

It is curious to pass from such a book as "La Magie de l'Amour" to M. Guillou's "La Française dans ses Quatre Ages".

This is a thoughtful essay on the Frenchwoman of today—as little girl, as demoiselle, as married woman, and as old lady. Like all thoughtful

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French moralists, he deprecates an admixture of passion in marriage, and quotes with thorough approval Voltaire's lines which were, oddly enough, written by way of epithalamium on the Duc de Richelieu of that day:

Ne vous aimez pas trop, c'est moi qui vous en prie,
C'est le plus sûr moyen de vous aimer toujours.
Il vaut mieux être amis tout le temps de la vie,
Que d'être amants pour quelques jours.

Again following in that the now universal opinion of the men of his class and age, M. Guillou would like to go back forty years, to the happy (?) days when France had no divorce laws.

For a long time there has not been a more interesting election to the Académie Française than that of the novelist, René Boylesve. Edmund Gosse, who always keeps in very close touch with contemporary French literature, lately wittily observed: "If you have been splashed by the chemical mud of M. Barbusse, the sensibility and grace of M. Boylesve may wash you clean, as with the perfumes of Arabia". M. Boylesve first made a real mark with his "Médecin des Dames de Néans". Perhaps he is now rather ashamed of that original, early book, but I hope he is proud of what was to be his last essay in that earlier manner, "La Leçon d'Amour dans un Parc". His later books—those which have made him known to the English-speaking world—began with "L'Enfant à la Balustrade", and the best known of them is the quaintly named "La Jeune Fille bien Elevée". The young girl is playing a far greater part in French fiction than ever before—though the French novelist does not make the mistake of thinking that a woman's emotional life comes to an end with her marriage.

I hear that the enormous sum of one million francs is being asked for the French rights alone of Ludendorff's forthcoming war memories. Oddly enough, Ludendorff was never as much thought of in France as he was in Great Britain. Every Frenchman is something of an amateur strategist, and one could quote the names of at least three German commanders who are regarded in Paris as having been far greater soldiers than the somewhat mysterious individual who was at one time said to be the "brain" of Hindenburg.

A book which is already arousing the keenest discussion and controversy in Paris is the war book of Field-Marshal Lord French. He has wisely made up his mind that a considerable measure of frankness is due to his readers; and he does not disguise his opinion of at least one French general to whom at the beginning of hostilities Joffre gave a misplaced confidence. But for generations to come, all that occurred during the August and early September of 1914 will give rise to controversy and discussion. A new book well worth the study of the student is General Berthaut's curiously named "L'Erreur de 1914". In its pages the distinguished military writer boldly faces the critics who consider that the French government made a fatal mistake by ordering that early advance into Alsace. The same writer has also just published a more general work on the war called "De la Marne à la Mer du Nord".

War memoirs are in a class by themselves, but the French, unlike the English, have never taken very kindly to contemporary biography or autobiography. The average Frenchman has a horror of discussing his pri-

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vate affairs in public, and that even if they are, as the French so quaintly put it, "all to his honor", not to say glory. As for collections of published letters, they are almost unknown. This was one reason why that moving and wonderful family chronicle "Le Récit d'une Sœur" made such a sensation some forty years ago. It was, as all those familiar with modern French literature are aware, a most intimate account, mainly made up of diaries and private letters, of the De la Ferronnays family. One of the most attractive figures in the book was Eugénie, who became in due course the Comtesse de Mun and the mother of the distinguished thinker and statesman who was once described as "the most brilliant champion of liberal Catholicism on the continent of Europe". Fine personal character tells even more in France, where simple brilliancy and cleverness are always at a discount, than in any other country in the world. Though Albert de Mun belonged by birth to the unpopular and old-fashioned Legitimist party, and though he was too liberal for some and too conservative for others, he yet became, when the war broke out, one of the men to whom the whole country turned instinctively for advice and guidance—and was not disappointed. Years before he had founded the remarkable association of working men which he called the League of the French Fatherland; for he was a patriot in the biggest and finest sense of the word, and his death, two years ago, was a real misfortune for his country. It is good news that a life of him is shortly to be published. Many years ago I had a long talk with Albert de Mun about the then state of France. He was an idealist rather than a positivist, and at that time he was being sneered at as "l'inventeur du socialisme chrétien". But it was not of socialism, Christian or other, that we talked that day; it was of the war of 1870, for though little more than a schoolboy at the time, he had served both in the armies of Metz and of Versailles. The events he described might have happened the day before; and even now there lingers in my mind his terrible account of what he saw when he came into Paris in the May of 1871, and witnessed the lugubrious, horrible, and yet grotesque finale of the Commune—that outburst of savagery which cannot but make one feel that what we now call Bolshevism is no new thing.

II

If there is something in the French character which makes a famous Frenchman's widow or son shrink from giving his letters and diaries to the public within a few years of his death, there is no country in the world where the truth about a noted person is more pitilessly told after a certain time has elapsed, and when widow or son is no longer there to guard a cherished memory.

Thus I hear that there will shortly appear yet another book dealing with the private life and loves of Alfred de Musset. A whole library has been written round the poet and his relations to George Sand, and now we are going to be given something of an infinitely slighter nature, and yet something which should appeal to all those interested in simple human nature. The heroine of the forthcoming book was, when the story began, a pretty young needlewoman employed by Alfred de Musset's devoted mother. Even now the trained nurse is an unknown figure in French domestic life; and when Adèle Collas

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became a member of the Musset household, there was no such thing as a private hospital or nursing home in Paris. The poet had a terrible illness, and he was nursed through it by the young needlewoman. She soon grew devoted to him; and when he started living by himself, he took her off as his housekeeper. This was in 1850, and for seven years Adèle remained as servant, friend, nurse of the erratic genius (one may whisper, of her suffering lover) who made all those about himself suffer, and who finally drank himself to death. As an old woman—she lived till comparatively lately—she made no secret of the fact that she had loved him deeply, and had suffered acutely during his many passing love affairs. His mother, from whom nothing seems to have been hidden, constantly wrote to Adèle for news; and among the curious letters which the book will contain is one in which Madame de Musset suggests that Adèle should try for and obtain a temporary situation in the house of the lady who at that moment was Musset's "love of his life", in order that if he fell ill when staying there, she, the unfortunate Adèle, might be there to nurse him! Adèle was with him through his last illness, and closed his eyes in death; and yet, though dozens of books have been written about him, only now has the existence of this woman, who played a considerable and not ignoble part in his last years, been revealed to the world.

III

I sometimes wonder when Maurice Barrès will ever come into his own with the great races which speak and read English. The finer French critics will tell you that Barrès is just as great a thinker and as great a writer as Anatole France. Perhaps were he only a writer his fame outside France would be greater than it is; but at twenty-six he was already a Deputé, and, oddly enough, for a man who is a poet as well as a novelist, who took up with ardor the grievances of Paris tradesmen, and for a while was the hero of the ladies of the Halles!

My own favorite among his books is the strange and original "Le Jardin de Bérénice", which for long years was out of print. But he first became widely known through a trio of metaphysical romances. This was nearer forty than thirty years ago, for Barrès published his first book when he was about twenty. In those days Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Bourget were his gods, and with the last named he formed a close personal, as well as literary, friendship.

George Eliot once observed, "Wit is an exquisite product of high power"; and the work of Barrès was always illumined by brilliant, sometimes rather cruel, wit. "Un Homme Libre" is written in the form of a diary, and relates the metaphysical experiences and experiments of a French youth in the company of a quaint friend. This book has been compared—wrongly I consider—to "Tristram Shandy". It was in "Un Homme Libre" that Barrès first revealed to the reader his passionate love and admiration of his native land, Lorraine. And thus all at once Barrès the romancist, the thinker, the philosopher, became an ardent patriot! His noble "L'Appel au Soldat" was written nearly a quarter of a century ago, but became during the late war the field breviary of many a young French soldier. Then followed "Les Déracinés", "Au Service de l'Allemagne", and the infinitely pa-

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thetic "Colette Baudoche"—which story seemed almost prophetic of certain phases of the coming war.

M. Barrès, being the manner of man he was, had no great love of the British. He regarded them during his stormy and eager youth, as the hereditary enemies of France; but when England "came in" during those terrible early August days of 1914, Barrès wrote some imperishable lines of welcome and of gratitude, and he paid some memorable visits to London in 1915 and 1916. He has always had the gift of choosing striking titles, and this is proved again by the title of his new book, "Le Suffrage des Morts".

The life of the mind frequently outlives, as regards vigor and power of expression, the life of the body. This is certainly the case with that veteran woman of letters who is at once politician and *salonière*, Madame Juliette Adam. Madame Adam is one of the very few people still living who were on terms of devoted friendship with George Sand. In some ways the early life of these two remarkable Frenchwomen had intimate points of resemblance and contact. Like George Sand, Madame Adam when little more than a child was sadly mismated; and, again like the greatest of French women writers, she left husband—though not child—and came up to Paris to try and make a living. She has written in her memoirs a delightful account of how she first came into touch with George Sand, and how they soon became like devoted mother and daughter. After the death of her husband—there was no divorce law in those days—Juliette Lamber, as she called herself, became the wife of Edmond Adam, a well-known liberal politician, who, immediately on the close of the Franco-Prussian war, accepted the difficult position of mayor of Paris. During his term of office his beautiful and brilliant wife endeared herself to Parisians of every class and condition. Her salon was open to "all those who feel, fight, and suffer". Her husband left her a large fortune, and she became an increasingly important and interesting figure in literary and political life. She was the first friend and Egeria of Gambetta; it was even thought at one time that they would marry.

All the writers who made their début in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century owed Juliette Adam an overflowing stream of sympathy, kindness, and appreciation. She founded and edited for many years the "Nouvelle Revue", wherein not only Loti but innumerable noted authors made their literary début. In her new book, "La Vie des Ames", she has written a touching and beautiful war book.

IV

As long as the world endures, human beings of every class and age and sex will take a close interest in the spy and the secret agent. In this connection I have rarely read a more thrilling book, or one more likely to provide the novelist and the romancer with valuable material, than "Nos Fusillés", which has as subtitle "Recruteurs et Espions". Though little more than a pamphlet, it gives careful and accurate accounts of what may be called the great Belgian spy cases of the war. Of these the only one with which most of us are familiar is that of Edith Cavell. Even more interesting, in a sense, is the trial of her avenger, the curious, quiet, timid-looking Louis Bril, who for long months tracked down, and finally shot, the traitor Nels who betrayed the

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British nurse to the German authorities. The writer, M. Tytgat, tells in a moving introduction what life was like in Brussels; and these pages, also, are full of a painful interest and contain many new facts. A book by the same writer that is sure to be memorable and worthy of inclusion in any war library is to be called "Bruxelles Sous la Botte Allemande".

One wonders how many of the innumerable Americans who know and love Paris realize to what extent that cherished city suffered under the appalling bombardment which for many months made life in the city an almost intolerable ordeal. Few of the after war books have interested me, personally, so much as "Paris Sous les Bombardements". Not only is there a plan showing the different places in which bombs fell—a plan which makes one realize as nothing else can do what the war-worn town was made to suffer, for no reason save that of shaking the nerves and the morale of the inhabitants; but the compiler of the book, M. Branger, gives a series of photographs showing the effect now produced on those buildings struck by the Zeppelins, the Gothas, and the super-cannon "Big Bertha". As most of us are aware, the bombs did not injure, in any real sense, the great literary shrines of the city. As to the Bibliothèque Nationale, it was as though a magic circle had been thrown round it; and the same may be said of that other library, dear to all literary lovers and students of old Paris, the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. It is also a curious fact that Versailles, so comparatively unprotected, had only one serious raid—during which no bombs fell on the huge palace which is the one landmark of the old-fashioned town.

THE RISE OF MELISANDE MERINGUE

BY DON MARQUIS

The basis of Melisande Meringue's fortune is an interior decorating business. It brings her in eighteen or twenty thousand dollars a year. But she doesn't say a great deal about it any more. During the last four or five years she has become known as an author. Her plays, her poems, her stories, are in the very van of the forward-going literary movement. . . .

Her one-act plays, especially, demonstrate that it is possible to be æsthetic as well as advanced. Her latest play, which is also a poem, was written, so the press notices said, in a sort of lunar spot-light. That is to say, when the moon streamed in through the skylight window of her studio, filling her apartment with just the proper shades of gold, Melisande's soul functioned, and she wrote. It took her months to write the play, because the moon was so seldom just right. Melisande's genius for interior decoration appears in this . . . she has the heavenly bodies on her staff, so to speak. . . .

This play, also, introduces another innovation. It is produced in a very little theatre, and the audience occupies the stage. The actors perform in the auditorium. The play, Melisande explains, is a Criticism of Human Life. The audience symbolizes life.

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The play, that is to say Melisande and her actors, look at the audience, brightly illuminated on the stage, from the gloom of the auditorium, and say things about it. The audience is vivisected, and made to pay for it.

* * *

Melisande, before she was an author, was, as I have said, an interior decorator. Before that, she was something else. The tale of how she became a successful writer is the tale of how she happened to become an interior decorator. One incident of her beginnings reveals that rare presence of mind in the face and onset of an æsthetic problem which has made her what she is.

I admire Melisande Meringue. And I admired her when she was Melly Moran, years ago, in a little town back in Illinois. Mrs. Moran, her mother, was a music teacher, and had actually named the girl Melody.

Melody Moran, when I knew her first, was probably the most æsthetic person, outside of Chicago, who lived within thirty miles of either bank of the Drainage Canal. The first time I saw her she was reclining in a barrel-stave hammock of her own construction. The slats she had wonderfully jigsawed. She had done more. She had painted them. Rather, she had painted things upon them. Pictures. Pictures of flowers and kittens. The bulky stone with which the door of the Moran house was propped open was painted over with wonderful white and green and golden pond lilies, with interesting green frogs, and with kittens.

As many persons in the village said, Melly "hand-painted". I took tea with the Morans, and the cups and plates showed evidences of her handiwork. As Mrs. Moran said: "Yes, Melly china-paints, too!" Melly, in fact, painted nearly everything. There was no fireplace in the house; nevertheless Melly had imported from Chicago and decorated a couple of fire-screens, one with flowers and fairies and the other with kittens with the most extraordinary eyes. Melly rather ran to kittens, at that time. She painted kittens on glass, she painted them on velvet, she painted them on wood, she painted them on tin pie-plates. If Melly had had a grandmother so vulgar as to smoke a clay pipe, she would have gilded it. If she had had an uncle with a wooden leg, she would have painted kittens on it. Even the possibilities of the vegetable kingdom had not escaped her; a large pumpkin which decorated the sideboard displayed on its curving surface a representation of an English Harvest Home, and there was a kitten in that picture, too . . . a kitten cuddled by a little girl who sat upon a horse that pulled a wain. Melly carved wood and burned leather, and burned wood and carved leather.

Melly was plump, perhaps a bit too plump, in those days. She was placid and suave. She liked a great deal of butter on her bread. Her lips were moist and red and full. She was fond of chocolate creams and of lying in the jigsawed hammock. The color in her cheeks was bright and high. Her hair was very black and glossy. And she moved with a sort of studied undulation, as if she were saying to herself: "I will *not* bustle. I am not the type that can afford a bustling gait." She was not. If Melly had bustled, she might have been called buxom. And Melly, even then, would rather have died than been called buxom. Now she wears Greek Things, and is farther than ever from bustling.

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Melly came to New York, and in the region of Washington Square fell in with a young woman who was doing something in the way of writing about interior decoration for the women's magazines, and who hoped in time to be an interior decorator herself.

Inside of ten days you wouldn't have known Melly . . . within a week she knew all about spaghetti, Maeterlinck, psycho-analysis, socialism, eugenics, and all the new movements in art. She had thought of being a Greek dancer, but the professional teacher to whom she confided her aspiration told her kindly that nature had decided otherwise for her.

And while she was still wondering what New York had in store for her, occurred the incident that launched her upon the wine-dark seas of interior decoration. The girl, her new chum—let us call her Hatty, as she would loathe that negligible name, and she never liked me—Hatty, then, took Melly with her one morning to the studio apartment of Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer, one of the latest converts of Greenwich Village, who had just gone in for Art and Living Her Own Life, near Sheridan Square. Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer was a long, middle-aged, chalky widow, with a great deal of money, exceedingly good social connections, and no hope of another husband, in spite of her wealth and position . . . or, at least, of the sort of husband she wanted.

When Hatty and Melly appeared Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer was in the actual process of hanging her studio walls with quantities of white and cream-colored material . . . she wanted to do something different and original, and she really had Expressed Herself, for the place looked like a chalk-pit. But she was worrying about it. Something was wrong. She appealed to Hatty.

Hatty hesitated, which an interior decorator must never do, and was lost.

Melly, with a slow smile spreading over her lips, looked around as if in a trance. Then she removed her hat, on which was a remarkable cluster of bright red flowers. While Hatty and Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer stared at her, aware that her soul had gone into the silences, and would probably emerge (if I may be permitted) bringing home the æsthetic bacon, Melly slowly tore the bunch of flowers apart. And then, moving as if to unheard music, she undulated about the room and pinned three of the bright red flowers in just the places they had been ordained to go when God first thought of the world, æons and æons ago . . . at least, that is what Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer told me.

"It was", said Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer, describing the astonishing effect of the red flowers against the cream-colored hangings, "as if a Creator had said: 'Let there be light!' "

There was silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer rushed upon Melly and took her to her heart.

* * *

And Melly was made. The details of the interior decoration business are so largely commercial that they would not interest this literary audience. She keeps it going, but she has become a Force in Literature . . . one of the Younger Prophets, with her Face Toward the Dawn. Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer is building her a theatre. It was Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer that suggested Melisande Meringue, some years ago, as a better name than Melody Moran.

I admit that I am a little bit peeved

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at Melly, even though I cannot but admire her. I sent her a play for her theatre, and she turned it down. And yet, I have had part of my revenge already. Melly had a birthday not long ago, and it was made the occasion of a soul-fight in Mrs. Wolf-Cuffer's studio. I sent her a present, and the package was opened up right in front of all the other æsthetes. It was a tin pie-plate, on which was painted a kitten, and above it was the legend: "For Auld Lang Syne". Many of those present seemed to get what I meant.

Melly hasn't spoken to me since.

RUBÉN DARÍO: THE MAN AND THE POET

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

I

Although it is but two years since his death, Rubén Darío is beginning to be looked upon not only as the greatest poet that Spanish America has produced, but as perhaps the greatest poet that has ever written in the Spanish tongue. Superlatives such as this always carry with them a trail of suspicion and mistrust; yet it is significant that they should be uttered at all, and doubly so when the utterance proceeds from a critic jealous of his standing, careful of his words and carrying conviction not only with the weight of his assertion but with the accumulation of his past services to letters. To Vargas Vila, the noted Colombian critic, Darío is even more: "One of the first in the world, if the world possesses another like him".

Assignment of rank, however, if it be one of the functions of criticism, is hardly the most important. What matters it if Darío be the greatest poet that ever wrote in Spanish, or merely the second or third, when we have the concrete and undebatable evidence of the immense influence he exerted upon the Spanish world of his time? To us of this nation Darío is important in more than one sense: not only is he the poet who summarizes an epoch and speaks for a continent; he is the man of the world who epitomizes a racial culture that we must surely understand better than we do now if we are to cement those ties with our Spanish-American neighbors which commercial relations only initiate but never fully tighten. Were it only from purely material motives we should know the cultural background of our prospective customers better, for it has become a platitude that in order to do business with our Southern neighbors we must be able to meet them socially and intellectually as well. But the war has emphasized another fact, one more fundamental to our present purpose: intellectual intercourse between different peoples leads to beneficial fertilization of one nation by another. In the past mere difference has too often been dismissed as inferiority; an increase in knowledge of one another must inevitably work toward a friendship that is founded on something more firm than a profitable interchange of commodities. Is there not something of silent reproach in the fact that North American poetry has

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nothing to match with Darío's "Salutation to the Eagle", written in 1906 to welcome our delegates to the Pan-American Congress held that year in Brazil—a poem in which the proud fear of the United States as an invader of South America (expressed in his ode "To Roosevelt") gave way to a more optimistic view? Such a note, which is more or less casual in Darío, is fundamental in the labors of José Santos Chocano, his successor. Yet did the completion of the Panama Canal elicit from our poets such a pæan as Chocano's "Isthmus of Panama" or the same bard's "Song of the Future"? The war has done much to dissipate the atmosphere of distrust that is characteristic of certain of Darío's poems, but it is questionable whether Chocano's Pan-Americanism yet reflects the spirit of Spanish-America as a whole. Those of us who give thought to the matter at all cannot feel that we as a nation are totally blameless. Fortunately the situation, far from being hopeless, grows brighter every day.

II

Some inner unity between Darío the man and Darío the poet there doubtless existed; it was of the kind, however, that is little apparent outwardly. Yet the man is as lovable as his work is perfect; it is as if the beauty of his childlike character were transmuted by some subtle, spiritual alchemy into the beauty of his godlike poesy. His autobiography, written about four years before his death, is a book of engaging candor, revealing the man behind the poet. He assumes no airs, no rôle of an inspired prophet; nor does he, on the other hand, impart to his frankness any suspicion of parading pose, of sensational confession. His prose here is simple, unpretentious, even conversational, yet rich in colorful words and felicitous phrases. He is aware of his faults, but takes them for granted, and wastes no time in futile repentance or ostentatious *peccavis*. He is generous in his appraisal of others, generous to a fault, and charitable toward those who have sought to do him harm. He is the possessor of a deep sense of humor which, like all deep humor, plumbs the well of sorrow. He is a cosmopolitan spirit, a wanderer, and one whose essentially human attributes accord him citizenship wherever he comes.

From him we learn that his real name should have been Felix Rubén García Sarmiento, but that his parents early separated, whereupon he fell under the protectorate of a colonel, Ramirez, whose name he adopted for some time. From a great-grandfather, however, who was of sufficient fame in Leon, Nicaragua, to have all his descendants grouped generically by his Christian name as "the Daríos", the future poet took the name which he was eventually to enshrine in the history of Spanish letters. An infant prodigy, he could read at three; local fame first came to him as a skilful versifier of epitaphs(!) and before long he was known in Central America as "the child poet"; he was first "published" at the age of thirteen. Already he had tasted the bitter sweets of love, the most burning of his flames being a North American circus performer whose name, ever after, remained in his mind—Hortensia Buislay.

Ever since he could remember, Darío was of a neurotic temperament; his childhood nurses filled him with tales that developed in him a religious strain more superstitious than theistic; with the coming of adolescence

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his innate melancholy was accentuated. There is something at once humorous and pitiable in the spectacle of a man like Darío, grown to imposing stature, being tormented by his friends because of his well-known weakness: a fear of the dark, which the poet attributed directly to the nursery tales upon which he was early fed.

At the age of fourteen Darío was already engaged in journalistic pursuits, an occupation that was to become a lifelong companion, a passion as well as a financial necessity. Journalism has always devoured much of the best in literary men; this has been particularly true of journalism in Spanish America; yet when one thinks of some of the pages that it produced from Darío, he is ready enough to forget much else. From now on, the poet was to be busy almost continuously with one venture after another into the realm of reviews and periodicals, as well as with journalistic duties, whether in South America, (where he early became known in Chile) or in Europe, where he deceived himself into thinking that he was an important diplomat. There was a strain of the sybarite in Darío; he loved spectacle, luxury, the concourse of crowds; but in these, as in all else, he saw beyond the merely outward, and was able to discern a beauty hidden to the common eye. He had a childish weakness for the diplomat's uniform; it is such a photograph of him that adorns the cover of his autobiography. Yet there was always about him a certain enigmatic silence in company, rarely broken.

Here is a picture of the great poet as he appeared at the Paris Exposition, 1900, given by his friend, Vargas Vila, in the book on Rubén Darío:

"He was still young, well built, with a genial glance and a sad air. It seemed that all the races of the world had placed their seal upon that countenance, which was like a shore that had received the kisses of all the waves in the ocean. It might have been said that he had the countenance of his poetry—Oriental and Occidental, African and Japanese, with a perpetual vision of Hellenic shores in his dreamy pupils. And he appeared, as always, sculptured out of Silence; he was his own shadow."

It was at this exposition, by the way, that Rubén Darío met Oscar Wilde. He has left us, in his autobiography, an interesting portrait of the great Englishman, presenting him as a "somewhat robust, shaved gentleman, with an abbatial air, very engaging in manner, who spoke French with a marked English accent. . . . Rarely have I met a person of greater distinction, a more elegant culture, a more genteel urbanity. He had lately come out of prison. His former French friends, who had showered him with adulation in his days of wealth and triumph, now ignored him. . . . He had even changed his name at the hotel where he stopped, calling himself by a Balzaquian title, Sebastian Menmolth. All his works had been placed under the ban in England. He was living with the aid of a few London friends. For reasons of health he needed a trip to Italy, and with all respect he was offered the necessary expense by a barman named John. A few months later poor Wilde died, and I was unable to go to his burial, for when I learned of his death the unfortunate fellow was already under the sod. And now in England and all over the world his glory begins anew."

Vargas Vila's commemoratory work on Darío, written shortly after the

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death of the master, is remarkable in more ways than one. Here, too, Darío's life seems a thing apart from his poetry; his poetic fire struck a deep response in his noted friend, resulting in a poet's account of a poet —a lyric biography. Vargas Vila's tribute is moreover a daring example of orthographical idiosyncracies; there are no paragraphs in the book, or rather, every sentence is a paragraph by itself. There are no periods, for this function is usurped by semicolons; this, however, is not half so irritating as the author's habit of placing a comma after a simple pronoun-subject. Yet despite these external examples of free punctuation (and why not free punctuation if we already have free verse and free music?) the lyric biography is well worth reading. No one who wants to know the whole Darío will omit it from his list. Darío himself openly avowed his weakness for alcohol; Vargas Vila tells us that the poet had one "sacramental phrase"—that phrase was "Tengo sed" (I am thirsty). There is no doubt that Darío's unquenchable thirst hastened his death, as it has done for more than one Spanish-American genius before him. It was his anæsthetic for Life.

III

The Modernista movement in Spanish poetry, which Darío definitely established in 1888 with the appearance of his volume of mingled prose and poetry called "Azul" ("Blue"), had precursors in other Spanish-American countries. But Darío did more than merely crystallize the movement; he rapidly became the leader and pathblazer, finally carrying the revolution to Spain itself. The "modernistas" received their inspiration from France, the beloved renovator in all ages of Spanish letters. The revolution originated, under the influence of the Parnassians, decadents and symbolists, in a reaction against the cold formalism into which Spanish verse had fallen. That Poe and Walt Whitman should quickly have become favorites with the new Spanish school is hardly surprising; we learned really to appreciate these compatriots from the same source—France.

In a larger sense Darío is of no school but that of beauty. His technical innovations are numerous, and naturally receive much consideration from the Spanish critics; to foreigners, especially non-Latins, this phase of his work must remain subordinate. It is interesting to point out that the "modernistas" are not really so much innovators in this respect as they are revivers. They rescued Spanish verse from a slavery to a few meters by resuscitating others that had long lain dormant and by introducing French forms; one of the Iberian critics even avers that for free verse there was a prototype in old Spanish poetry. This same attitude of reviver rather than innovator is noticeable among the new poets of our own country, as interpreted by Harriet Monroe in the introduction to the anthology issued not long ago by her and Alice Henderson.

It is easy, too, to make of Darío a worshiper at the shrine of art for art's sake. Yet his poems are by no means sterile models of flawless technique. In his progress from the earliest exemplifications of his powers—in his autobiography he tells us that "I never learned how to write verses. It was organic, natural, inborn"—he makes a vast curve from the chiseled lines of classicism to the prophetic strophes of a Whitman. He was a classic by temperament, one writer

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tells us, and a modern by culture. His work exhibits the solidity of the classic style, with all the restlessness of the modern spirit. Yet his numerous critics agree in one thing, that his chief attribute is grace and delicacy rather than power. There is power in Darío, and plenty of it; he is by no means the poet of graceful swans and languid swains that a poem read here and there might make us imagine; but that power, for the most part, has been distilled into vibrant beauty. It is not the vigorous, self-confident, continental trumpeting of a Chocano; there is a classic repose about Darío's work that seems coldly perfect at first, like the cold perfection of a marble statue. Yet that statue has substance and solidity as well as grace; look at it long enough and it comes to life like a new Galatea under the loving caress of her Pygmalion.

At the very appearance of Darío's first significant volume, "Azul", Juan Valera discerned in the youth a new spirit, and a "mental Gallicism" that was all the more surprising in that Darío had at that time been no nearer to France than Valparaiso, Chile. When his "Prosas Profanas" were issued eight years later, in 1896, it was seen that a great stride forward had been taken; in "Cantas de Vida y Esperanza" ("Songs of Life and Hope", 1905) the singer stood forth in all the confidence of full maturity. The vitality of the poet's productions is indirectly attested by the criticism he has evoked. José Enrique Rodó's analysis of the "Prosas Profanas" ranks with the finest pages that South American criticism has produced. Gonzáles-Blanco's "Estudio Preliminar" of Darío's work is an exhaustive (and exhausting!) treatise by a Spaniard whose mania for citation cannot mar the thoroughness of his investigation and the general validity of his conclusions. I may be excused for pausing for a moment upon Gonzáles-Blanco, for no student of Spanish-American literature will go far in his investigations before coming upon that critic's valuable and voluminous studies. Page upon page of quotations from the most recondite and varied sources submerge the bark of his commentary in an ocean of allusion. What other critics are content to read, ponder and silently assimilate, he must needs place in formidable foot-notes that bristle with Latin, French, German, English and Greek, until the reader has stored up all the sensations necessary for a well-defined polyglot nightmare. And as if this were not sufficient, Gonzáles-Blanco annotates himself and deserts the subject of his study time and again in order to prove that he is justified in his multifarious quoting and to air his views upon the functions of criticism. Nevertheless, as I have said, he is a man that must be known, and has contributed valuable services to the cause of Spanish letters in the old world and the new. If only he had learned from Darío the art of writing Castilian prose! Rather the punctuation of a Vargas Vila than the plethoric citations of a Gonzáles-Blanco!

From these critics it is possible to make a composite photograph, so to speak, of what the great poet looks like to the cultured Spanish reader. In his varied manifestations he is called a Christian Olympian, a pantheist garbed in the Catholic liturgy, endowed with "Nipponism", "contemplative Asiaticism", and fundamentally pagan. Another terms him Greek in his cult of beauty and Hebrew in his strain of prophecy—a cosmopolitan lyrist, Catholic in sentiment only. The artist, however, is too expansive,

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too all-inclusive, to be included in any narrow hoop of classification. The genius of Darío lies largely in the circumstance that he so identified himself with an epoch that the epoch may now be identified with him. Many were the influences that he absorbed from his changing environments, yet he made them completely his own. He was a poet rich alike in harmonious responses to the past and the present, and in pregnant previsions of the world to come.

Darío's importance to modern Spanish prose is only less than that to poetry. His volumes of criticisms and chronicles are significant not only for their manner but for their matter. As early as 1893 his book "Los Raros" ("Rare Spirits") elicited from William Archer the comment that from what he could half make of the work he would learn Spanish so that he might read it. Some of the prose in this volume actually sings itself into the ear. The poet's mastery of prose was discernible as early as "Azul"; "Prosas Profanas" is, in reference to the revolutionary effect it produced, to Spanish poetry what its predecessor was to prose. There was early promise of a novel by Darío, to be called "La Carne" ("Flesh"). Whether this was to be of the erotic character that so frightened Juan Valera none can say; the novel was never finished. The erotic element in Darío's poetry is treated by him with that same touch that transmuted everything else he laid hands upon. Barring the crude misogyny of some juvenile verses, the erotic in Darío is cleansed by the very flame of his art.

What of Darío's meaning to us? I do not refer to his political fears and hopes. I mean what has his poetry to bring to our spiritual life? Poetry has the great disadvantage of being much evaporated in the transit from one tongue to another; if it is at all possible, by all means read Darío, of all poets, in the original. Once granted, however, that the happy poet may be found who can render this genius's music into our language, poetry has this advantage: that it deals with fundamental, universal emotions and reactions only less directly than music itself. To know Darío is to look differently upon men and women and the world about us after we have read him; to see a new beauty in an old theme; to discover new aspects of our inner life; to breathe a new atmosphere. It is not given to many men in any land to accomplish this so fully as did this noble spirit who was "not only the first among the great, but the first among the good", as Vargas Vila puts it; or, in the similar words of a lesser-known critic, Alberto Tena, "a saint of goodness and a priest of beauty".

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *June*, 1919.

What effect will Prohibition have on the publishing of new editions of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"? Our wags and jesters in the press have for some time been treating facetiously the idea of, so to say, literature under the lid. Here, however, is a perfectly ponderable thought. If this coming Christmas sees not five or six new editions of "Omar", this will be (in the book trade) a thing as epochal, without parallel, as Prohibition itself. As, however, the manufacture and sale of volumes of the Omarian quatrains is not mentioned in President Wilson's War Measure or in the eighteenth Constitutional Amendment, it is not easy to say that they will not be on tap in their usual quantity.

Indeed, there is something altogether mysterious about this Omar business. There is not, I believe, available a complete bibliography of the editions of "Omar Khayyam". Thomas B. Mosher used to keep one brought down to date for inclusion as a feature in an edition of his own. But some nine years ago this feature had attained to such length that it threatened to swamp the boat, so to put it, and was abandoned. Mr. Tompkins, you know Mr. Tompkins—bookseller, tall, bald, pale. . . . However, no matter. Mr. Tompkins regards it as a modest computation that there are some one hundred and fifty distinct editions now before the American public.

The copy of one of these editions which I hold in my hand (a superior edition on Van Gelder paper) is of the tenth printing. This little volume is printed in unassailable taste. It is bound in three-quarter crushed levant morocco. Copies of "Omar" have doubtless been bound in every material that ever enclosed a book, and some (I have seen) have been bound in substances which, I fancy, no one before ever thought of putting on a book. In size there is (so far as I know) no elephant-folio "Omar"; but it is a perfectly safe bet that there are "Omars" of every other size. Narrow perpendicular oblong, narrow horizontal oblong, square—in any shape in which a book is made there is an "Omar". Schools of illustration have arisen, and flourished, and illustrated "Omar", and passed away—gone by the board to such an extent that even to allude to them brings a happy smile of derision at their ideas and methods. And other schools of illustration have arisen, quick with the new day—and have illustrated "Omar". Think of Elihu Vedder and think of Frank Brangwyn!

I knew a man (he was called "the vice-chancellor") who made a hobby of collecting "Omars"—why, heaven only knows! He was esteemed a just judge, and he was a charming gentleman who lived on intimate terms with much literature. He warned the bookseller (of whom I have just spoken) to let no "Omar" escape him; he sought him to scent out queer "Omars" (!!!), to capture early "Omars", to import all English "Omars". He (the vice-chancellor) wanted his "Omar" com-

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plete. Perhaps his pleasure was in the thought that, as long as he lived, there never would be any end to such a toy—his "Omar" would never be complete: there would probably be two new "Omars" awaiting him on his next Saturday call at the bookseller's.

But the funny thing is that by no other system of gathering books (than by collecting "Omars") could one possibly get together a more worthless lot of volumes. It is highly probable, indeed nothing is more likely, that the first full-fledged "gift book" was a volume of "Omar Khayyam". There are, of course, editions of the "Rubaiyat" just as presentable in effect as if they were editions of any other book (a few, a few); but there never was any other work of literature which ever got itself into anything like as many queer, odd, strange, and peculiar costumes as our old Persian friend of the now discredited jug.

One of the reasons, doubtless, why the "Rubaiyat" has been so successful (almost, I should say, without parallel) as a gift book is that it is so altogether appropriate to all seasons and occasions. For Christmas there has been, for years amany, no better staple in the book trade than the poem containing the lines:

And that inverted Bowl we call the Sky,
Where under crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

Nothing certainly can be pleasanter for a young lady on her birthday than for her to open an embossed cardboard box and take out a dainty little volume bound in, presumably, ooze mouse, and have her eye light upon the lines:

Oh Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

And anyone who has forgotten until the last moment an Easter greeting to, say, an aunt, knows instinctively that an excellent makeshift is a dainty volume which includes this quatrain:

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

And so on. Decoration Day, Independence Day, Hallowe'en, Labor Day, the birthdays of Columbus, Washington, and Lincoln, for weddings and commencements, etc., etc., etc.,—if you want to give a book (and know nothing whatever about books) you light, by some happy instinct, on some fancy get-up of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam". More different kinds of people, doubtless, have bought copies of "Omar" than of any other book going.

* * * *

Funny job—working for a publishing house. I knew a man who worked for a publishing house. He came to a tragic end. Brooded on the thing. Unsettled his mind. Went off his top, clear off, finally. I saw him during his last days. It was very sad. He couldn't place me. (I'd known him for twenty years.) Thought I was an author. Every little bit he would leap up and cry out at me: "Don't tell me the plot! Don't tell me the plot!" Then, shaking and gibbering, he would fall back into his chair, and, covering his face with his hands, moan: "Don't tell me the plot. No, no, no, no!"

It had been, among other things, this man's business to see persons who called to submit manuscripts. I took down some of his ravings, for the weird light they threw on human

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nature. I find, however, that in the main they are too harrowing to print.

It is an occupation, that of my unfortunate friend's, in which one is continually exposed to one of the most rampant of human perversities—that is the demoniac passion, apparently universal today, to get something or other "published". What talismanic virtue there is about having something or other published it is not, from the inside it would seem, exactly easy to say. Of course there is the idea, doubtless rather prevalent, that to publish a book is instantly to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

There was that gentleman who came to see my friend, and was what Mr. Herford calls "intensely intense". He fixed my friend with his glittering eye—that eye lit by the delirious fire of being on the quest of getting something published. He pounded his palm with his fist. In a rushing torrent came his words. The novel he had written (in long hand) made him, himself, laugh; it made him cry. It brought out (he declared) all that was best in human nature; that, he believed, was the way to write—to do the world good. It was a religious book, this. Wholesome! Full of real human beings! It was "founded on fact". It was. . . . It was. . . . It was. . . .

Now about the "terms". How many copies would "we" sell? My friend ought to know about a thing like that. And what would be his, the author's, return? When told that, if accepted, the novel might, luckily, sell out an edition of two thousand copies, within perhaps a year, and that the author would get a royalty of from ten to fifteen per cent on each copy sold—when told these things a ghastly glaze came over this gentleman's popping eyes; his mouth, arrested on the point of speech, hung agape; and altogether he looked as if he might be about to suffer an apoplectic stroke. Then, rallying a bit under the blow: "Why!" he stammered, "I heard that Harold Bell Wright sells into four million!"

The only peaceful memory at all which my friend seemed to have in his poor brain was that of a remarkable lady (remarkable, that is, in this) who apparently regarded any discussion whatever as superfluous. She called one day and, without any preceding negotiations, delivered a large cardboard box containing, presumably, her "complete poetical works"; withdrawing with the single comment: "I suppose you will send me the proofs".

He was, however (my friend), very frightened of the army, of the armies of all the allies. First the English army and the Canadian army had been dribbling in, such of them as had been gassed, or wounded, or were repatriated prisoners, or something like that, all with their "personal narratives". There was a little cockney; because of his being, it seems, an immense hero and—being inspired by his consciousness of the popular recognition of this—having suddenly acquired an extraordinary ability for publicly rattling off cockney like a machine-gun, he had become much in demand as a shining speaker at Liberty Loan meetings, and so on. He had doubtless rendered in this way, as well as in the field, highly valuable service. But I fear that, alas! he also had much to do with finishing my friend. On the numerous occasions on which he called, quite unsolicited, to see about his manuscript, he addressed my friend, at the range of something like two feet, as though he were en-

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gaged in firing a great audience. You could edge him toward the elevator door bit by bit, and this for the instant seemed to take his mind from the innumerable reasons why his manuscript should be published; but at every third step he stalled and laid down another barrage, so that when finally he was got off, my friend was left with shell-shock for the rest of the morning. His book, by the way, was—just as you would expect. Or perhaps worse.

The English and Canadians, however, were comparatively nothing at all; as, after all, they didn't all get over here. When the American army began to return, it came back a whole race of writers, or rather potential writers. Not exactly writers either, but, as you might say, potential collaborators—as bunches of them frankly confessed that they had never written anything, and knew no more about writing than a goat; but (they insisted) all that was needed for the greatest story ever was just for my friend to whistle back somewhere into the office for a trained journalist to come out with his pad, take down their stuff, and then fix it up right.

So with a young woman who was in my friend's thoughts night and day toward the last. She was a homesteader, or something like that. Or said she had been. Staked a claim away off. Lived alone with a bulldog two hundred miles from nowhere. The eyes of the world today, she declared, were turned toward nothing so much as toward homesteading. He didn't see it! Of course, he wouldn't see it! "That is exactly the trouble", she exclaimed, "with you people! Oh, if only you had the vision *to* see *the* things!" All she asked was for him to give her the use of an office there for several months at a fair salary, and a couple of stenographers, and she would go fifty-fifty with him on her story. She would want, too, some editorial assistance on the job, dressing up the manuscript. And *he* (my friend) was just the man for that. Oh, yes; she had *heard* that he was the very man; and that was the *reason* she had at once come here instead of going to some other house. Such a proposal could not be considered? And she would have to submit her manuscript before any decision on it could be undertaken? Why, she was living in a *furnished room!* The bills were mounting up. She would soon have *no place* to go. She was facing the prospect, facing it right now, of taking an underling *job*. She hated, *hated* it! Then she blazed up and told my friend where he got off as to intelligence. Then she collapsed again, and the weight of her unfortunate destiny again fell upon my friend like a ton of bricks. This call was the opening of an intensive series of communications which this young woman carried on with first my friend and then other members of the staff by letter, by telephone, by messenger, and in person.

Then there is that very natural nervousness which so many persons have that their manuscripts will not receive an effective reading. That is they have called to explain, to insist, or to entreat (as the case may be), that the first chapter should not be read first, or the first three chapters. But the fourth, or the fifth, chapter must be read first. Then several chapters should be skipped, and the reading taken up again at chapter nineteen. Otherwise the publisher's reader will receive a totally wrong impression of the book.

Many are apprehensive, too, of their

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book's going for first consideration into the hands of an unsympathetic person. They want to *see* and *explain* to him all about it. And they want to tell how many copies of the book they themselves can sell, because of their prominence in certain clubs, Sunday Schools, charitable organizations, and so on. Or they want to hire the house to publish the book. They are (smiling cheerfully) quite ignorant as to how such things are done, and would like to inquire the cost of a small edition. Or they are the browbeating type, the lady or gentleman who was wont to say, with a sneer, to my friend: "Of course, I understand that you have no interest in the merit of a book, only in its popular, commercial, success. There is no appreciation, no comprehension, nowadays of the finer things. It's the trash that gets boosted." And, very witheringly indeed, much more to this effect.

And so on, and so on.

One type more, however, I should not omit to mention, and then I am done, for, as I've said, the worst cannot be told. That type is the bribing character. Let him be illustrated in the case of the gentleman who called on my friend the last day before he was taken away. This gentleman was a minister, an army chaplain; submitted a book of poems. He was very effusive. He said, "Tell the young lady who does the most work on it that I'll give her a box of candy." I do not know exactly what his idea was, but I fancy that he confused the matter of reading a manuscript for acceptance or rejection, with the business of proof-reading. And why a young lady, I cannot say. But he probably saw in his mind rows upon rows of such persons somewhere in a large room carefully scanning his book.

He disappeared. While my friend was out at lunch he returned and left at the information desk a small parcel addressed to him. My friend undid a layer of wrapping paper, and then several layers of tissue paper; and he held in his hand a small copy of the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam", bound in undressed mole, or something like that.

MURRAY HILL

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NOVELS OF VARIOUS MOODS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

W. B. Maxwell is never afraid to be serious. His latest book is primarily a story of the religious nature trying vainly to make itself content, first with religion as a thing apart, and second with human love as a thing apart. "For perfect peace", his young parson has said, "the mirror of the mind should show nothing but the steady flame of the contented soul." But the soul turns out to be in itself an unruly member, yielding itself, without devastating sense of sin, to the violation of a sacrament. Without devastating sense, for the marriage into which Edward Churchill has broken is a mockery if any marriage can be, a brutal prison for the woman who is fitted to be his true mate. He is able to throw his whole creed overboard after the abandoned article, and thinks he has thrown his faith with it. He hasn't; but since to his type faith and creed are both dependent upon harmony with the body of the church, he cannot, as it were, permit himself to believe anything till the church takes him back. In the hour of his revolt against her laws he has thrown off the "devil's livery", swearing never again to bear that "ugly yoke of superstition"; but he cannot be really happy till he has once more assumed, or been given the right to assume, the clerical garb of his order. "The flame was leaping high; the mirror was crystal clear", are the words with which the book ends.

Not the least part of the story's merit is that, sympathetically as the facts have been presented, we are by no means sure of the author's own interpretation of them. Is his mood reverent, or ironical? Does he think of his Edward Churchill as a rather fine sort of prig? Or as a fanatic helpless without his fetish? Or as a child of the church bound to be miserable under the displeasure of his mother? . . . A matter of curious interest rather than primary importance, after all; since here is a true picture, and it is our affair to get at its meaning, or to give it up as doubtful among a few other things in life.

"The Mirror and the Lamp" was written by a man who had been in the thick of the fighting on the Somme and elsewhere, and it is written as if the war had never been. Very few current novels can be said to be even nominally unconscious of what has been happening to the world during the past few years. And for the most part we have been so much occupied in keeping high-hearted that we haven't had time to be merely high-spirited. Our laughter has been mainly of the semihysterical, oh-that-Bairnsfather kind. We have sniggled and we have roared, and we have "smiled" to order, as a mode of carrying on. But we haven't been merry. Therefore a book like "While Paris Laughed" gives us a strange and half-guilty sense of release.

It isn't jaunty, cheer-up stuff, turning its back deliberately on the inconvenient present. Nor does it affect anything strikingly quaint or

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novel in theme or texture. Goodness! what don't we know about the Latin Quarter and her attics and her young geniuses and her cocottes, whatever those are, and all the rest? The Greenwich Village of Paris, as somebody has recently said—and what more remains to say? Nothing, to be sure—but plenty remains to sing. And who but Mr. Merrick is its gayest songster: from his seasoned but joyous throat the old melody ripples forth fresh and free, full of delicious whimsy and sly laughter. Which is to say (abandoning in some confusion our own little warble) that he has a delightful instrument of his own, knows what to play and how to play it, and doesn't care in the least how many other people happen to have squeaked or rumbled the same ditty. And above all things the melody of youthful Bohemia is surely the dismalest unless it be played perfectly. But this is Mr. Merrick's particular little trick—to do with nonchalant perfection the very things of which a lot of clumsy hands on all sides are making a bore and a nuisance. The less a reviewer says of the poet Tricotrin and his friends and his exploits the better. The reader would have the right (for once) to complain of him as the fellow who tries to paint the lily, or to get us its perfume by braying it in a mortar.

This volume should serve as an excellent advance agent for the new "uniform edition" of Merrick's novels —there are only thirteen volumes in all—with its remarkable series of prefaces by such writers as Barrie, Pinero, Howells, Wells, and Hewlett. I do not look for much critical enlightenment from most of these prefaces, since the novelist praising his contemporary is about as judicial as the publisher's blurb-monger. But it will be a remarkable tribute of admiration and affection from the other headliners on the circuit.

Mr. Beresford's "The Jervaise Comedy" is another warless performance, a very English affair based on the persistence, in English country life, of the old feudal relations between the aristocratic landowner and the yeoman on the land. The twentieth-century story-tellers have been a good deal occupied with this phenomenon. They can't quite accept it as Trollope did. They believe there is something quite provably wrong about it, and go to work rather nervously, subjecting it to the sweetly acid test of romantic convention. That is, they make it turn on the question of class intermarriage, and this in its most ticklish form. Cophetua "took a chance" with his beggar maid; but it was the lady of high degree stepping up to the altar with her lowly squire who shook the foundations of society. Nevertheless we had, as much as a dozen years ago, a "Richard Baldock" by so confessedly Victorian an author as Archibald Marshall. More recently the thing seems to be getting down almost to a formula.

There was an example of it in Harold Bindloss's "The Buccaneer Farmer", which I was speaking of last month. In this kind of story, the son of the head gamekeeper or chief tenant-farmer, whose family has been on the land for generations, is destined to win the hand of the squire's or baronet's daughter. This is the right thing, it is what ought to be happening for the good of the country. But you can't be expected to swallow it raw, no matter how worthy the gamekeeper's son may be, and how nobly he may figure in contrast with the

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Percys and Lord Reginalds who are his more or less perfunctory rivals for the lady's hand. Therefore we take him fairly young and ship him across the Atlantic, and permit him to make his fortune there, which is, of course, the thing all good Americans do. Then, when the ladyship is old enough, we just bring him back again, pretty well fumigated by wealth and Americanism, and let him go to it, with a real look-in for his money. Thus Mr. Bindloss, Mr. Beresford in "The Jervaise Comedy", and Mr. Oppenheim in "The Wicked Marquis". In the two later instances we have an added and effective item, in the past hidden scandal linking the two families most involved in the action.

I think if you try mentioning the names Beresford and Oppenheim in polite literary circles, you will find the former greeted with vague respect and the latter with a condescending smile. Mr. Beresford's name belongs to the lot which, Mr. Swinnerton complains, have long "been used as pegs" by writers on the modern English novel. He did a thumping long piece of realistic narrative in the "Jacob Stahl" series. He is one of the poor souls whom critics lay on one side "to be reckoned with". One might almost fancy him setting his present little affair as a kind of trap for these reckoners, baiting it with the sophisticated style, affecting a grave concern with its structure. It is in fact a moderately amusing variation, in the current mode, upon one of the most ancient of romantic themes. The writer has not sublimated it as Merrick sublimated his old matters; he has merely thrown an elaborate but by no means opaque veil of disguise over it. Here are the Jervaises and the Bankses, lords of the manor, and age-long tenants of the Home Farm. The Jervaises have never been of much account but for their "birth", their property, and their complacency. The Bankses have always been honest, thrifty, and subservient to the Jervaises. Two young Jervaises, boy and girl, two young Bankses, the same: the latter being in different ways above their class. Anne Banks is educated and charming. Her brother has been more or less purified by America, but has complicated his chances by returning to become the Jervaises' chauffeur. . . . However, the shock of Brenda Jervaise's misalliance is tempered by our eventual discovery that she has no legal right to the name. Old Jervaise has begotten her wantonly (upon a helpless young person of the Banks connection) and his wife has chosen to acknowledge her in order to "keep her in sight of her father as a reminder of his sin"! Oh, dear, what sad fustian it is, if we let ourselves take it seriously even as comedy.

As for E. Phillips Oppenheim, I have never been able to dismiss him with a smile of condescension. I have a notion that he does as well as he chooses to, and that what he does is never contemptible, though always amusing. Certainly "The Wicked Marquis" makes at least as good a job as "The Jervaise Comedy", of very much the same materials. There is a marquis, now about sixty, not much farther on in point of view than the marquis in the "Tale of Two Cities". This imperturbable aristocrat has, twenty years ago, carried off the (beautiful and intelligent) daughter of his head gamekeeper. He is a widower, and there are ample precedents. "A few hundred years ago", says his sister the Duchess to the recalcitrant gamekeeper, "it would have been your duty to offer your womenkind to your

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master when you paid your rent". According to his lights the Marquis does handsomely by the gamekeeper's daughter, educates her, and is faithful to her for twenty years. Then back comes gamekeeper Vont from his American exile, bringing his nephew —one of those multimillionaires. R-r-revenge! Vont has lived for it all these years, and has sworn the nephew to do his part. Vont camps down before the baronial hall and sits there making faces; the nephew has the real job. He has been taken up by the Duchess on shipboard, becomes a guest of the wicked Marquis, and readily gets that pretentious pauper into his financial clutches. There is another item in the plot which our nephew does not know till the last moment. But meanwhile he loves the haughty Lady Letitia; and of course it is she and her high-nosed father who are to make a volte-face and accept him with enthusiasm as husband and son-in-law, in the somewhat melodramatic finish.

The point is, granting the artificial and even conventional nature of the kind of thing, Mr. Oppenheim's handling of it is by no means markedly inferior to Mr. Beresford's. His style is as good, if less deliberately "finished". The Mrs. Banks of "The Jervaise Comedy" stands by herself as a fresh if slightly sketched bit of characterization; for the rest there is not much to choose between the two sets of characters.

"Crater's Gold" is a comedy of the land, that does not begin and end by reminding us of a certain kind of thing. It is American and Eastern-American, but though family and property come into it, they don't pretend to be dominating features. They supply the atmosphere and setting, and are handy enough for that purpose. The young man and his unexpected inheritance yield a sufficiently familiar take-off for romantic action, and by the third page we are beginning to say to ourselves, a trifle patiently, "Oh, yes, now the fellow is going to find the chest of gold under the hearthstone", when we discover that we are off on a very different hunt.

In a village community not too far from New York, young Stiles, hitherto a hard-working newspaper man, finds himself possessed of a hundred acres of neglected land and the wreck of a terrible house of the eighteen-forties: "The blistered piazza, the yellow clapboarded walls, the sagging green blinds, and the atrocious veneered front doors with their malarial, colored panes set around central panes of ground glass. There was certain to be a cupola on the roof". He camps down there for a week or two, with the aid of a woman who "comes in", and then languidly puts the property in the market. Suddenly there is an incursion of would-be purchasers: one Baumgarten, Broadway magnate and theatrical backer; Erzberger, a famous manager from the same district; and later an agent for certain local interests. The fact is, our rural community has a sort of threefold character. It is a place of run-down farms and shabby survivals, among them a remarkable native or two, Mrs. Fields and Judge Tyler. It is in the nearer motoring zone of New York City. And it possesses a colony of nice people who have a quiet society of their own, and cherish somewhat jealously their well-kept estates and unvulgarized seclusion. A Baumgarten or an Erzberger settling down among them would mean the end of all things. Add to these elements the leaven of a

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charming young actress with the accessories of an abandoned mine, a stream that swallows a motor-car, and a general mystification very pleasantly resolved when we get the clue. Here again, romantic and extravagant as the action is, we find quite as clear a gift of characterization as in many conscientiously dull chronicles of "real life".

Spanish fiction means just now, to a very large public, the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse". Pío Baroja is a different sort of writer, but equally well worth knowing for those of us who like to get the skeptical point of view now and then, to offset the prophetic. "Caesar or Nothing" has a good deal in common with "The City of the Discreet" by the same author, which appeared in English a year or two ago. There, you may recall, was a young Spaniard educated in England, and returning to Spain with disillusioned eyes. The discovery of his illegitimacy does not move him toward optimism. But he is a youth of good enough intentions, and what we pity him for is not his difficult adventure in pursuit of an ideal, but the final abandonment of the enterprise. The same thing is true of Caesar Moncada. In a way he is an eccentric young egotist, without reverence for conventions in religion or anything else; but beneath all, an eager idealist, who stakes everything on the alternative of "Caesar or Nothing", which to him means winning the fight for humanity or throwing up the sponge altogether. There is to be no compromise: either the world, his little world of the Spanish city hitherto ruled by venality and clericalism, must be set straight, or there is no use in anything, for him. Spanish superstition, and inertia, and negative individualism are easily too much for him. He surrenders with a shrug; and traces of the battle are soon rubbed from the scene:

> To-day Castro Duro has definitely abandoned her intentions of living, and returned to order, as the weekly Conservative paper says; the fountains have dried, the school been closed, the little trees in Moncada Park have been pulled up. The people emigrate every year by hundreds. To-day a mill shuts down, to-morrow a house falls in; but Castro Duro continues to live with her venerated traditions and her holy principles, not permitting outsiders devoid of religion and patriotism to disturb her existence, not spotting the most holy rights of the Church, our mother—enveloped in dust, in dirt, in filth, asleep in the sun, in the midst of her grainless fields.

A finishing touch is given to the quiet but savage irony of the picture by the excerpt from a "society column", reporting the later Caesar at home with his rich wife—a dilettante and gentleman of leisure:

> At Don Caesar's house we had the pleasure of greeting the learned Franciscan Father Martin, to whom the population of Castro Duro owes so much. . . . At a halt in the conversation we asked Senor Moncada: "And you, Don Caesar, have no idea of going back into politics?" And he answered us, smiling: "No, no. What for? I am nothing, nothing".

And so to the "Jimmie Higgins" of Upton Sinclair, which the author admits is his best book. Like everything he writes, it is a book of carefully selected fact, determined protest, and vague prophecy. And yet I have a feeling that in this tale the spontaneous story-teller and the conscious artist almost succeeds in ousting the socialist and reformer altogether. We come very near getting interpretation here, instead of propaganda. By way of Jimmie Higgins, the dingy little socialist worker of an obscure American town, we observe the America of the past five years; its social tyranny, its political corruption, its "industrial

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unrest" in which union labor and socialism and the I. W. W. forces work, more or less at cross-purposes, against a pretty thoroughly organized "capital". Jimmie Higgins does not believe in violence or sabotage or revolution; he believes in the orderly conquest of the world by the socialist idea. He shares Mr. Sinclair's belief in the inherent virtue of those who toil with their hands, and the inherent viciousness of those who toil merely with their brains. You remember how in "The Jungle" and "King Coal" and the other novels, all laborers are noble conquerors or hapless victims, while all capitalists and underlings of capital are sneaks and thugs and hogs. The author's representative of the dominant class in this book is one Lacey Granitch, son of the mill magnate of "Leesville", a heartless profligate. One feels it as a sign of special favor that Jimmie Higgins is permitted, as it were, to assist at the scene of his not quite speakable punishment.

But this class-hatred does not dominate the book so strongly as its predecessors. We have a feeling (until near the very end, when the propagandist seizes the tiller as if to prevent us from making any sort of comfortable mooring) that we are upon a real voyage of inquiry. Through the bewildered, seeking eyes of Jimmie Higgins we see the conflicts of peace overwhelmed, for a time, by the conflict of war; German socialists forsaking their vows, American socialists torn apart by racial sympathies, American labor succumbing to the bribes of the war-wage. We see Jimmie's own little family horribly wiped out by a chance explosion of munitions which socialists have helped aim at their comrades overseas. We see Jimmie himself giving in to the call of patriotism and democracy, valiantly serving at Château-Thierry . . . and then shipped north to Archangel, there to perceive the mockery of his position, and to be wantonly tortured to insanity by an American officer, a brutal ex-detective, for attempting to circulate Bolshevist handbills among the American troops. Always the wicked at the top!

Mr. Kauffman is also a writer who attacks, but more in the spirit of special muck-raking than from such a burning zeal for a changed order as honestly animates Mr. Sinclair. In this instance his experience as a journalist abroad during the early part of the war has supplied him with a handy animus against the American censorship. His villain is a mercenary and cowardly ex-newspaperman who has achieved an important post among the official coddlers of American opinion. More particularly, he is in the pay of a cheerfully unscrupulous guardian of the American aeroplane industry. The game is to suppress the facts of the inadequate supply and handling of our forces abroad, in the interests of the administration and the profiteers. Characteristically having got this special scunner off his chest, our chronicler proceeds with his business of spinning a romantic yarn. Andy, the hero, a young war correspondent who has received his billet through a frankly preposterous arrangement between the author and an old war-horse of the press, is finally disgusted with the hopelessness of his task, enlists as a fighting man, and dies, rather surprisingly, with the word of faith upon his lips: "The Cause is bigger than its mistakes". Unlike Mr. Sinclair, this novelist believes in the justice and necessity of our recent enterprise. If only the war correspondents had been

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permitted the running of the enterprise!

Two books with the ironical title of "Civilization" have appeared almost at the same moment. Miss La Motte's stories express the feeling that emerged in the earlier notes and sketches collected as "Peking Dust". This is a bitter sense of the hypocrisy and frequent malignancy of the part now being played by Europe in the Far East, especially in China. She gives America a clean bill of health, one is relieved to see. But to the part played by France and Germany and above all, England, with their "spheres of influence", their indifference to native customs and native laws, their impositions of "indemnity" for the Boxer rising and of the opium trade for nothing but self-interest, she gives no quarter. Above all she is unsparing in her arraignment of the self-asserted superiority of the European morale and the European civilization. This is not pretty reading for the white man who has been brought up to pride himself on his "burden" in far and benighted lands —a burden of loot it looks like, from this point of view. We can only comfort ourselves with the reflection that these stories express, in their uncompromising insistence on the shortcomings of the westerner in the East, the other half of that truth which Kipling sings, or used to sing. What is behind these bitter tales is the feeling that the doctrine of "East is East and West is West" must cease to be announced with the complacent emphasis of the past. The "Civilization, 1914-1917" of Georges Duhamel, which received the Goncourt prize for 1918, is a book of deeper and more creative irony. The author was a surgeon for four years at the front. These are sketches, outlines, fragments out of his experience. The extraordinary thing is that they seem not merely jotted down, but wrought out of that experience. They do not so much arraign the institutions of civilization, as brood upon that extraordinary constitution of things, intricate and sophisticated beyond belief, equipped with the safeguards of reason and religion and science, yet ready to turn upon itself at the sound of a trumpet, and destroy, destroy without ruth or rest. To the army surgeon, doomed to his (in a way) silly task of continually patching at the ruin deliberately contrived by his fighting associates, the brutality of the paradox must often be nearly unendurable. Without committing himself to any catchword of the world-doctors, Dr. Duhamel records with profound sadness his impression of the pass in which the world finds itself:

> Believe me, Monsieur, when I speak with pity of civilization I know what I'm talking about; and it's not the wireless telegraph that can make me change my views. It's all the sadder, because there's nothing one can do about it: you can't climb back up a slope like that down which the world is going to roll from now on. And yet! . . . Civilization! the true civilization—I often think of it. It is like a choir of harmonious voices chanting a hymn in my heart, it is a marble statue on a barren hill, it is a man saying "Love one another!" and "Return good for evil!" But for nearly two thousand

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The Mirror and the Lamp. By W. B. Maxwell. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

While Paris Laughed. Being Pranks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrin. By Leonard Merrick. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Jervaise Comedy. By J. D. Beresford. The Macmillan Co.

The Wicked Marquis. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Co.

Crater's Gold. By Philip Curtiss. Harper and Bros.

Caesar or Nothing. By Pío Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Louis How. Alfred A. Knopf.

Jimmie Higgins. By Upton Sinclair. Boni and Liveright.

Victorious. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Civilization. By Ellen N. La Motte. George H. Doran Company.

Civilization, 1914-1917. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by E. S. Brooks. The Century Co.

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years people have done nothing but repeat these things over and over, and the princes and the priests have far too many interests in the age as it is to conceive other things like them. . . . I have taken a good look at the monstrous autoclave on its throne. I tell you truly, civilization is not in that object any more than it is in the shining pincers that the surgeons use. Civilization is not in all that terrible pack of trumpery wares; and if it is not in the heart of man, well! it's nowhere.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Getting Material

The other day a young woman of Spokane, Washington, wrote me and asked how I get the material for the stories I write. Every once in a while some young woman who wants to be a great author writes to ask me that. They usually say: "The characters in your stories are so quaint and odd and yet so true to life. They seem so real. How do you get the material?" I am so well established in the author business now, and have such a steady trade, that at last I feel it is safe for me to give the secret to the world.

I get the material for my stories by putting on my hat and poking around until I find a queer-looking character, and then I ask him the story of his life. For example, I look in a window and see an old, gray-headed shoemaker sitting on a bench, working away at a pair of shoes. I go in and speak to him.

"Good afternoon", I say. "Are you a shoemaker?"

"Yes", he says. "What did you think I was doing? Think I was painting a flagpole on a submarine? What do you ask fool questions for?"

"I'm an author", I say. "I write short stories and books. I'm getting material for a short story now, but if you turn out to be interesting enough I may make a whole novel of you."

This always pleases. It puts the subject at his ease, too. Sometimes I give him a cigar. That helps. It shows I am friendly and mean well.

The first thing I have to do after the introduction is to get the local color of the man and his business. It doesn't do to say, "A shoemaker was making a pair of shoes", and let it go at that. You must get the proper atmosphere. You must mention the tools of his trade by their correct names. So I take a seat and take out my note-book and a pencil.

"The smell I smell in here is leather, I suppose?" I say. "I have to get the smell right in my stories."

"Yes, that's it", he says. "Tanned leather. It smells like that. That's the way it smells."

"And that thing that holds the shoe —that leather strap you put your foot through. What is that?"

"That's the surcingle. Every shoemaker has one. It isn't to hold the shoe. It is to keep the palm of my foot warm."

"I see. And that wooden thing there, shaped like a foot. What do you call that?"

"That's a micrometer, a shoemaker's micrometer. We use it to measure micros with. If leather has more than forty-eight micros to the ruble, it is not good leather."

"I think I understand", I say. "I

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can begin my story like this: 'The old shoemaker sat on his bench measuring a hunk of leather with his micrometer, while his well-worn surcingle warmed the palm of his aged foot'. Does that sound all right?"

"Sounds fine."

"But is it true? If you read that would you see an aged shoemaker, sitting in his shop?"

"Yes. Only you ought to mention his last. Every shoemaker has a last."

"Of course! I'll mention the last. Where is it?"

"That's it—that wad on the box there. It's a sort of wax. 'A shoemaker should stick to his last', you know. That means his wax—if he sat down on it he should stick to it. He should be a coarse, rough fellow so the wax would stick to him, and not a slick, oily fellow that the wax would slip off of."

"I see. And what do you use the last for?"

"To wax my mustache. All shoemakers wax their mustaches with their lasts. It is an old custom. The mustaches used to be long—long and thin—so the shoemakers waxed them and turned them up and tucked the ends behind their ears. If they didn't do that, they were apt to thread their needles with them and sew them into the sole of a shoe. It was a pitiful sight to see a shoemaker walking around the street with a shoe dangling from the end of his mustache."

"I should think it would be. I wonder if I couldn't make that my story—the story of a shoemaker who sewed his mustache into a shoe—"

"And it was especially pitiful at meals", the shoemaker would say, "when there was soup—bean soup. The shoe would get into the soup and get full of it, sometimes; full of bean soup. And the shoemaker would wonder why his mustache was so heavy. He would go back to his work with his shoe on the end of his mustache splashing bean soup down the front of his coat. And if it was chicken soup! Dogs and cats! Thousands of them! Following him to lick up the soup he spilled. I remember, once, when I got one shoe that was on the end of my mustache full of fish—codfish. And the other shoe—the one that was on the other mustache end—full of tea."

"That's interesting. A pair of shoes—"

"No, not a pair. Odd shoes. One was a brogan and the other was a gaiter."

"Hold on. What is a brogan? I have to get the local color right, you know."

"A brogan? A brogan is a coarse, heavy shoe."

"I see. And a gaiter?"

"A gaiter is a light shoe. I made three kinds of gaiters. I made a very light one for wear in the house—that was a house-gaiter. Then I made a heavier one, for wear in the street. That was a street-gaiter. Then I made one heavier than a street-gaiter, but not so heavy as a brogan. It was to wear in alleys. That was an alley-gaiter."

"An—what did you call it?"

"An alley-gaiter."

"Oh! Were they cloth or leather?"

"Leather. The house-gaiter I made of kid, but I made the street-gaiter of calfskin. It was tougher. Better for outdoor wear."

"Yes, I've got that down. And the alley-gaiter? What sort of leather did you use for the alley-gaiter?"

"Crocodile."

You see how easy it is to gather material for your stories. All you have to do is to go to the man and ask

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him, and he will tell you. I have never known it to fail. As soon as he knows you are a story-writer he is anxious to oblige, and he will simply smear you all over with atmosphere and local color, and rich, ripe facts like these.

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

The Book Addict

"Restful inebriety" Mr. Galsworthy characterizes reading, and the author of "Trivia" writes of it as "this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, lifelong intoxication". Thus those who know! Yet the man in the street, the man who does rather than dreams, humbly cherishes the delusion that there is something meritorious in the reading of books.

Psychologists tell us that the common aim of drugs, spirits, vices, hysterias, epilepsies, and insanities is escape from an unendurable reality, a world that is too much with us and fails to adapt itself to our nature, a mountain that refuses to come to Mahomet and obstinately remains a mountain when all we ask for is a molehill. To the natural-born weakling and those victims of temperament whom "conscience hath made cowards of", the only escape from unbearable matter of fact is in flight to the realm of fancy. Castles in the air are easier to build than model tenements, and pleasanter to live in. Hence the arts.

Books, like drugs and spirits, offer a refuge from the actual, and have the advantage not only of cheapness but also of less obvious and rapid demoralization of those addicted to their use and abuse. The book habitué has learned how to read himself into the dreamy state of the opium eater, even into the unconsciousness of the "dead drunk", and yet remain "polite and unpunished".

There are, of course, those amateurs who read books to make the acquaintance of the world rather than to escape from it, but these are not the bookish, the professionals. Books may, indeed, be food—as some consider alcohol—to those of competent digestion, but such do not feed upon them after the meal is finished and satiety attained. There are those who read to learn and remember things rather than to forget themselves, and for these worthies reading is doubtless a good thing. But too much of a good thing is the essence of vice, however "polite and unpunished".

The advantage of the book addict over the victim of the drug or liquor habit is in his better success in keeping up appearances. Like his less fortunate fellows he is afflicted with nervous irritability, and his normal activities are "sicklied o'er"—it does not so much matter whether with "the pale cast of thought", the morbid pallor of the doped, or the flush of the alcoholic. But through not having been shown up to himself and the world he is able to maintain a specious self-respect, and thereby avoid the rapid physical, mental, and moral deterioration that comes from the paralyzing sense of inferiority. Vice, we are now taught by the psychologists, becomes more vicious in its effects on those who practise it when accompanied by a sense of sin. Hence the poorer outlook of the drug fiend and the drunkard, as of the sin-convicted Puritan, compared with the conscience-free pagan. Innocence and ignorance are, it appears, in the last analysis identical, and the only recipes for bliss.

With the approaching season of enforced abstinence from the spiritual

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solace of alcohol, is it not reasonable to suppose that the vast amount of human energy hitherto diverted into the channels of more or less legitimate inebriety will seek an outlet in the forms of intoxication that are not as yet publicly condemned and legally prohibited? As the reformed alcoholic turns to the intemperate consumption of candy to appease the cravings of his stomach, so he who seeks in inebriety the higher satisfactions of mental relaxation and spiritual rejuvenation will learn to achieve his desideratum of forgetfulness by the cultivation of the unnatural vice of reading.

It is perhaps not without significance that professional writers, editors, and publishers are usually to be found ranged on the side of temperance, if not abstinence. Like brewers and saloon-keepers they, too, know their business. Now at last they see the dawn of their prosperity, when the book shall replace the bottle, the library the saloon, and the bibulous shall become the bibliophile.

—MARY VIDA CLARK

TO DO OR HOW TO DO

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

"I don't understand Smith, somehow", said little Barton. There was a puzzled look on his honest, literal face.

My curiosity began to pringle a bit. Not that there could ever be any gossip about Smith. But I suddenly realized that his name belonged at the end of a conversation, not at the beginning.

For Trelawney Smith has the best-informed library in our town. In fact, if comparison were held on this one quality, those princely Pierpont Morgan and Henry Huntington collections would soon hide their gilded faces in abasement. When I look at Smith's overpowering shelves, the only miracle greater than the existence of this prodigy is that its creator is still adding, almost weekly, with never-diminishing enthusiasm, to its bewildering resources. His steady diet for reading is new- and old-book catalogues.

I do not allude to what are known as reference works. Heaven knows, those are there, too: general encyclopædias, culminating in the latest India-paper revision; lists, digests, summaries, handbooks, yearbooks, almanacs, indexes, concordances, anthologies, dictionaries—from Greek, Latin, Persian, Chinese, and Scandinavian to Argot, Slang and Thieves' Patter, even Archaic and Obsolete. Millions of facts there are on these particular shelves, but they are embalmed, or at least static, beside the mass of the collection.

This main body is a "working" library if ever there was one. There is hardly anything within the scope of a modern restless imagination which some volume or volumes on those shelves can't do—be it trapping skunks by the most individual and carefully guarded secret devices, making flower-gardens, prospecting for minerals, binding books, carving, painting, "sculping", building scien-

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tifically correct farm outbuildings, weaving baskets, installing and repairing plumbing fixtures, playing billiards like Morningstar himself—even Dumas and Brillat-Savarin, to tell one how to cook and how to eat—all classified, arranged, indexed, and cross-indexed, instantly available in response to an inner urge.

And to fill in the chinks of this crannied wall, there smiles alluringly upon you a whole section of such works as "Ten Thousand Tested Recipes"—for doing whatever any human could ever want to do, not to mention many things he couldn't want, if in his right mind.

All his friends admire Smith's forethought, and profit by it on occasion; for he is generosity itself in laying these treasures of how-to knowledge at our disposal. When we confront any novel practical problem, such as laying out a golf course or installing a septic tank, the discussion invariably closes with the agreement that someone will "get the exact dope from Smith".

That's why I say that it seemed a bit topsy-turvy to have Barton start a talk with him instead of ending, as usual.

"It really is queer", the little man went on.

"What's queer?"

"Well, my boys are at boarding-school up in the country, and they've taken to trapping in their spare time. Since they found out they can get a dollar apiece for muskrat skins, and enough for skunks to bountifully perfume the prize, I've been receiving reports from them on their daily catches instead of their marks in class. Then they learned that mink furs are worth ten dollars apiece and red fox twenty-five dollars. So along came a special delivery the other day, instructing me to ship them a dozen large steel traps and something that would tell them how to catch mink and fox. Finding my education had been neglected on these points, of course I went over to Smith's last night.

"There was the dope all right: three separate volumes on these critters, not to speak of several works on trapping in general. So I borrowed 'em, as usual.

"But what I started to say was that I was looking over the bookcases, and had just reached the *P* section—you remember, there's half a shelf-full of plumbing manuals—when I heard Smith at the telephone. He was raising Cain with Moriarity because he hadn't sent a man to put a new washer on the kitchen faucet. He got quite excited:

" 'The water's been leaking out there for ten weeks', he yelled finally, 'and I've sent you three messages about it, and it's getting worse all the time.'

"Now I learned to put in a washer out of one of those very books; and I do it all the time since the plumbers got to charging three dollars for five minutes' work and five cents' worth of materials.

"What I don't quite see is why Smith didn't do the job himself. On his own showing, he'd spent a lot more time and energy than the work would have required in trying to hire a man to do it. And there were the instructions, right in his own library.

"Of course, under the circumstances I didn't just like to ask him. But what's the answer?"

"It was odd", said I. "Of course, though, lots of people can use their tongues more effectively than their hands."

I was far too grateful to him, for the sudden illumination he had shed

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upon Smith, to unsettle his orderly mind by hinting at the truth. For I perceived for the first time the perfection of our book-collecting friend's philosophy. Naturally such a sybarite would not mar his exquisite enjoyment by anything so crude as actual doing. He does not draw his satisfaction primarily from that jackdaw habit of "collecting"—whose insidiousness oft betrays the strongest. No: Smith has an imagination. He basks in the luxurious sense of being able, by virtue of his manuals, to do anything manual he might wish to. And he has the rare reverence for a providence dispensing such riches so cheaply, which forbids the tempting of that providence.

It is unanswerable. Power is what humans crave. As long as you're sure you could—whatever may come up—you have the subtlest essence of the pleasure. There's something material about going further. It reminds one of that old chap who always resisted a temptation—until he got the moral glow; and then having sniffed that aroma—did the deed he had abjured.

If one can be a mental Leonardo da Vinci, what folly to descend to the reality of being a most indifferent carpenter. No doubt about it, Trelawney Smith should be known as a benefactor of the race. As for the publishers, if they were as foresighted as the horse-racing fraternity, they'd start eugenically to breed a future race of demanders for their particular supply: and they'd start with Smith. What a few centuries might do! Just think of the Godolphin Arabian. (The idea is offered to the Eugenics Section of the Selling Methods Division of the Publishers' Association without royalty.)

This alluring Barmecide feast of skilled handiwork lies open to all who frequent city bookshops. (Of course those Bœotians who dwell in parts where all have to do hand-work are debarred from such refined joys; and these omniscient volumes are not there spread abroad for sale.)

It is good to reflect, too, that only mute old-fashioned books can adequately perform this miracle. Your correspondence courses will guarantee to make you a Cartoonist or a Powerful Personality by mail. But there seems to be peril that they may succeed, judging from the report of the man who recently described his conversion by correspondence into a Memory Prodigy—writing from a sanitarium for forgetting. And anyhow, by this plan there is always an alert and relentless person somewhere using Uncle Sam's minions to check you up, asking for reports, flaunting examination blanks to be filled out, insistent that you shall get your money's worth, after his kind.

This instills doubt, yet all manuals of self-culture assert self-confidence as a basis. And it disturbs serenity to refuse to answer earnest letters. Also it is difficult not to answer back to the language-lesson phonograph demanding information from you in choice Castilian.

But how-to books are friendly, well-bred, unobtrusive, silent save when appealed to. They are ever-ready but non-insistent, like a companionable setter dog. They will down-charge motionless on your shelves for days, weeks, or months; yet the instant you're in the mood, all they have is at your disposal.

The more I think of it, the more respect I have unto Trelawney Smith.

However, there may be those who are not for such gourmet fare. Let them consider clearly the relation between possessing such information and doing.

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Most primitive peoples were assured that by eating the heart of a brave and mighty enemy one might acquire his qualities. There is just about as much basis for the assumption that reading how to do some special craftwork will supply you with the power and impetus to perform it.

You get a notion you'd like to carve wood, say. You procure books on the subject. They are clear, perhaps, written by a craftsman, possibly—the instructions are all there. Yet always will a large proportion of us exhaust our impulse in the reading how.

Once in a generation or so comes a personality so vital and compelling—like William Morris—that even in cold black type it weaves the "magic of the necessary word", so those who read find themselves galvanized into action and actually attempting the feats he celebrates. But one may gather a formidable library of craftsmanship without running into any such danger.

So, premising this possibly beneficent limitation, let us glance at what recent months have added to the literature of practical instruction. If you are really interested, you should come out and study Smith's library: these are but a handful of this season's leaves from Vallombrosa.

Smith's word for it—there is a satisfying sense of power in having them around. A sufficient assortment is like acquiring Aladdin's bottle: the omnipotent Djinn is there, ready to perform whatever is demanded—certainly so long as he isn't called upon.

The earnest author of one of these new volumes opens his *vade mecum* with the adjuration to all readers:

"Don't do anything until you have read this book!"

Rest assured that if you follow this modest counsel you'll be little tempted to do anything afterward, either. In time—who knows?—you might even become a Trelawney Smith.

Adopting the admirable principle of "catching 'em young", Ann Macbeth in "The Play-Work Book" starts with instructions for making a woolen ball, such as the littlest kindergartner could manage; from this she works up through skipping-ropes, leather "suckers", dolls and toys to pop-guns, catapults, whistles, drums, clappers, buzzers, crossbows, kites, and model aeroplanes. It's a practical little book, well worked out; and its use would surely help to relieve Santa Claus's overburdened pack.

Also for the littler ones is Patten Beard's "Jolly Book of Funcraft" with suggestions and "working details" for home-made games, favors, and entertainment devices for every kind of party and festival.

The boys in their 'teens as usual get the lion's share of attention. If a boy were to be confronted with all the manuals of carpentry and mechanics aimed at him since the days of Dan Beard's pioneer "American Boys' Handy Book", he'd certainly decide that life didn't offer enough time to read and use tools both. The indefatigable A. Frederick Collins adds two volumes to his lengthening list: "Handicraft for Boys" and "The Amateur Mechanic". Both are earnest, apparently by a man who knows what he is talking about, and with many useful hints and facts the beginner is often falsely supposed to know. But both volumes suffer somewhat from the attempt to be encyclopædic in limited space. It really seems doubtful if an ambitious youngster would get much of a grip upon the theory and practice of wood-carving, for instance, from eight pages of rather sketchy text and pictures. Candor compels

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one to add that if the result were to be such products as the "carved watch-case holder" and the "repoussé candlestick" shown as rewards of industry, the ineffectiveness is something to be devoutly thankful for. Surely our department store "art products" are busy enough at the task of perverting youthful taste without inciting the reader to construct such hideous trivialities.

One of the most workmanlike of all these books is "Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys", by A. Neely Hall, who has already written several similar works and who conducts handicraft departments in various periodicals. The present volume has not much unity—indeed it seems like a somewhat heterogeneous collection of magazine articles; but the diagrams are infinitely clearer and better than those usually given; the things to be made are generally articles really needed about a home and apparently serviceable when made; and there are few of the customary atrocities of design.

One must ask, however—why, oh, why a chapter on spool gifts? Better, much better, that all the old spools in the world should be burned or lie and rot rather than that a boy should feel proud of having turned them into such aggressive stupidities as "spool pen-racks" and "spool candlesticks". After all, there is such a thing as taste and fitness even in the simplest articles of every day. The whole world seems to have known the fact and acted on it up to a century ago, when we decided to "let the machine do it" all. And the way back is through hand-work, but not such hand-work as "spool desk-blotters".

Very inclusive is "The American Boys' Engineering Book". Mr. Bond tells his readers about machine tools, how to find the stars (!) and mounting a telescope, surveying, sounding, dredging, signaling, road building, dock and building construction, water power and electric power—even the instruments of weather observation. Inevitably some of the ground is not covered practically for younger readers; yet the boy who is interested in building docks, dams, making roads, and signaling will get some help here.

Floyd L. Darrow approaches his subject in rather an unusual way in "The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions". After a close description, for instance, of the gyroscope and its applications to practical industry, he gives a number of experiments which the reader can make himself, to drive home the principles involved. The telegraph, telephone, wireless, aeroplane, submarine, electric light, telescope, and many other every-day scientific marvels are similarly treated. The idea is in this way to stimulate and guide latent inventive powers—and for older boys who have a turn for invention the book ought to be distinctly valuable.

We get down to fundamental reasons for hand-work in "Home Labor-Saving Devices". This is not concerned with knickknacks or fancy products, but with such homely matters as dish-drainers and fireless cookers for the kitchen, a roller-tray wagon for the servantless dining-room, iceless refrigerators, dustless mops, a backbreakingless "scrubbing chariot", and a score of other ingenious devices for home, dairy, and chicken house. Not only are most of these home-made comforts necessities in attacking intelligently the problem of living simply and not spending one's whole time and strength at the job—but interestingly enough, being constructed with a sole eye to utility,

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they all look attractive, with a fitness and dignity rare enough in elaborate and expensive furnishings.

The outdoor, camping, and woodcraft manuals have always been in a class by themselves among the practical books. A man in the woods on his own resources has to do something; and the difference between doing it right and wrong is often that between success and failure; always between comfort and discomfort. From Frank Forrester and the revered "Nessmuk" down we've had in America a long succession of keen sportsmen, nature lovers, trappers, wanderers who have counseled their fellows from years of accumulated lore upon these weighty matters.

Probably nobody of this generation has pursued more avidly or imparted more stimulatingly all facts relating to man's "natural" activities than Ernest Thompson Seton. As might have been expected, such a vivid and picturesque personality could not be absorbed into a Boy Scout movement working along some lines which seemed to him less important than those he was neglecting; so Mr. Seton in 1916 transformed the woodcraft movement he has conducted for fourteen years into the Woodcraft League of America, Inc. A revision of this league's Manual is just out, and it would be hard to find a more informing or delightful little book. It's for the youngsters, yet there are not many men or women one meets in the course of a day who could pass an examination on the central 200-page section of "Things to Know and Do". And they are all things the knowledge of which makes every-day life richer and more interesting. Whether members of the Woodcraft League or not, every boy and girl ought to have a copy of this admirable volume.

The intending camper will find a lot of valuable hints in Warren H. Miller's "Camp Craft". There is a real science, as well as an art, of getting the most out of a journey into the woods or wilderness; and the wise novice will save himself much discomfiture by taking advantage of others' experience. Mr. Miller discourses of tents, bedding, equipment, cooking, emergencies, family camping, packing, comforts, organization, and many other things that are vital to a successful trip.

For the real craft worker, young or old, there are three volumes each in two sets, whose superior artistic quality at first glance (alas, that it must be said!) stamps them as of not American but English origin. Not that they are ideal books, or any better than our own (frequently not as good) in clearness and practicality. But they have a craftsmanlike quality. The illustrations of bookbindings, for instance, were selected by somebody who knew what a beautiful design is, and thought it none too good for the eyes of youth. God forbid that a child or friend of mine should ever aspire to produce some

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The Play-Work Book. By Ann Macbeth. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Jolly Book of Funcraft. By Patten Beard. F. A. Stokes Co.

Handicraft for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. F. A. Stokes Co.

The Amateur Mechanic. By A. Frederick Collins. D. Appleton and Co.

Carpentry and Mechanics for Boys. By A. Neely Hall. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

The American Boys' Engineering Book. By A. Russell Bond. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions. By Floyd L. Darrow. The Macmillan Co.

Home Labor-Savings Devices. By Rhea C. Scott. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Woodcraft Manual for Boys. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Camp Craft (new edition). By Warren H. Miller. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Bookbinding. By J. Halliday; Lantern Making. By H. A. Rankin; Scissors Stories. By J. E. Tolson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Art of Polychromatic and Decorative Turning; Artistic and Decorative Stenciling; Amateur Joinery in the House. By G. A. & B. Audsley. Small, Maynard and Co.

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of the chairs and stands shown in the work on polychromatic turning: they're suitable only for a turnverein. Yet the books do make a patriotic American wince a bit by a comparison with the average book of our own along similar lines.

These two series are Putnam's Handwork Series—in which are issued "Bookbinding as a Handwork Subject", "Lantern Making", and "Scissors Stories"—unusually good cut-out designs for little scissors; and one by two English architects, George Ashdown Audsley and Berthold Audsley—the present volumes being "The Art of Polychromatic and Decorative Turning", "Artistic and Decorative Stenciling", and "Amateur Joinery in the House".

THE PERTURBATION OF THE MISINFORMED

BY FREDERICK PALMER

President, Palmer Photoplay Corporation

In recent issues of THE BOOKMAN there have appeared articles headed "The Movies—A Colossus That Totters", written by one who has chosen to present his arguments from the ambush of anonymity, and who artlessly reveals the enlightening information that his statements are based upon "several months' experience as a scenario editor for a large picture corporation".

In the creation and production of photoplays there is much that must be mended, and all critical and analytical discussion of these matters is exceedingly valuable, provided it is based upon accurate observation and truthful premises. The art of making photoplays is a young one and every producer will admit that there are still many crudities to polish or eliminate. The anonymous article to which I refer contains some useful facts and some interesting theories, but there is so much that is misleading that the value of the whole is greatly weakened.

The following is quoted from the first instalment:

> To begin with, the editorial department of a picture concern has an outer room where a clerical staff of young women opens and files incoming mail and correspondence. When manuscripts come in, they are handed over to the reading department. This is a room where half a dozen or more young women, at an average salary of $10 a week, without the competence of a stenographer or saleslgirl, sit all day making first choice of the material the editor is to see.

I have no means of knowing to what particular scenario department this reference is made, but I am prepared to state authoritatively and with emphasis that if any producing company has paid its readers so little as $10 a week at any time during the past three years at least, it must have been the one with which Mr. Anonymous was connected and that one alone. If he during his "several months' experience" as a scenario editor employed a staff of readers at an average wage of $10 a week, I believe that he enjoys the unique distinction of being the only one on record to have done so. Regardless of the matter of salary, whatever first readers are employed by any studios serve merely to eliminate the utter impossibilities, and under no

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circumstances do they have any part in the actual choosing of stories.

Glancing over the list of producers, we find that stories submitted to Famous Players-Lasky are considered by Robert McArlarney, Blanche Lasky, Frank Woods, Mary O'Connor, and Cecil B. DeMille. I do not think that anyone will venture to accuse this group of either incompetence or dishonesty. At the D. W. Griffith Studio, S. E. V. Taylor, a cultured and discerning gentleman of recognized ability, passes judgment on submitted stories. If space permitted, I might go on through the list of clear-brained men and women usually possessed of culture and attainments, frequently brilliant and almost unanimously sincere and capable. Mr. Anonymous mentions "the usual routine of graft and theft", but makes no specific accusation. If he knows of concrete instances of graft and theft, he will be doing a very valuable service to the motion-picture profession and to the creative writers of the world, if he will come forward with his evidence in a manly, straightforward manner and make direct charges. Throughout the history of literature there have been cases of plagiarism, yet it would be quite unfair to say that the profession of writing or the business of publishing is based upon a "usual routine of graft and theft". Promiscuous, anonymous, and proofless slander is neither useful nor nice.

Mr. Anonymous accuses "the young ladies in sub-editorial chairs" of stealing scenarios and giving them preference over "outside submitted material". He goes further and says that "the camera man, the vast majority of extra people, the studio manager and indeed everybody on the lot, by no means necessarily excluding the editor-in-chief", suppress valuable story material in order to undersell "legitimate" authors. He says that "the editor falls back on outside submitted material as a last resort", and when his "lady friend" has nothing on hand, or when none of "the professional writers who go the rounds of the studios" has presented a manuscript over the "nearest bar". All of this may be more or less autobiographical on the part of Mr. Anonymous, but fortunately it is not the rule. There is no more favoritism shown in the purchase of photoplays than there is in the selection of magazine stories or novels. And most scenarios are bought and paid for in Los Angeles where there are no bars.

On the sixth page of lamentation over the consistent rejection of "outside submissions", we find the keynote of the complaint of the successful author of printed fiction whose photoplays are rejected. It is set down in italics to avoid any possibility of its being passed unnoticed—*and his name means nothing!* Right there Mr. Anonymous hit the nail squarely on the head. Unless the author be capable of writing a producible photoplay, his name means *absolutely* nothing. The name of a sculptor on the cover of a novel means nothing unless it is a good novel. The name of an ace aviator means nothing on a grand-opera program unless he can sing. When successful authors of short stories and novels recognize the fact that the photoplay is a new and distinct art, and not a lame brother of the speaking stage or of written literature, then and not before will those authors become successful photoplaywrights.

In supervising the activities of the Manuscript Sales Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, I am constantly in close touch with scenario

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editors and producers, and with very few and infrequent exceptions I find nothing but courtesy and honesty among them. No influence nor peculiar quality of salesmanship is necessary if a manuscript contains material for a successful photoplay. If it does not contain such material, neither influence nor salesmanship will sell it.

I thoroughly agree with the summing up of the second instalment of the anonymous articles in which the author says:

> In other words, I see no way of overcoming the existing difficulties except for the authors who are interested in writing for the screen to become willing and able to learn the technique of picture-making, exactly as they learned to read, write, dictate, or typewrite, proof-read and construct.

The author who takes the screen seriously and accepts it as a new and separate art will have no difficulty in selling the creations of his brain.

THINGS

BY ALINE KILMER

Sometimes when I am at tea with you
  I catch my breath
At a thought that is old as the world is old
  And more bitter than death.

It is that the spoon that you just laid down
  And the cup that you hold
May be here shining and insolent
  When you are still and cold.

Your careless note that I laid away
  May leap to my eyes like flame
When the world has almost forgotten your voice
  Or the sound of your name.

The golden Virgin da Vinci drew
  May smile on over my head
And daffodils nod in the silver vase
  When you are dead.

So let moth and dust corrupt and thieves
  Break through and I shall be glad
Because of the hatred I bear to things
  Instead of the love I had.

For life seems only a shuddering breath,
  A smothered desperate cry,
And things have a terrible permanence
  When people die.

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A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLIND

By Frank Dilnot

Sir Arthur Pearson, the English newspaper proprietor, became totally blind just before the war began, and it was thus his own affliction which, as the casualties began to come in from the battlefield, led his thoughts in the direction of a special relief never before attempted for those who had lost their eyesight. Sir Arthur Pearson though sightless retained the energy, initiative, and courage which had taken him to high success in business. He turned the whole channel of his efforts into the work for those stricken like himself. "I pictured these men after their discharge returning to their own homes, where, for all the love that might surround them, they would probably slip into hopeless and useless lives, and the idea developed itself of a Hostel where they could 'learn to be blind'." That is how he describes in his book the scope of his new work. He was helped almost at once by Mr. Otto Kahn who placed at Sir Arthur's disposal St. Dunstan's, his residence in Regent's Park, London, a spacious and splendid house with fifteen acres of grounds. The once beautiful gardens of St. Dunstan's are now almost covered with workshops, classrooms, offices, storehouses, chapels, and recreation rooms, and the whole establishment is a nucleus of special institutions attached to it at the seaside and in other parts of the country.

"Victory Over Blindness" is Sir Arthur Pearson's story of how the blinded soldiers temporarily crushed by tragedy have been shown that life was worth while after all. Occupations have been taught—a dozen of them: stenography, poultry farming, mat- and basket-making, joinery, shoemaking, and other things. Leading business men have been to the institution, and by the training they have received there they have been enabled to resume the charge of great commercial operations in spite of their blindness. That is the practical side. All would have been in vain, however, if the underlying motive had not been the cultivation of an attitude of mind; and this book, tersely and cheerily written, with a studious avoidance of sentimentality, is the record of a brave soul imparting its bravery and forcing it on others who sorely needed it.

In the introductory first chapter there is given in a sentence the motive governing Sir Arthur's new work. Blindness he says was to be,—

> . . . regarded as a handicap only, a little world very much in touch with the big world around it. As the blind man finds himself increasingly self-reliant, taking something like his accustomed place in the world, astonishing himself even more than he astonishes others to whom he seems something of a miracle, the sense of happiness grows.

Sir Arthur tells of how men walk about the streets avoiding vehicles as if they had their sight; of how at a dinner party of blind men a visitor was surprised to realize that it was a sightless gathering; of how the blind have put aside the help of friendly relatives and servants, shaving themselves, dressing themselves, moving

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about the house with freedom, and in all essentials behaving exactly as they did when they had their vision. He makes a reference to the sweethearting at St. Dunstan's, how girls fall in love with the men and marry them gladly and happily. Throughout there is emphasis on the fact that blindness is but a handicap and a handicap to be conquered, conquered not with the sense of affliction but with determination and cheeriness. To Sir Arthur Pearson more than to any other single person that conquest is due. The British government, witnessing his work, placed under his care every British soldier blinded in the war.

Radiating throughout all the pages of this book is an unquenchable fire of energy and decision. Sir Arthur tramples underfoot suggestions of pity. He will not hear of maudlin sympathy. The narrative unwittingly becomes the record of a big heart and soul, the reflection not merely of a big brain but of that Anglo-Saxon spirit which knows no defeat and fears no terrors.

It was my privilege in New York a few months ago to be the chairman at a dinner at which Sir Arthur was the guest. Stone-blind, a slim, well-dressed figure in evening clothes, he came in with the alert, decisive, nervous tread of a young man, and handled his food and drank his glass of wine and lighted his cigar with the assurance of a man having sight. He made a sprightly, factful, intensive speech with resolution and instruction in every sentence. A stranger would never have known that he was blind—which was exactly the effect he desired to produce. He strove then in his speech as now in his book to avoid any word of sorrow or pathos; and in that very matter-of-factness, in those determined phrases, in that steady cheerfulness, there came to all his hearers as there must come to all his readers an exaltation such as can only be produced by a great soul. He made light of the tragedy—for a tragedy it remains when all is said and done. And it is that same tendency in his book which adds poignancy to the whole story. Nevertheless quite unconsciously he reveals in one passage all that blindness means. He describes how in his sleep he enters again the world of sight. "In my dreams I am never blind. Then I see as I used to".

The indirect effects of the book are even greater than those for which it is purposed. Bent on a special project and heedless of other results, Sir Arthur has produced a work which will help to ennoble men and women all over the world.

Victory Over Blindness. By Sir Arthur Pearson. George H. Doran Company.

A MAKER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

By Wilbur Cortez Abbott

It is probable that no two men in the world, of equal intelligence and independent judgment, would quite agree on the names of twelve "makers" of the nineteenth century; but it is certain that the name of Bismarck would undoubtedly be included in any such list made by any man with any knowledge of that period. For, whatever we may think of the product, there is no question that the fame of the maker of Germany is secure. It is, therefore, the more surprising that until now there has been no adequate, nor even satisfactory, biography of Bismarck in English, nor indeed, in any tongue; and it is a peculiarly appropriate and sig-

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nificant circumstance that at this moment there should appear such an appreciation—from the pen of an Englishman. It is the more remarkable because, as the author declares and his pages witness, this study was begun and very largely completed, so far as its investigation and conclusions are concerned, before the outbreak of war. And though it is inevitable that the great conflict should point the moral and adorn the tale, though that result is perhaps no less desirable than inevitable, it has not, so far as one may judge, done anything to prejudice the case. For one may say, at the outset, that Mr. Robertson has written an admirable book, clear, penetrating, well-informed, judicious, and interesting, a book to be read and to be reckoned with, and one which deserves a multitude of readers—which it will doubtless have.

The long and active life of the great German leader is a peculiarly attractive subject for biography. It coincides almost precisely with the period which we have agreed to call the nineteenth century, for he was born in 1815 and died in 1898. It was concerned with one of the two great forces which moulded the politics of the period just past—the force of nationality. It was devoted to a single task, the unification of Germany. And it has therefore a certain unity like that of a Greek tragedy, which at this moment is the more conspicuous—not only in that the fabric which he built has for the time been wrecked by the incompetence of his successors, but in that its downfall has been accomplished by the states which represent the force which he so long and so successfully opposed in his own land, that of democracy. And as one reads that long and fascinating tale of how this Prussian Junker grew to be the dominant force in Prussia, then in Germany, and finally in Europe—as he contemplates the will and the ability which enabled this individual to compel his king, his country, and his contemporaries in all lands to follow his ideals and his policy, and considers how he altered the face of Europe and the world,—he is well-nigh constrained to say of Bismarck what was said of Voltaire—that he was less a man than a movement, like the Reformation or the Renaissance.

The problem to which Bismarck addressed himself was threefold—to unify Germany, under Prussia, and make her an autocracy. This involved two principal factors: first that of external politics—the exclusion of Austria from Germany, the ascendancy over France; and the establishment of Germany as a factor in the European diplomatic and military system. That series of events is familiar to most reading men. What has been by no means so evident is the second factor with which he had to do—the conquest of the German liberals. The first part of the problem is now a classic of the old diplomacy; and to this Mr. Robertson has addressed himself with clarity and intelligence. He has told, or retold, well that long and complicated story of the various steps which led to the triumph of the blood and iron policy. To that he has added but one judgment contrary to the accepted tradition—his denial of the legend that Bismarck falsified the Ems telegram. Yet that judgment is based upon a mere difference of interpretation of the word *falsified;* and each reader may judge for himself whether or not this more moderate conclusion is not too lenient. Where his book especially shines is in its careful evalua-

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tion of the Germany which preceded and followed the advent of Bismarck. It is probable that such an appreciation would have been impossible without the clarifying process of the war, which by its very nature has compelled us to study Germany, to discover what it was that produced this great catastrophe. To this there is no clearer answer to be found than in these illuminating pages; for to evaluate Bismarck it has been necessary to understand his fellow countrymen even more than the methods and circumstances of the old diplomacy.

For Germany has been a mystery. To the non-German mind it has till now been difficult or impossible to find a way through that complex of politics, science, and philosophy which animated its people. Its army and its industry, its education and its social activities, its government and diplomacy we have seen; but its mind and heart, the impelling force which lay behind this infinite activity, we have but dimly apprehended if at all. And this has clouded our appreciation of this great figure, a figure greater than the times on which it fell, greater than the people whence it sprung, yet partaking of its people and its times. This then is the great service of Mr. Robertson, that he has now interpreted not only Bismarck but Bismarck's Germany; and that, though written in the light of the world conflagration which Germany kindled, his pages do not reflect the lurid glare of controversy but are illumined with that clear and detached flame of scholarship which is inspired not alone by knowledge but by the rarer gift of wisdom.

Bismarck. By C. Grant Robertson. Henry Holt and Co.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Maurice Francis Egan

Doctor William Draper Lewis's "The Life of Theodore Roosevelt" is a book that no self-respecting reader ought to romp through. In the making of many books about this many-sided man of genius there will be some to suit all tastes, but none of these can have any value, except for purposes of reference, that do not touch on the personality of the ex-President, irrespective of what may be called his political activities.

Doctor Lewis does not choke us with documents, although he offers one of the most interesting documents possible—the introduction by William Howard Taft. To this, the reader will naturally turn with expectancy and interest. When one remembers how different in training and temperament Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt are, one must turn eagerly to this appreciation. There was no man for whom Mr. Roosevelt had a greater respect than for Mr. Taft, or a deeper affection; and, notwithstanding the differences of political opinion which afterward arose, this regard remained. And yet it is hard to imagine that Mr. Taft, with his legally trained mind—which would have been hard and rigid if it had not been for his cordiality and sense of humor—could always be in strict accord with another extraordinary man who believed, in the best sense, in the unwritten law; still, the hooks of steel which bound them together might be hidden for a time, but they still held. This introduction shows how sincere was the deep respect, which, added to affection and a long period of team-work, held these men together. No man about Mr. Roosevelt when he was President knew better than Mr. Taft the es-

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sentials of his character; and none of course knew better the meaning and motives that actuated him in the great moments of his life in the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt was President of the United States both by vocation and avocation; he liked the work; and he was perpetually "on the job" with all the energies of his will and temperament. One of the many interesting passages in the introduction is Mr. Taft's characterization of Speaker Reed and Roosevelt:

Roosevelt was a supporter of Thomas B. Reed for the presidency when Mr. Reed and Mr. McKinley were rivals for the nomination. Roosevelt and Reed were great friends. They were different. Reed was a brilliant epigrammatist, a man of great personality, a master of trenchant speech, a conservative and not a reformer of the enthusiastic type, a believer in good government, a strong Protectionist, a partisan Republican. I have said Mr. Reed was not a reformer. This does him injustice. He was a fine parliamentarian and he saw the absurdity of a procedure that enabled the minority in a great legislative body like the House of Representatives to block the action of the majority long after there had been given a full opportunity for debate. By his personal rulings and against riotous opposition and bitter abuse, he ended forever the ridiculous anomaly that a man might be present in the House and yet prevent his being counted as part of a quorum by refusing to answer to his name. Roosevelt interested Reed and Reed interested Roosevelt, and they were great friends. Each poked fun at the other, and the other enjoyed it.

So Roosevelt supported Reed. Reed was beaten. There were those who were friends of McKinley, Reed, and Roosevelt. They thought that it might bring two great Republican leaders closer together if McKinley should appoint Roosevelt to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When the matter was pressed upon McKinley, he hesitated and replied, "But Roosevelt is always in such a state of mind", but he nevertheless appointed him. This remark, if properly understood, reveals the temperamental difference between McKinley and his successor.

Roosevelt's interest in the navy had begun with his college days when he began the preparation of the Naval History of the War of 1812, a book which Senator Lodge, no mean authority, declares to be the best and most reliable history extant of that war upon the sea. Roosevelt's chief was Secretary Long. Secretary Long was a Unitarian of Quaker proclivities and not urgent in respect to preparation for a war. The differences between them because of this difference in attitude toward naval preparation were numerous. Roosevelt, however, did succeed in putting on the Pacific station a squadron of warships under the command of a real commander like Dewey, with ammunition enough to fight a battle.

Mr. Taft adds:

The Spanish war Mr. Roosevelt saw coming before either his Secretary or his President. As soon as it came, he determined to be in it. There were many reasons of a personal and family character that would have held other men, but not Roosevelt. It was characteristic of him that he got to Cuba, that he was in a fight the day he landed, and that he was in all the land fights there were in that war. He had a real soldier's ambition, but he was never able to gratify it. No death would have satisfied him as well as death in battle. He longed for such an epic ending of his career.

Doctor Lewis carefully covers Theodore Roosevelt's whole career, in much more than historical outline; and, in spite of the labor necessary to the accuracy of his work, these pages do not smell of the lamp. This is largely due, not only to great skill, but to that sympathy with Mr. Roosevelt which evidently induced the author to write. While this "Life" has a characteristic charm and flavor, yet no important episode, political, sociological, or diplomatic, of Mr. Roosevelt's career is left out; and any writer who has ever attempted to cover such varied ground, must marvel at the art with which Doctor Lewis has managed to do this. And in spite of the necessity of touching with high light the important events which seem to crowd at every time and everywhere around the subject of his biography, Doctor Lewis finds time to soften these high lights by what the artist in painting might possibly call the use of values. For instance, how characteristic is the anecdote touch-

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ing on the relations between the Kaiser and the Czar of Russia. The incident occurred at a luncheon at Windsor Castle. Mr. Roosevelt was talking with the Czar. The Kaiser very roughly interrupted the conversation; he said: "My friend, Roosevelt, I wish you to meet the King of Spain. He!" (turning his back directly upon the Czar, but looking at him over his shoulder with a most contemptuous expression) "is a king worth knowing!" The Czar at times disliked the Emperor almost as much as King Edward detested his Prussian nephew; but he was never able to keep this hatred consistent. If he had been more consistent in his dislike, he might have saved his country.

This "Life of Theodore Roosevelt" is easy to read; it is modestly told, carefully edited, and a valuable contribution to a literature which bids fair to fill a long shelf in our libraries.

James Morgan's new edition of "Theodore Roosevelt, the Man and the Boy" is a delightful book. One of the most attractive of its pages is a rather rare photograph of the young Roosevelt, just entering manhood; and the spirit of youth pervades all this volume. We know from Mr. Taft's introduction to Doctor Lewis's book that Secretary Long was temperamentally opposed to what Conservatives considered the undisciplined energy of "T. R."; but we see here how Long himself was carried away by the patriotism of the maturer Roosevelt when the Spanish War broke out. "Now he must throw himself into the strife of arms, for this man 'with the dash of Henry of Navarre', as Secretary Long said, 'but without any of his vices', must obey the sage,—

> Go put your creed into your deed,
> Nor speak with double tongue."

James Morgan, and Hermann Hagedorn in a recent book, seem to have left little to be said about the boyhood and youth of Roosevelt; but they see him from different angles, and each with intense sympathy for his character. Neither Doctor Lewis nor Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Hagedorn stands as if at the feet of a great man and looks up. This is an attitude which no biographer of the great President could have taken and been true to his subject. In regarding Mr. Roosevelt one must have acquired something of his own spirit to appreciate him, which means a reflection of his own *camaraderie*. Mr. Morgan's book is full of this spirit.

One of the most interesting chapters is that which deals briefly with the descent of the Roosevelts, who came to New Amsterdam in 1649 or 1650. The family name was at first Van Rosenvelt; then Rosenvelt, then Rosavelt, and finally in 1750 Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt generally wore a ring, the seal of which was a rose tree on a gold field, symbolical of the name. One of Roosevelt's ancestors bought a tract of land for five hundred dollars, through which Roosevelt Street was cut; his grandfather lived in Union Square; his father's house is in Twentieth Street, and he, himself, lived in Fifty-seventh Street.

The early Roosevelts were honest burghers and farmers, but in 1765 they had acquired the title of "Esquire" and their progress in general esteem, their sturdy honesty and devotion to the civic virtues, as well as the constant use of the virtue of prudence, placed them gradually among the most distinguished families of New York. On his mother's side Mr. Roosevelt was descended from that notable family, the Bullochs of Georgia. His sympathies and those

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of his family were entirely with the North, but one of his uncles was a navigating officer in Alabama, and it is certain that his nephew was very proud of his courage. "My uncle", he said, "always struck me as the nearest approach to Colonel Newcome of any man that I have ever met in actual life". If one wants to study in a very skilfully condensed form the great events of Roosevelt's life, one must go to Doctor Lewis's volume; but for the flavor of Roosevelt's daily life, Mr. Morgan's volume is a veritable treasure.

It is amusing to notice the kind of things that irritated the President. The Brownsville incident he seemed to take rather calmly. At great moments, even when the unexpected happened, he acted as if he had expected it. He was tremendously exercised over the newspaper story of the elaborate meals served at the White House. He was not accustomed to reveal the intimacies of his domestic life; but he rushed into print at once and announced that his family were quite content with very simple things. He, himself, very often took a bowl of bread and milk for luncheon, while the children had cold meat if any had been left over. As for the sixteen courses at dinner, they existed only in the imagination of the journalist. Unless it were a gala occasion, he and his family habitually ate either a three-course or a two-course dinner. The President's wrath was moderated, however, by the admission of the chronicler that the manners of the Roosevelt children were good. "It must be admitted", he said, "that all my children do know how to use their knives and forks; they do keep their elbows off the table; and they bow their heads during the saying of grace."

Mr. Roosevelt was on very good terms with the son of his rector, the pastor of Grace Reformed Church in Washington, as he was with all decent boys. Coming back from his summer vacation, the clergyman's son asked after the Roosevelt boys. "I don't know how they are", the President answered, "for when I saw them last they were eating green apples." Mr. Morgan's description of Mrs. Roosevelt is very true and charming, and marked by a delicate reticence which is a sign of the good taste that endears Mr. Morgan to us. Mr. Morgan stresses one fact, not sufficiently marked in the existing biographies. Under no President had the United States so far acquired such prestige as it did under President Roosevelt. Before the Spanish War, ambassadors and ministers had taken the Washington post as rather a penance; but the countries of Europe began very soon to see that the new President was not a local politician, or the provincial "accident", good enough for a new and uncultivated country but not the equal of their rulers and statesmen at home. Mr. Morgan well says: "All the leading governments suddenly dropped their old habits of neglect toward Washington and have studied to select for their ambassadors at that post the strongest available men."

The change was actuated as much by fear of the growing power of the United States, and of the fearless courage of the President, as by respect for his knowledge of the intricacies of foreign affairs. To anybody living in Europe with the power of contrasting the attitude of foreign governments in the '80's and their attitude in 1913, it was very apparent that the old cynical scorn or amused tolerance of the great republic of the West had disappeared. In

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1914, a new phase began; but if Europe learned to respect us, the foundation of that respect was laid by Theodore Roosevelt.

There is a good index to this book; it is clearly printed; it is written with much sympathy and good taste,—a quality not always remarkably evident in such books,—and it has a certain simplicity of statement which ought to make it especially profitable to the young, though it is not specially written for them. At the end, Mr. Morgan says: "To Americans Roosevelt's death was like a death in the family. Even in their bursts of anger with him, his people were immoderately proud of him as the very embodiment of America."

The Life of Theodore Roosevelt. By William Draper Lewis. The John C. Winston Co.
Theodore Roosevelt, The Boy and the Man. By James Morgan. New edition with new chapters, illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

THE ETERNAL VOLTAIRE

By Benjamin De Casseres

Many years ago I had a vision. A superbeing stood atop Mont Blanc and wielded a tremendous scimitar. The flashing blade struck in all directions. It cut and hacked everywhere. It beheaded kings, judges, and priests. It split gallows and went through the walls of Bastiles and churches. The face of the superbeing always grinned —the eyes flamed with ironic benevolence. The dead broke their tombs to look at the astounding spectacle, and from the arcana of the unborn came tempests of roses, which drowned him up to the navel. This man of my vision was Voltaire.

Voltaire was the champion of humanity. He was the Don Quixote of France—a Don Quixote who knew how to get away with it. He was a perfect marriage of will and imagination. He was a perfect balance. His orbit was his own—eccentric, but governed by immutable laws. His prestige is today undimmed because he was the universal man—like Walt Whitman, he "contained multitudes". There were in him the germs of our modernity. He was the forerunner of three or four centuries. He was the spokesman of the dead, the living, and the unborn. His gestures are immortal. The real gods are hopelessly and imperviously human. Not cloud-begot, but mud-begot, Voltaire was a demigod. He was, in a word, Progress in the flesh.

I have read no more fascinating collection of letters than "Voltaire in His Letters", by S. G. Tallentyre. Here are eighty-four letters from the voluminous correspondence of the great satirist that are a perfect mirror of his mind and heart and life. Voltaire painted himself with his pen. Every feature and psychic crease is in this biography. If you have imagination you can hear his voice and look into the fire of his eyes and hear the pounding of his cane on the flag.

Voltaire corresponded with the world. He had something to say on everything, and he said it to everybody. Kings and princes, priests and mistresses, geometricians and innkeepers, novelists and jail wardens, ladies-in-waiting and astronomers, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—he had something to say to them all, and when he could not say something to them, he did something to them.

Next to Leonardo da Vinci, he was alive at more points in his physical, mental, and moral peripheries than any man we know. In these letters all subjects are covered. That vibrant, electric, Gallic pen spat out opinions that landed him in the Bastile, in a Prussian court, in a mis-

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tress's boudoir, in England, and finally in Paris, where he was celebrated and fêted into the tomb, literally.

Mr. Tallentyre has not given us a biography; he has given us a great epic centered around one of the most tremendous, vital, pulsating, human, right-wrong men with whom it has been our privilege to live on the same star.

Voltaire in His Letters. By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ESSAYS—LAMBLIKE AND BLAND

By Edward N. Teall

"Journeys to Bagdad", "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come", and now "Chimney-Pot Papers": Charles S. Brooks invents teasing titles for his collections of essays. As a motto for the series these sentences from one of the papers in the newest volume might with fitness be selected: "A book at its best starts the thought and sends it off as a happy vagrant. It is the thought that runs away across the margin that brings back the richest treasure."

As to whether these are vagrant thoughts—some persons would say the crux was in the noun. They wander from chimneys to the Lost Digamma; from John Timbs, whom the encyclopædists have let slip from the place he ought to occupy between timbrel and Timbuktu, to umbrellas in the gale. They go walking in the country, and they make literary pilgrimages. They notice dentists and plumbers, children (not The Child!), wit and humor, youth and age, holidays, college memories, and almost everything else. And when a man talks about so many things, the question is not so likely to be, "What does he say about them?" as "How does he say it?"

Mr. Brooks says things with a rather careful inconsequentiality. He is unconventional in the conventional (literary) way. And he is so good-natured, so pleased with himself, and so sure of the gentle reader's pleasure, that to puncture his pretense would be to match the coarseness of the chap who, seeing the parlor magician slip the egg into his pocket, *must* step up, slap the egg, and spoil the pocket—and the fun.

Brooks's egg is crammed full of the meat of temptation.

Is the language of "Chimney-Pot Papers" strange to us because we have lost the taste for English undefiled? Does the author anachronize deliberately, to save us from the American Language revealed by Professor Mencken? Mr. Brooks doesn't use quaint words, or obsolete words, or words that can be recognized only through the lexicographer's goggles. He doesn't employ the tricks of grammatical distortion, or prestidigitate paradoxically, or spread his pages with the condensed milk of epigram, to command uncritical acclaim. We find him guilty of good English.

The egg isn't even cracked.

Perhaps it's an artificial egg.

Essays are the safest kind of writing. The writer has a movable solar plexus, in his first premise. It isn't fair to criticize him for not doing what he hasn't tried to do. And when essays are meant only to give pleasure, they disarm criticism by the quality of their purpose: there are none too many honest attempts to give pleasure. Also, any kind of entertainment will please some of the folks. Those who don't care for the circus or free verse can go to church or read

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Longfellow. Mr. Brooks's papers are distinctly the sort of thing that you will like if you like that sort of thing.

Brooks plays fair. You can infer the book quite accurately from the title. And the publishers have put it up in characteristically good form.

We have reached the limit of our allotted space, and (since the headline, at least), we have not mentioned Lamb. It is time to stop.

Chimney-Pot Papers. By Charles S. Brooks. Yale University Press.

HUNTING DOGS

By Walter A. Dyer

Warren H. Miller's "Airedale, Setter, and Hound" was one of the very few books, out of many dealing with dogs, which treated the subject of training the hunting dog with anything like adequacy. But there was still room for a more practical and comprehensive volume, and Mr. Miller has now written it. It is not especially a book for the sentimental dog lover, nor for the bench-show fancier either. It is a specialist's book—a book for the sportsman.

With a book of this sort, a brief résumé of the contents is, perhaps, the most helpful sort of review. Mr. Miller begins with history, and outlines the interesting development of the hunting breeds—the pointer from a dog of the hound type and the setter from the spaniel. He tells of the rise of these breeds to popularity, and explains the significance of the Laverack and Llewellyn strains of setters. The notes on the origin and development of the greyhound family, the foxhounds and beagles, and the spaniels are of equal interest.

A chapter is devoted to the leading strains of bird dogs—chiefly the pointers and setters. These strains have been carefully bred for many generations, for special uses such as work on grouse, quail, water fowl, etc., and for the great sport of the field trials. English, Irish, and Gordon setters and pointers are characterized and the genealogy and pedigrees of famous strains are offered, until the uninitiated reader might be bewildered by the loftiness of their aristocracy.

The chapter on hounds is perhaps even more enlightening. The basset and harrier are not popular in America, but we have the foxhounds, the beagle, and the coonhound. I am glad Mr. Miller devotes so much space to the coonhound, for thus far the breed has enjoyed neither stud-book nor recognition by the American Kennel Club, and very little has been written about it. Yet it is a perfectly good American breed, distinct and useful. Originating from a cross of bloodhound and foxhound, the coonhound of the Southern States has been bred for over a hundred years for performance rather than for quality, and has won for itself a permanent place in the esteem of the sportsman if not of the fancier. Mr. Miller also touches upon another unrecognized breed, the old trailing hound of the North. The chapter includes the lengthy and complex history of the two types of foxhounds—English and American—and their smaller cousins, the beagles.

Another chapter is devoted to special field dogs: the wire-haired pointing griffon, recently imported from France and already winning its way with us; the Chesapeake Bay dog, another native American with an unsurpassed reputation as a water-fowl retriever; the quaint Irish water spaniel; the retrievers, English and Labrador; the field and cocker span-

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iels; and the Airedale terrier, not usually rated as a hunting dog, but capable of learning almost anything and a wonder on bear and other big game.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the book is the one giving in practical detail successful methods of breaking and training the sporting dog. There are also chapters on the rearing, feeding, and housing of puppies, on breeding, on kennel construction, and on canine diseases and their treatment.

Many of the dog books on the market are hack jobs. This one is not. Mr. Miller contributes to the subject much original research and the results of personal experience. It is authoritative and well put together, and is not lacking in that sympathy for the four-footed huntsman which will appeal to every man whose ideal of sport is a dog and a gun and a day on marsh or heather.

The American Hunting Dog. By Warren H. Miller. George H. Doran Company.

A FABRE ROLLO BOOK

By Walter Prichard Eaton

Do you remember "Sanford and Merton", or the Rollo books? Like the late J. Brown's, their souls go marching on. They bob up, too, in unexpected places. Who, for instance, would suspect dear old Fabre of writing like Jacob Abbott? Yet the style of "Our Humble Helpers; The Domestic Animals", at least as translated by Florence C. Bicknell, has a painful similarity to that with which our poor little papas and mammas were afflicted. As early as chapter one, in which Uncle Paul is telling Emile, Jules and Louis all about the cock and the hen, we find the following:—

> "These curious particulars of the hen's habits", said Jules, "are quite familiar to us; we see them every day with our own eyes. Only one is new to me; hens, you say, swallow little grains of sand which take the place of teeth for grinding the food in the gizzard. I don't know what the gizzard is, and I don't see how little stones that have been swallowed can be used as teeth."
>
> "A short digression on the digestive organs of birds", replied Uncle Paul, "will give you the information you ask for."

Of course, this may be in part the fault of the translator; but it cannot be wholly so. We are driven to conclude that French children are still a complaisant and long-suffering lot.

But this style is merely the clumsy shell which, when cracked, discloses the rich meat of simplified scientific information, arranged with precision, set forth, when Uncle Paul is fully launched on one of his "short digressions", with enthusiasm, quiet humor, and none of that sentimental squeamishness which would have caused Jacob Abbott to make a wide detour around the dung hill and studiously avoid the subject of capons. Indeed, there are few parents who could not learn a great deal about eggs, horses, ducks, dogs, milk, butter, cheese, the mysterious processes of birth and growth, of evolution and dissolution, from this book. Take the mere matter of eggs. Do you know how to tell whether an egg is fresh or not, by touching the shell with your tongue? It is a useful knowledge to possess, and this work imparts it. The shell of the book, the scheme of narration, is old-fashioned, stilted, clumsy, and will probably at first make an American juvenile reader actively hostile. But its inner spirit is ingratiating and its information at once profound and easily intelligible. The wise parent, perhaps, will read the opening chap-

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ters aloud, improvising a somewhat livelier and more colloquial dialogue. After that, the book may safely be trusted to make its own way with intelligent youngsters. For mere movie-fed children, it will doubtless never have much appeal. A movie-fed child cannot long remain intelligent.

Our Humble Helpers: The Domestic Animals. By Jean-Henri Fabre, translated by Florence Constable Bicknell. The Century Co.

WHO BUYS ABANDONED FARMS?

By Martha Plaisted

Not the rich, certainly. The very quality of brain which enables the millionaire to get and to hold makes an inhibition against such a leaky investment of time and money. He prefers to limit himself to the economies of his marble mansion.

Nor the poor either. This is due not so much to the slum-dweller's lack of capital—the need for which, the prospectuses assure him, is negligible at the start and can always be realized immediately on the profits of the farm—as to the activities of the philanthropists, who have accustomed him to the pleasant luxuries of the model tenement, where he always has a porcelain bathtub ready in which to keep his winter's supply of coal.

Who, then, buys abandoned farms? I had already suspected the answer before I read Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's book. It is the author. The first inkling of this truth dawned on me when I myself was seized by the lure of possessing such a place. If Mr. Fogarty had illustrated the catalogue which I so radiantly studied, as he did the "Dwellers in Arcady", I should have capitulated without the formality of a personal investigation. Unprejudiced by the magic of his fancy, however, I made the tedious journey to Abandoned Land. But after I had glanced at the gat-toothed shoring of the house, at the leprous walls and the oozing well, I knew that the person whose trickle of sustenance depends on juxtaposition to an office desk cannot make common cause with the spit and the crane.

The confirmation of my suspicion about authors came when I accumulated two friends who owned abandoned farms. Both were of the writing guild. I took a few days off to visit them in the halcyon summer season. But something was wrong. Neither of my friends was obviously glad to see me. Jaded and uncommunicative, they allowed me to pick beans in the garden and rake hay in the meadow. I became very hot. They were hot, too. There was no ice to make a cooling drink; there was no hot water for refreshing ablutions. The task of preparing supper after the day's fag went spiritlessly; the subsequent "redding up" more so; and the shadow of tomorrow's canning loomed.

I felt depressed. I wasn't sure then what was the matter, but I see now that these two friends didn't know exactly how to go about things. I shall take pleasure in sending them each a copy of Mr. Paine's book to explain away their difficulties.

Things never went wrong with the author-dweller in Arcady. He moved in a mist of pink and green, purple, gold, and white—according to the season. His wife never became tired or cross or unreasonable. When she needed "help" in the kitchen, he retired to the little study he had fitted up for himself behind the chimney and "wrote"—which produced a maid. When he himself got the "callithumps"

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from weeding the asparagus bed in the hot sun, he went behind the chimney—and hired a man. When he needed seeds and more seeds to satisfy his springtime intoxication, when he wanted a furnace, or an automobile, or a trip abroad, or an education for his children, the Monte Cristo cavern always proved adequate.

Perhaps my two friends had neglected to provide themselves with this necessity to success in their life work. In that case I hope with all my heart that they will profit by the simple formula set forth in "Dwellers in Arcady".

If Mr. Paine is to be accused of applying an inverse method of air-castle architecture in this tale of abandoned bucolic joy, it must be said in fairness that Mr. Fogarty is entirely convincing. Out of the many Americans who put pen to paper for line sketches, Mr. Fogarty emerges for his vigorous, nervous stroke—the stroke of a creative and individual artist. His touch is unmistakable.

Dwellers in Arcady. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Harper and Bros.

STEPHEN LEACOCK PROPOSES VARIOUS IMPOSSIBILITIES

By Constance Murray Greene

Like the sudden thoughts of clever things you might have said but didn't, Stephen Leacock's clevernesses always leave you with a dazed and regretful feeling that if you weren't terribly stupid, you might at least have had a go at them yourself. We have in mind such of his masterpieces as the character study of A, B, and C, which is, so far as we know, the only excursion that those famous arithmetical creations have made into literature. And yet we have all, or most of us, marveled at A's magnificence, remained cold in the face of B's good, plodding ways, and wept for C's general delapidation. We have hated A for the diplomacy with which he invariably secured the cistern without leaks, the bicycle which made innumerable revolutions a second; and sorrowed with C over the sieve-like affairs that served him as cisterns, and the utter depravity of his bicycles; but somehow in the scheme of things it has been left for a professor of political economy to discover the rare fun to be had over this and a thousand other subjects.

"The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities" is so timely a volume of humor as to leave us marveling at the good chance which has led less skilful humorists to leave the subject-matter untouched for Mr. Leacock's expert hand. Nothing could be more gratifyingly amusing at this time than that the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the rest of the Hohenzollerns should be discovered as immigrants staggering up the steerage gangplank, their backs bowed down with trunks and boxes and their hands full of bundles. And nothing more fitting than that the once imperial demand, "Let wine be brought; I am faint", should be met with shouts of laughter and jeers of "Yes, let it" from the crowd.

The immigrant experiences of the German royal family are given in the form of a diary written by the Princess Frederica, niece to the Kaiser, and they follow the moulding of their characters under the hand of fate. Uncle Henry, brother to Wilhelm, finds work on board ship as a common sailor, while Cousin Ferdinand develops a taste for fine clothes and a business career through association

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with two Jewish clothing merchants. Frederica writes on the day of landing:

Uncle Henry is going ashore just as he is in his blue jersey. But Cousin Ferdinand has put on a bright red tie that Mr. Mosenhammer has loaned to him for three hours. . . .

After Uncle William's offer to take over the presidency of Columbia had been refused, he debated whether he should accept the presidency of Harvard. Cousin Ferdinand looked up the salary in a book and told him not to take it.

"With the Bolsheviks in Berlin" records the author's observations on a tour of inspection during the recent revolution, conducted by his good friend, Count Boob von Boobenstein, whose spying days were spent as a waiter in Toronto. "Afternoon Tea With the Sultan" is of a similar nature. The fourth section of the book, "Echoes of the War", includes among other delights a series of complaints about the war as related by a tailor, an income taxpayer, a celebrated French contralto from Missouri; and best of all a barber:

Last week I saw where a feller said that all the barber shops ought to be closed up (will I singe them ends a bit?) till the war was over. Say, I'd like to have him right here in this chair with a razor at his throat, the way I have you! As I see it the barber business is the most necessary business in the whole war. . . .

And so through a delightfully Leacockian conversation.

"Other Impossibilities" is a browsing about among irrelevant subjects and includes a dissertation on "The Art of Conversation" with valuable hints on introducing two people to one another, and kindred difficulties. Mr. Leacock has observed that people tire of the empty phrases of society and look back wistfully to the simple, direct speech of savage life.

Such persons will find useful the usual form of introduction (the shorter form) prevalent among our North American Indians (at least as gathered from the best literary model):

"Friends and comrades who are worthy,
See and look with all your eyesight,
Listen with your sense of hearing,
Gather with your apprehension—
Bow your heads, O trees, and hearken.
Hush thy rustling, corn, and listen;
Turn thine ear and give attention;
Ripples of the running water,
Pause a moment in your channels—
Here I bring you,—Hiawatha."

The last line of this can be changed to suit the particular case. It can just as easily read, at the end, "Here is Henry Edward Eastwood", or "Here is Hal McGiverin, Junior", or anything else. All names fit the sense. That, in fact, is the wonderful art of Longfellow—the sense being independent of the words.

The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities. By Stephen Leacock. John Lane Co.

MASEFIELD PLAYS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

For something like ten years preceding the war, Masefield gave a goodly portion of his energy to dramatic composition, as one of the brave and talented band working for a renaissance of the British theatre. His plays—nine of them—are now collected in a single volume. It is significant that, with one exception, these plays are practically unknown to our stage, and that one—"The Tragedy of Nan"—is known only by special performances. The first two or three plays, especially "The Campden Wonder", were written to give a certain neighborhood dramatic self-consciousness. They may have done so—but as drama they are unpersuasive and quaintly naïf. "The Tragedy of Nan" is a heart-breaking piece of grim realism, too much on one key, rather overdrawn, but powerful. "Pompey the Great" is an attempt at a modern treatment of the Roman scene, and suffers by comparison with Shaw's incomparable "Caesar and

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Cleopatra". "Philip the King" is hardly a play at all.

"The Faithful", next to "Nan", is, on the whole, the most dramatically effective. But, in spite of "Nan", the total impression of these plays is quite different from the vivid, biting, stimulating impression of imaginative power gained from "Dauber", "The Everlasting Mercy", and other of the poems. "Nan" is a better stage play than any Tennyson or Browning wrote, but even it does not efface the impression that Masefield turned to the theatre rather from social duty than divine impulse.

Collected Plays. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(*Continued*)

CHAPTER XI

Mary

§ 1

Mary Cole had been, all her life, that thing beloved of the sentimental novelist, a misunderstood child. Had she been good-looking as Helen or independent as Jeremy, she would either have attracted the world in general or have been indifferent as to whether she attracted it or no. She might have found consolation in books or her own highly colored imaginings, had it not been for the burning passions which she formed, at a very early age, for living people. For some years now her life had centered round her brother Jeremy. Had the Coles been an observant family they might, perhaps, have found some pathos in the way in which Mary, with her pale, sallow complexion, her pear-shaped face with its dull grey eyes, her enormous glasses, her lanky, colorless hair and thin, bony figure, gazed at her masculine and independent brother. Uncle Samuel might have noticed but he was occupied with his painting.

Mary was only seven years of age but she had the capacity for being hurt of a person of thirty. When somebody said, "Now, Mary, hurry up. You're always so slow", she was hurt. If Helen told her that she was selfish, she was hurt and would sit wondering whether she were selfish or no. If Mrs. Cole said that she must brush her hair more carefully she was hurt, and when Jeremy said anything sharp to her she was in an agony. Her devotion to her brother grew with every month of her life. She thought him, in all honesty, the most miraculous of human beings. There was more in her worship than mere doglike fidelity. She adored him for reasons that were real and true—for his independence, his obstinacy, his sense of fun, his sudden unexpected kindnesses, his sudden helplessness, and above all for his bravery. He seemed to her the bravest hero in all history, and she felt it the more because she was herself compact of every fear and terror known to man—it was not enough for her the ordinary panic that belongs to all human life at every stage of its prog-

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ress. She knew that she could do everything twice as fast as Jeremy and Helen, that she was often so impatient of their slow progress at lessons that she would beat her foot on the ground in a kind of agonized impatience. She knew that she was clever, and she wondered sometimes why her cleverness did not give her more advantages. Why, for instance, should Helen's good looks be noticed at once by every visitor and her own cleverness be unnoticed? Certainly on occasions, her mother would say: "And Mary? I don't think you've met Mary. Come and say how do you do, Mary. Mary is the clever one of the family!" But it was always said in a deprecating, apologetic tone that made Mary hang her head and hate both herself and her mother.

She told herself stories of the time when Jeremy would have to depend entirely upon the splendor of her brains for his delivery from some horror—death, torture, or disgrace. At present such a time was, she was bound to confess to herself, very distant. He depended upon no one for anything; he could not be said to need Mary's assistance in any particular. And with this burning desire of hers came, of course, jealousy. Had you told Mrs. Cole, good mother though she was, that her daughter Mary, aged seven, suffered tortures through jealousy, she would have assured you that it was not in reality jealousy but rather indigestion, and that a little cod-liver oil would put it right.

Mary, with a wisdom greatly beyond her years, realized very quickly that this was some sort of horrible disease with which she must wrestle alone.

Jeremy was, of course, sublimely unaware of the matter: he knew that Mary was silly sometimes, but he attributed that to her sex: he went on his way, happily indifferent whether anyone cared for him or no. . . . Mary suffered agonies when, as sometimes happened, he sat with his arm round Helen's neck and his cheek up against hers. She suffered when, in a mood of tempestuous affection to the whole world, he kissed Miss Jones. She even suffered when he sat at his mother's feet while she read "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" or "Engel the Fearless". Most of all, however, she suffered over Hamlet. She knew that at this present time, Hamlet was the one creature for whom Jeremy passionately cared. Matters were made worse by the undoubted truth that Hamlet did not care very much for Mary—that is, he never gave any signs of caring and very often walked out of the room when she came into it. Mary could have cared for the dog as enthusiastically as Jeremy did —she was always sentimental about animals; but now she was shut out from their alliance and she knew that when she came up to them and began to pat or stroke Hamlet, Jeremy was annoyed and Hamlet's skin wriggled in a kind of retreating fashion under her fingers. Wise people will say that it is impossible for this to be a serious trouble to a child. It was increasingly serious to Mary.

Jeremy was not, perhaps, so tactful as he might have been. "Oh bother, Mary!" he would say, "you've gone and waked Hamlet up!", or "Don't stroke Hamlet that way, Mary! He hates it!", or "No, I'm going for a walk with Hamlet. We don't want anyone". Or Hamlet himself would suddenly bark at her as though he hated her, or would bare his teeth and grin at her in a mocking, sarcastic way that he had. Her

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jealousy of the dog grew apace, and with that jealousy unfortunately her secret appreciation of his splendors. She could not help admitting to herself that he was the most attractive dog in the world. She would look at him from under her spectacles when she was supposed to be reading, and watch him as he rolled, kicking his legs in the air; or as he lay stretched out, his black wet nose against his paws, his eyes gleaming, his gaze fixed—like the point of a dagger raised to strike,—upon some trophy, or enemy, or spoil; or as he sat, solemn and pompous, like the Lord Mayor holding a meeting as Jeremy said, up against his master's leg, square and solid as though he were cut out of wood, his peaked beard supercilious, his very ears at a patronizing angle; or, as Mary loved best of all to see him, when he was simply childish, playing as though he was still a new-found puppy with pieces of paper or balls or string, rolling and choking, growling, purring, staggering and tumbling. At such times, again and again, her impulse would be to go forward and applaud him, and then the instinct that she would be checked by Jeremy stayed her.

As this year grew toward summer, Mary had the feeling that Jeremy was slipping away from her. In the old days he had asked her opinion about many things, he seemed to enjoy the long stories that she had told him—at any rate he had listened to them very politely,—and he had asked her to suggest games or to play with his toys. Now, as the summer drew near, he did none of these things. Was he growing very conceited? Was it because he was going to school and thought himself too old for his sisters? No, it was rather as though he lately had thoughts of his own, almost against his will, and that these shut him off from the people round him.

At last just before they all moved to Cow Farm, Mary made a silly scene. One evening she was sitting deep in Charlotte Mary, and Hamlet, bunched up against his master's leg, stared at her. She had long ago told herself that it was ridiculous to mind what Hamlet did, that he was not looking at her and, in any case, he was only a dog—and so on. But to-night she was tired and had read so long that her head ached—Hamlet was laughing at her, his eyes stared through his hair at her, cynically, superciliously, contemptuously. His lip curled and his beard bristled. . . . Moved by a sudden wild impulse she picked up "The Chaplet of Pearls" and threw it at him. It hit him (not very severely) and he gave the sharp melodramatic howl that he always used when it was his dignity rather than his body that was hurt. Jeremy looked up, saw what had happened, and a fine scene followed. Mary had hysterics, stamped and screamed and howled. Jeremy, his face white, stood and said nothing but looked as though he hated her, which at that moment he undoubtedly did. It was that look which more than anything else in the world she dreaded. . . .

She made herself sick with crying, then apologized with an abjection that only irritated him the more—finally she remembered the smallest details of the affair long after he had forgotten all about it.

§ 2

During the first weeks at Cow Farm Mary was happy. At first Jeremy was kind and considerate. He was so happy that he did not mind what any-

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one did and he would listen to Mary's stories quite in the old way, whistling to himself, not thinking about her at all perhaps, really, but very patient. But after the first fortnight he slipped away from her again—and now more than ever before. He went off for long walks with Hamlet, refusing to take her with them; he answered her questions so vaguely that she could see that he paid her no attention at all; he turned upon her and rent her if she complained. And it was all, she was sure, that horrible dog. Jeremy was always with Hamlet now. The free life that the farm gave them, no lessons, no set hours, no care for appearances, left them to choose their own ways and so developed their individualities. Helen was now more and more with her elders, was becoming that invaluable thing "a great help to her mother", and even, to her own inexhaustible pride, paid two calls with Mrs. Cole on the wives of neighboring farmers. Then Barbara absorbed more than ever of Helen's attention, and Mary was not allowed to share in these rites and services because "she always made Barbara cry".

Hamlet began to be an obsession with her. Mary told herself that if it were not for the dog Jeremy would always be with her, would play with her, walk with her, laugh with her as he used to do. She acquired now an awkward habit of gazing at him with passionate intensity. He would raise his eyes and find the great moon-faced spectacles fixed upon him with a beseeching, reproachful glare in the light of them. This would irritate him intensely. He would say:

"You'll know me next time, Mary".

She would blush crimson and then with trembling mouth answer:

"I wasn't looking".

"Yes, you were".

"No, I wasn't".

"Of course, you were—staring as though I were an Indian or Chinaman. If my face is dirty, say so".

"It isn't dirty".

"Well, then—"

"You're always so cross".

"I'm not cross—only you're so silly—"

"You usen't always to say I was silly. Now you always do—every minute".

"So you are". Then as he saw the tears coming, he would get up and go away. He didn't mean to be unkind to her, he was fond of her—but he hated scenes.

"Mary's always howling about something now", he confided to Helen.

"Is she?" Helen answered with indifference. "Mary's such a baby".

After the affair of the sea-picnic Jeremy, having nearly drowned poor Charlotte Le Page on that occasion, was for some time under a cloud. It was felt that he was getting too big for anyone to manage. Being a little in disgrace he went off more than ever by himself, always appearing again at the appointed time, but telling no one where he had been or what he had been doing. Mary longed with feverish longing to share in his adventures. If only he would tell her what he did on these walks of his. But no, only Hamlet knew. Perhaps, if he did not go with the dog he would go with her. When this idea crept into her brain she seized it and clutched it. That was all he wanted, a companion! Were Hamlet not there he would take her. Were Hamlet not there. . . . She began to brood over this. She wondered. . . . She considered. She shuddered at her own wickedness, she tried to drive the thoughts from her head, but they

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still came, they came, they came. . . .

After all no one need know. For a day or two Jeremy would be sorry and then he would forget. She knew the man who went round selling dogs . . . selling dogs and buying them. . . .

§ 3

She shuddered at her wickedness.

The last days of August came and with them the last week of the holiday. Already there was a scent of autumn in the air, leaves were turning gold and red, and the evenings came cool and sudden, upon the hot summer afternoons. Mary was not very well; she had caught a cold somewhere and existed in the irritating condition of going out one day and being held indoors the next. This upset her temper and at night she had nightmares in which she saw clouds of smoke crawling in at her window, snakes on the floor, and crimson flames darting at her from the ceiling. It was because she was in an abnormal condition of health that the idea of doing something with Hamlet gained such hold upon her. She considered the matter from every point of view. She did not want to be cruel to the dog; she supposed that after a week or two he would be quite happy with his new master and, in any case, he had strolled in so casually upon the Cole family that he was accustomed to a wandering life.

She did not intend that anyone should know. It was to be a deep secret all of her own.

Jeremy was going to school in September and before then she must make him friendly to her again. She saw stretching in front of her all the lonely autumn without him, and her own memories of the miserable summer to make her wretched. She was an extremely sentimental little girl. . . .

As always happens when one is meditating with a placated conscience a wicked deed, the opportunity was suddenly offered Mary of achieving her purpose. One morning Jeremy after refusing to listen to one of Mary's long romances lost his temper:

"I can't stop", he said. "You bother and bother and bother. Hamlet and I are going out. And I'm sick of your silly old stories. . . . Look here, Mary, what's been the matter with you lately? You're always crying now for something. And you look at me as though I'd done something dreadful. I haven't done anything".

"I—never—said you—had", Mary gulped out. He rubbed his nose in a way that he had when he was puzzled—

"If it's anything I do, tell me. It's so silly always crying. The holidays will be over soon and you've done nothing but cry".

"You're—never — with me — now", Mary sobbed.

"Well, I've been busy".

"You haven't—you can't be busy all—by yourself".

"Oh, yes, you can". He was getting impatient. "Anyway you might let Hamlet and me alone,—you're always bothering one of us".

"No, I'm not". She choked an enormous sob and burst out with: "It's always Hamlet now. I wish he'd never—come. It was much nicer before".

Then he lost his temper. "Oh, you're a baby. . . I'm sick of you and your scenes", he cried and stamped off.

In Mary's red-rimmed eyes, as she watched him go, determination grew.

It happened that upon the afternoon of that same day Miss Jones announced that she would take Mary

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for a walk: then, just as they passed through the farm gates, Hamlet, rushing out, joined them. He did not often humor them with his company, despising women most especially when they walked; but today his master was busy digging for worms in the vegetable garden and, after a quarter of an hour's contemplation of this fascinating occupation, he had wandered off in search of a livelier game. He decided to join Miss Jones; he could do what he pleased, he could amuse himself with her ineffectual attempts to keep him in order and he could irritate Mary—so he danced along, with his tail in the air, barking at imaginary rats and poking his nose into hedges.

Mary, with a sudden tightened clutching of the heart, realized that her hour was upon her. She felt so wicked as she realized this that she wondered that the ground didn't open up and swallow her, as it had done with those unfortunate people in the Bible. But no, the world was calm. Little white milky clouds raced in lines and circles across the sky, and once and again a leaf floated from a tree, hung for a moment suspended and then turned, slowly, to the ground. The hedges were a black-green, high and thick above the dusty road: there had been no rain for weeks. Truly, a stable world—Mary, glaring at fate, wondered how it could be so.

Miss Jones, who was happy and optimistic today, talked in a tenderly reminiscent tone of her youth. This vein of reminiscence Mary, on her normal day, loved. Today she did not hear a word that Miss Jones said:

"I remember so well my mother saying to my dear brother, 'Do what you like, my boy. I trust you.' And I remember his saying, 'Don't ask me to tell a lie, mother, I cannot do it.'"

"Like George Washington", said Mary, suddenly catching the last words of Miss Jones's sentence.

"He was like many famous characters in history I used to think. Once I remember reading about Oliver Cromwell. . . . Where is that dog? Hamlet! Hamlet! Perhaps he's gone after the sheep. Ah! there he is! Hamlet, you naughty dog!"

They were approaching one of their favorite pieces of country, Mellot Wood. Here, on the wood's edge the ground broke away, running down in a field of corn to a little green valley with clustered trees that showed only their heads, so thickly embedded were they, and beyond the valley the sea. Mary looked about her. It was here on the edge of the Rafiel Road that skirted the wood that she had once seen the dog-man eating his luncheon out of a red pocket handkerchief. There was no sign of him today. All was silent and still; only the little wood uttered sighs of content beneath the flying clouds. Hamlet, tired with his racing after imaginary rabbits, walked quietly by Mary's side. What was she to do? She had once again the desperate feeling that something stronger than she was had swept down upon her, and was forcing her to do this thing. She seemed to have no will of her own but to be watching some other commit an act whose dangerous wickedness froze her heart. How could she? But she must. Someone was doing it for her.

And in very truth it seemed so. Miss Jones said that now they were here she might as well call upon Miss Andrews, the sister of the Mellot farmer. Miss Andrews had promised her some duck's eggs. They pushed open the farm-gate, passed across the yard and knocked on the house door.

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Near Mary was a large barn with a heavy door, now ajar. Hamlet sat, gazing pensively at a flock of geese, his tongue out, panting contentedly.

"Wait here one minute, Mary", said Miss Jones. "I won't stay".

Miss Jones disappeared. Mary, still under the strange sense that it was not she, but another, who did these things, moved back to the barn, calling softly to Hamlet. He followed her, sniffing a rat somewhere. Very quickly she pulled back the door; he, still investigating his rat, followed into the dark excitement of the barn. With a quick movement she bent down, slipped off his collar which she hid in her dress, then shut him in. She knew that for a moment or two he would still be pursuing his rat and she saw, with guilty relief, Miss Jones come out to her just as she had finished her evil deed.

"Miss Andrews is out", said Miss Jones. "They are all away at Liskane Fair".

They left the farm and walked down the road. Hamlet had not begun his cry.

Miss Jones was pleased. "Such a nice servant", she said. "She had been with the family fifty years she told me and had nursed Mr. Andrews on her knee. Fancy! Such a large fat man as he is now. Too much beer I suppose—I suppose they get so thirsty with all the straw and hay about. . . . Where's Hamlet?"

Mary, wickeder than ever, stared through her spectacles down the road. "I don't know, Miss Jones", she said. They had left the wood and the farm, and there was nothing to be seen but the long white ribbon of road hemmed in by the high hedges.

"Perhaps he stayed behind at the farm", said Miss Jones.

Then Mary told her worst lie.

"Oh no, Miss Jones. He ran past us just now. Didn't you see him?"

"No, I didn't. He's gone on ahead I suppose. He runs home sometimes. Naughty dog! We shall catch him up".

But of course they did not. They passed through the gates of Cow Farm and still nothing of Hamlet was to be seen.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" said Miss Jones. "I do hope that he's arrived. Whatever will Jeremy say if anything has gone wrong?"

Mary was breathing hard now as though she had been running a desperate race. She would at this moment have given all that she possessed or all that she was ever likely to possess to recall her deed. If she could have seen Hamlet rushing down the road toward her she would have cried with relief; there seemed now to be suddenly removed from her that outside agency that had forced her to do this thing; now, having compelled her, it had withdrawn and left her to carry the consequences. Strangely confused in her sentimental soul was her terror of Jeremy's wrath and her own picture of the wretched Hamlet barking his heart out, frightened, thirsty, and lonely. Her teeth began to chatter; she clenched her hands together.

Miss Jones went across the courtyard, calling:

"Hamlet! Hamlet!" The family was collected, having just sat down to tea, so that the announcement received its full measure of excitement.

"Has Hamlet come back? We thought he was ahead of us".

A chair had tumbled over; Jeremy had run round the table to Miss Jones.

"What's that? Hamlet? Where is he?"

"We thought he must be ahead of

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us. He ran past us down the road and we thought—"

They thought! Silly women! Jeremy, as though he were a challenging God, stood up against Miss Jones hurling questions at her. Where had they been? What road had they taken? Had they gone into the wood? Where had he run past them?

"I don't know", said Miss Jones, to this last. "I didn't see him. Mary did".

Jeremy turned upon Mary: "Where was it you saw him?"

She couldn't speak. Her tongue wouldn't move, her lips wouldn't open; she could but waggle her head like an idiot. She saw nothing but his face. It was a desperate face; she knew so much better than all the others what the thought of losing Hamlet was to him. It was part of the harshness of her fate that she should understand him so much better than the others did.

But she herself had not realized how hardly he would take it. . . .

"I didn't. . . . I couldn't. . . ."

"There's the dog-man", he stammered; "he'll have stolen him". Then he was off out of the room in an instant.

And that was more than Mary could bear. She realized, even as she followed him, that she was giving her whole case away, that she was now, as always, weak when she should be strong, soft when she should be hard, good when she should be wicked, wicked when she should be good. She could not help herself. With trembling limbs and a heart that seemed to be hammering her body into pieces, she followed him out. She found him in the hall, tugging at his coat.

"Where are you going?" she said weakly.

"Going?" he answered fiercely. "Where do you think?" He glared at her. "Just like you". He broke off, suddenly appealing to her. "Mary, can't you remember? It will be getting dark soon and if we have to wait until tomorrow the dog-man will have got him. At any rate he had his collar—"

Then Mary broke out. She burst into sobs, pushed her hand into her dress, and held out the collar to him.

"There it is! There it is!" she said hysterically.

"You've got it?" He stared at her, suspicion slowly coming to him. "But how—? What have you done?"

She looked up at him wild-eyed, the tears making dirty lines on her face, her hand out toward him. "I took it off . . . I shut Hamlet into the barn at Mellot Farm. I wanted him to be lost. I didn't want you to have him. I hated him—always being with you and me never".

Jeremy moved back and at the sudden look in his eyes her sobbing ceased, she caught her breath, and stared at him with a silly fixed stare as a rabbit quivers before a snake.

Jeremy said in his ordinary voice: "You shut Hamlet up? You didn't want him to be found".

She nodded her head several times as though now she must convince him quickly of this,—

"Yes, yes, yes, I did. . . . I know I shouldn't but I couldn't help it—"

He clutched her arm, and then shook her with a sudden wave of fierce physical anger that was utterly unlike him and therefore the more terrifying.

"You wicked, wicked. . . . You beast Mary!"

She could only sob, her head hanging down. He let her go.

"What barn was it?"

She described the place. He gave

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her another look of contempt and then rushed off, running across the courtyard.

There was still no one in the hall: she could go up to her room without the fear of being disturbed. She found the room, all white and black now with the gathering dusk. Beyond the window the evening breeze was rustling in the dark trees of the garden and the boom of the sea could be heard, faintly. Mary sat, where she always sat when she was unhappy, inside the wardrobe with her head among the clothes. She had a fit of hysterical crying, biting the hanging clothes between her teeth, feeling suddenly sick and tired and exhausted with flaming eyes and a dry-parched throat. Why had she ever done such a thing, she loving Jeremy as she did? Would he ever forgive her? No, never—she saw that in his face—perhaps he would—if he found Hamlet quickly and came back. Perhaps Hamlet never would be found. . . . Then Jeremy's heart would be broken.

She slept from utter exhaustion and was so found by her mother when the room was quite dark and only shadows moved in it.

"Why, Mary?" said Mrs. Cole. "What are you doing here? We couldn't think where you were. And where's Jeremy?"

Jeremy! She started up, remembering everything.

"Hasn't he come back? Oh, he's lost and he'll be killed and it will be all my fault!" She burst into another fit of wild, hysterical crying. Her mother took her arm. "Mary, explain—what have you done?"

Mary explained, her teeth chattering, her head aching so that she could not see.

"And you shut him up like that? Whatever . . . oh, Mary, you wicked girl! and Jeremy—he's been away two hours now. . . ."

She turned off leaving Mary alone in the black room.

§ 4

Mary was left to every terror that can beset a lonely, hysterical child—terror of Jeremy's fate, terror of Hamlet's loss, terror of her own crimes, above all, terror of the lonely room, the waving elms and the gathering dark. "Ah! you're the little girl", they seemed to say, "who lost Jeremy's dog and broke Jeremy's heart". Ridiculous pictures passed before her, of Jeremy hanging from a tree, Jeremy lying frozen in the wood, the faithful Hamlet dead at his side, Jeremy stung by an adder and succumbing to his horrible tortures, Jeremy surrounded by violent men who snatched Hamlet from him, beat him on the head and left him for dead on the ground.

She passed what seemed to her hours of torture under these horrible imaginings. After endless ages of darkness and terror and misery she heard voices—then *his* voice! She jumped out of the wardrobe and listened. Yes, it *was* his voice. She pushed back the door, crept down the passage and came suddenly upon a little group with Jeremy in its midst crowded together at the top of the stairs. Jeremy was wrapped up in his father's heavy coat, and looked very small and impish as he peered from out of it. He was greatly excited, his eyes shining, his mouth smiling, his cheeks flushed.

His audience consisted of Helen, Mrs. Cole, Miss Jones, and Aunt Amy. He described to them how he had run along the road "for miles and miles and miles", how at last he had found the farm, had rung the bell, had in-

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quired, and had finally discovered Hamlet licking up sugary tea in the farm kitchen; there had then been a rapturous meeting and he had boldly declared that he could find his way home again without aid. "They wanted me to be driven home in their trap—but I wasn't going to have that. They'd been at the Fair all day and didn't want to go out again . . . I could see that". So he and Hamlet started gaily on their walk home and then, in some way or another, he took the wrong turn and suddenly they were in Mellot Wood. "It was dark as anything, you know, although there was going to be a moon. We couldn't see a thing and then I got loster and loster. At last we just sat under a tree—there was nothing more to do!" Then apparently Jeremy had slept and had, finally, been found in the proper romantic manner by Jim and his father.

"Well, all's well that ends well", said Aunt Amy with a sniff. In spite of that momentary softness over the defeat of the Dean's Ernest, she liked her young nephew no better than of old. She had desired that he should be punished for this, but as she looked at the melting eyes of Mrs. Cole and Miss Jones, she had very little hope.

Mary was forgotten, no one noticed her.

"Bed!" said Mrs. Cole.

"Really, what a terrible affair", said Miss Jones. "And I can't help feeling that it was my fault".

"What, Mary—" began Mrs. Cole. And then she stopped. She had perhaps some sense that Mary had already received sufficient punishment.

Mary waited, standing against the passage wall. Jeremy, who had not seen her, vanished into his room. She waited, then plucking up all her courage with the desperate, suffocating sense of a prisoner laying himself beneath the guillotine, she knocked timidly on his door.

He said, "Come in", and, entering, she saw him, in his braces standing on a chair trying to put the picture entitled "Daddy's Christmas" straight upon its nail. The sight of this familiar task—the picture would never hang straight although every day Jeremy who, strangely enough, had an eye to such matters, tried to correct it,—cheered her a little.

"Won't it go straight?" she said feebly.

"No, it won't", he began and then suddenly realizing the whole position stopped.

"I'm sorry, Jeremy", she muttered hanging her head down.

"Oh, that's all right", he answered, turning away from her and pulling at the string. "It was a beastly thing to do all the same", he added.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked.

"Oh, there isn't any forgiveness about it . . . Girls are queer I suppose. I don't understand them myself. There, that's better . . . I say, it was simply beastly under that tree—"

"Was it?"

"Beastly—there was something howling somewhere, a cat or something".

"You do forgive me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes . . . I say is that right now? Oh, it won't *stay* there. It's the wall or something".

He came down from the chair yawning.

"Jim's nice", he confided to her. "He's going to take me ratting one day!"

"I'm going", Mary said again and waited.

Jeremy colored, looked as though he would say something, then in si-

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lence presented a very grimy cheek. "Good night", he said with an air of intense relief.

"Good night", she said, kissing him.

She closed the door behind her. She knew that the worst had happened. He had passed away, utterly beyond her company, her world, her interests. She crept along to her room and there, with a determination and a strength rare in a child so young and so undisciplined, faced her loneliness.

(*To be continued*)

THE VANISHED YEATS, THE NEVER-VANISHING KIPLING, AND SOME OTHERS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

What has become of the old—or, rather, of the young—Yeats? Where are all the fire and magic of those early years; where the almost divine flame of his genius which George Moore has so often spoken of? What has happened to the Irish poet who, of recent years, has remained so aloof from us? If his marriage late in life has caused us to lose the artist, what a tragedy it is for the world of letters! But one does not like to think that; and much as Yeats moons now about his vanished youth, we hope he has not lost all sense of proportion. Yet in his new book—a thin volume containing some thirty-eight pieces and called "The Wild Swans at Coole", there is a lack that terrifies and appals; and in reading it one can scarcely believe that this is the voice of the man who wrote, in his vigor, not so many years ago, "The Lake Isle of Innisfree", and those rare lines—

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

Next to that place the quatrain, "The Balloon of the Mind", and then sit down and think on Yeats. Listen:

Hands, do what you're bid;
Bring the balloon of the mind
That bellies and drags in the wind
Into its narrow shed.

So far has Yeats, who charmed us all in the past, wandered away from reality that we find him, on being asked for a war poem—who was foolish enough to ask him for one, by the way?—writing this bit of drivel:

I think it better that in times like these
A poet keep his mouth shut, for in truth
We have no gift to set a statesman right;
He has had enough of meddling who can please
A young girl in the indolence of her youth,
Or an old man upon a winter's night.

And while the Irish bard was thus excusing himself, great poets were not merely writing stirring songs of the world cataclysm, but were shedding their blood in the cause of justice, and a great artist like Paderewski was trying to save Poland. Even Le Gallienne came from his high dreams of butterflies and rainbows, and walked the earth with us while he put down some fine lyrics. But Yeats has seen fit to go his own way, while the world rocked beneath his feet. That,

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I take it, is why his new songs are so fragile, so reed-like. A poet can be a man of action, too. The ambassador of the fairies may have been all right in the eighteen-nineties, and in the early part of this century; now, frankly, he seems a little out of date; and if he had no place for a suffering world in his exalted heart, perhaps a revivified world will have no place for him now that the turmoil is over.

This insistent separation of art from the war is all nonsense, anyhow. For art must be an interpretation of life, and the war became a definite part of life, unpleasant as it was; and those who failed to take heed of it cannot be true exponents of the age in which they live.

Turn to Lady Gregory's remarkable collection, "The Kiltartan Poetry Book", and you will see what Yeats ought to have been doing during the past two or three years, since he would not think of the war. Here is a mine of beauty, in prose as uplifting as the Psalms of David. Ancient Irish folklore has been reawakened for us with infinite skill, and the loveliness of the rich past shines again at the windows of the world. No more thrilling volume has come to us in the past decade. It is indeed a treasure house, and in a wonderfully sympathetic introduction Lady Gregory tells us of the place many of these old legends have occupied in her heart since her girlhood. She missed learning the Irish language by a mere accident; but later, with the help of her son, she dug enough out of it to enable her to read in the original and to understand the talk of the peasants, old men in workhouses, and beggars along the rough roads of Ireland. She has kept all the wonder of the old folk-songs. The heartbreak and beauty are preserved for all time, and there is no library that should not have the result here set down. Lamentation and grief are the predominant notes, as of course they would be, in these outpourings which are a veritable cascade of sorrow. "The Hag of Beare", crooning of her early days, says:

When my arms are seen it is long and thin they are;
Once they used to be fondling, they used to be
Around great kings . . .
Amen, great is the pity; every acorn has to drop.
After feasting with shining candles, to be in the darkness of a prayer-house.
I was once living with kings, drinking mead and wine;
Today I am drinking whey-water among withered old women.

But there is no use in starting to quote from this great book. I would fill this number with nothing but the loveliness from its pages if I let myself go. It is a volume to be treasured and passed on to understanding friends.

If Yeats has died, artistically (the comma after *died* is important), Kipling has come into his own for the second time. Nothing irritates me more than to hear the ignorant whisper that Rudyard Kipling is "written out". The war, which engrossed all thinking men and women for four long, horrible years, simply gave him his second wind, and in "The Years Between" he has collected all those poems which he wishes to preserve, the output that covers a decade perhaps. To my mind it is the strongest, most vital volume of verse from his pen. In it you will find "Zion" with its haunting lilt, its unforgetable cadence; and "The Sons of Martha"; and those verses which to me are among the best of the war, "For All We Have and Are", no matter what the multitude may say. Kipling is still the Roosevelt of poetry, and there isn't a line he has written, just as

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there never was a word T. R. said, that isn't of sharp interest to us all. Dynamic man! what a joy it is to have him back with this ringing book, no banjo-strummer now, as he was once accused of being, but a full orchestra, with every instrument under his command. Who, writing today, could match "The Benefactors", with those agate opening stanzas?

Ah! what avails the classic bent
And what the cultured word
Against the undoctored incident
That actually occurred?

And what is Art whereto we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme—
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time?

Written out? Sometimes I think Kipling has just begun his career, so full of fire is his pen, so fraught with young surprise his latest lines.

We have not heard much from Laurence Housman lately; but now he is with us again. "The Heart of Peace" is uneven; but it contains some lines of rare power and beauty. The war poems are the weakest of all; it is in the light, careless lyric that Housman excels. It is in a piece like "Concerning Kisses" that he is happiest; but by far the chief distinction is attained in the lines on "Henri Pol: Bird-Lover". They cannot be matched. This is how they begin:

Bon soir, bon soir, Monsieur Pol!
For they tell me now you are dead.
Go, then, and peace to your soul,
And warm like a nest be your bed—
A warm, well-feathered, well-weathered nest,
To give rest to the bird-wise head!

And then he goes on:

O gentle lover of birds,
Out of your place of rest
Throw to the world a crumb
Of the love that was in your breast,—
The love you bore for the dumb,
The compassion you had for the weak,
The broken, the frail, the meek,
When daily you used to come!

I wish more elegiac verse might be written in this spirit!

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's latest volume is packed with good things. The sonnets are extraordinarily fine. "We Who Have Loved" is the perfection of that difficult form; and the poems on her brother, Theodore Roosevelt, are not mere lines written on the occasion of his death, but real poetry gushing from a bereaved heart. Let me quote the two concluding stanzas from one of the poems:

I loved you for the radiant zest,
The thrill and glamour that you gave
To each glad hour that we could save
And garner from Time's grim behest.

I loved you for your loving ways,—
And just because I loved them so,
And now have lost them,—thus I know
I must go softly all my days!

In her nature poems Mrs. Robinson becomes the sympathetic interpreter. So simple a song as "The Path That Leads Nowhere" will find a place in many anthologies. The last stanza is enough to give the feeling of the whole poem:

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the struggling and the striving,
But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
Joy and Beauty are its goal,—
On the path that leads to Nowhere
I have sometimes found my soul!

There are many lighter pieces that deserve mention, too, and the whole collection will stand the test of time.

Another woman's voice, and the voice of a woman recently bereaved, is heard in a quiet little volume called "Candles That Burn". Mrs. Joyce Kilmer has her name on the title-page, and one finds her brave in her grief, singing tenderly to the children that she now seems to love with an even keener devotion since their father, Sergeant Kilmer, was killed in France. Mrs. Kilmer has technique, and

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though she is always charmingly feminine, she never indulges in oversentimentality. Take a poem like "In a Hall Bedroom", and you will see how deftly she reaches her climax, and how much pity she has for her subject:

"In the long border on the right
I shall plant larkspur first", she thinks.
"Peonies and chrysanthemums
And then sweet-scented maiden pinks.

"The border on the left shall hold
Nothing but masses of white phlox.
Forget-me-nots shall edge this one,
The one across be edged with box.

"The sun-dial in the centre stands.
There morning-glories bright shall twine.
And in the strip at either end
Shall grow great clumps of columbine.

"There is no garden in the world
So beautiful as mine", she dreams.
Rising, she walks the little space
To where her narrow window gleams.

She gazes through the dingy pane
To where the street is noisy still,
And tends with pitiable care
A tulip on the window-sill.

"To Two Little Sisters of the Poor" marches also to a fine climax—

Quickly you came and went, you two,
But the Grace of God stayed after you.

The poignant note in "When You Had Been Dead" strikes home; one cannot read it without tears. But Mrs. Kilmer is never sorry for herself. You get the sense, after reading her lines, that she is indomitable, and that she will go on writing "with a high heart and a level head". I shall watch for her second book with a great deal of interest. This first one is well worth having and keeping.

I am not quite so enthusiastic about Babette Deutsch, whose "Banners" is also, I believe, an initial appearance between covers. Miss Deutsch is too deadly in earnest with some sort of "message"—I haven't been able to find out what it is yet; but she has great possibilities. In the sonnet "Redemption" she can cry—

We crave the long blind void of being dead,

and all through her pages there is the single line or the couplet that reveals the authentic poet. For one thing, Miss Deutsch is intense, and her sonnets are like cameos. And she can draw a sharp picture, as in "Distance" where she shows two old men bending over a chess-board:

The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.

Scudder Middleton is growing fast. His first slender book "Streets and Faces", published about two years ago, held out great promise; and in his second volume now before us, "The New Day", he strikes a deeper note. The opening lines, "1919", are rich and vibrant, revealing all an artist's love for peace, his almost passionate joy in the final redemption of the world. He tells us that he has

. . . heard the clear, new bugles blow
Over the English lanes and Russian snow!

In such marginalia as "Interlude" Mr. Middleton is at his very best. Here it is:

I am not old, but old enough
To know that you are very young.
It might be said I am the leaf,
And you the blossom newly sprung.

So I shall grow a while with you,
And hear the bee and watch the cloud,
Before the dragon on the branch,
The caterpillar, weaves a shroud.

But by far the best poem in the book (all too small, by the way) is "The

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Secret of John Doe". How the young do rejoice in revealing their innermost selves! But how simple and direct the lines are, how fearlessly beautiful, as though he said to the world, "You can't conquer me! See! I am unafraid!" Let me give the poem in full. It is too good to reprint only in part:

I do the task for little coins,
I rise and eat and lay me down.
I am the undistinguished slave,
Like millions of this dusty town.

No one would guess that I have seen
Young Jesus on the burning cross
That shines electric on the Square
And turns the golden stars to dross.

No one would guess that once I walked
With slim Diana of the Tower,
And searched the crannies of the paves
And found, with her, the hidden flower.

They cannot know that I have sat
With Edgar Poe till dawn came up,
And heard him weep for his Lenore,
And seen the raven on his cup.

No one would say, to look at me,
That once I loved a woman here,
Or that this clerk, tied down to books,
Could touch the lips of Guinevere.

I do my daily tasks for coins,
I wake and eat and lay me down—
Yet I have been the man who lives,
A poet in this dingy town.

Yet there are those who say there is no poetry to be extracted from New York!

"Victory" is the title of an anthology edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, and thirty-eight American poets have celebrated it in sonnets, odes, lyrics, and vers libre. It is a mighty good collection; but it is curious and amusing to see the pacifist bards coming out strong now that the armistice is signed! Many of them were as mute as the little bugs under a stone for four long years; but of course they must join now in a scream of exultation—they who would lift neither voice nor finger for their country in her hour of need. The Star Spangled Bynner, as no doubt he would now like to be known, waxes passionate and almost hysterical over "The Day", and is eloquent now about "justice" and "the dawn". Perhaps he is trying to put a permanent wave in the flag. Who knows? Even Ridgely Torrence comes forth and pipes in the chorus. No one wanted peace more than the fighting man. But it was the right kind of peace he dreamed of, no patched-up affair made in Germany. It takes very little courage to speak now; it took a great deal when we were technically "neutral". I wish the pacifists and internationalists, or whatever they are calling themselves this season, would remember this when they rush into print now. They have lots to say about peace; but there is never a word of recrimination against Germany, I notice.

Mr. Braithwaite deserves much praise for his labor of love. George Sterling, whose sonnets in 1915 were among the best the war evoked, is represented by a splendid poem, "Altars of Victory", and other contributors include Josephine Preston Peabody, Amelia Josephine Burr, Percy Mackaye, Wilton Agnew Barrett, Dana Burnet, Margaret Widdemer, Richard Butler Glaenzer, and a host of others too numerous to name. But why wasn't a table of contents provided for reference?

I find in "Dreams and Jibes", by Edward Sapir, rather an original note struck. There is deft and ironic humor now and then, and the free verse is far better than the rhymed measures. "The Old Maid and the Private" is delightfully amusing from the soldier's point of view—the stupid, elderly woman who had no use for even a single Boche and who could not see the war beyond her own nose. To

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the private who had been through it all she was merely ludicrous in her narrowness, and he covertly told her so. "Monks in Ottawa" is in the same whimsical vein; likewise "The Clergyman" and "The Learned Jew". One can't call this poetry; but it is far better than much of the free verse Miss Monroe publishes every month, for instance, in her magazine of "Poetry". Mr. Sapir may be heard from. He has a feeling for words and phrases, and his sense of humor will save him from many pitfalls.

A young man named George Rostrevor comes forth with a tiny volume called "Escape and Fantasy", and the jacket announces that "the war in Europe has served to bring forward a group of young poets of whom the author of this book is one of the more notable." Yet in its pages one searches vainly for some reaction showing a contact with the struggle. The book might just as well have been written in 1913 as now, for all the light it throws on Mr. Rostrevor's feelings concerning Europe and the fighting men there. On the contrary, if "Canteen Classics" is the best that emerges from a close-up experience on the other side it is perhaps just as well that Rostrevor held his tongue and let Alfred Eggers do the talking—one cannot call it singing. "Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment" by Cornelia Steketee Hulst is another volume that leaves little to be said.

O Poetry, what crimes are committed in thy name!

The Wild Swans at Coole. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Co.
The Kiltartan Poetry Book. By Lady Gregory. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page and Co.
The Heart of Peace. By Laurence Housman. Small, Maynard and Co.
Service and Sacrifice. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Candles That Burn. By Aline Kilmer. George H. Doran Company.
Banners. By Babette Deutsch. George H. Doran Company.
The New Day. By Scudder Middleton. The Macmillan Co.
Victory. Compiled by William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.
Dreams and Jibes. By Edward Sapir. Richard G. Badger.
Escape and Fantasy. By George Rostrevor. The Macmillan Co.
Canteen Classics. By Alfred Eggers. Richard G. Badger.
Balder's Death and Loke's Punishment. By Cornelia S. Hulst. The Open Court Publishing Co.

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CANADIAN POETRY

BY PELHAM EDGAR

If to have written none of it, and to have read it all—or all of it that is readable—establishes one's right to deal with Canadian poetry, I may claim that I have at least the preliminary qualifications for the task. The reasonable reader will demand credentials of more extensive scope and would wish to be assured that the critical opinions, which in a brief essay must seem so peremptory, proceed neither from too charitable a regard for the efforts of an adolescent art, nor on the other hand from too harsh an estimate of the value of minor poetry. I would rather satisfy the demands of such a reader than tickle the vanity of a multitude of expectant poets. Consequently, at the risk of being thought ungenerous and unsympathetic, I will discuss the work of our better writers with reference to standards of absolute rather than of relative merit. The question, therefore, will be not "Is Robinson a better poet than Jones?" but rather, "Are Jones and Robinson poets?" Whether they are or not they will continue to write in spite of my opinion, and in the present debauched condition of the public taste they need not fear diminished sales.

The word *absolute* as I glance back has a cold, repellant, metaphysical look. Even the few major poets of the ages have their endearing imperfections, and I use the term therefore merely to mark my intention of measuring our Canadian poets by the same standards of value as would apply to any poets of the modern time whose medium of expression is the English language. Banality achieves no virtue by being colonial, and no varnish of local color can mask a structural defect from the discerning eye. I ask that you shall be a poet first, and then be as much as you will a Canadian.

Our poetry is of course not a natural growth. In its origin it was not, so to speak, a rivulet from the hills that gathered volume as it flowed, but rather a sluggish diversion from the main stream with no current or impulse of its own. Our early writers are primitive enough, but their primitiveness is mere ineptitude. The first vital work I find dates from so late a period as 1884. In that year Miss Isabella Valancy Crawford published her verses under the unattractive title of "Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems". She died three years later at the age of thirty-six. The volume of her "Collected Poems" contains additions culled from the corners of casual newspapers. Miss Crawford wrought "with the shaping spirit of imagination", and her verse abounds in sudden felicities of phrase and subtleties of thought. Unequal though her work is, it is incontestably superior to that of her contemporary, George Frederick Cameron, whose poetry has all the merits usually found in skilful undergraduate verse.

Within a year or two of one another, and about 1860, the five p[illegible] who were the destined founders o

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national poetry were born—C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman and Wilfred Campbell. Of this group, the two last named are dead. Roberts and Carman lived and worked much together at one time, and were subjected to the same shaping influences. The same thing is true of Lampman and Scott, and so it is that a healthy element of rivalry, friendly emulation, and stimulating sympathy enters into our poetry for the first time. These men wrote not only for themselves but they wrote for one another, and it was the ambition of each to have his verses commended by his friend. The comment was usually frank, and the result was always healthy.

Mr. Roberts was the first to announce himself, and since 1880 he has been prolific of prose and verse which is rarely without distinction, and which so far at least as his poetry is concerned is frequently marked with elements of power. No poem, and no group of poems stands out preeminently, but everywhere there is competency and the skill of the efficient craftsman.

Miss Crawford's talent is incontestably greater, but since the themes that Roberts chose and the methods he employed became largely the themes and methods of his fellow poets, a brief discussion of these will serve better as an introduction to the subject of Canadian poetry than an examination of "Spookses' Pass".

In the 'seventies and 'eighties Canadian youths of imagination were reading Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Browning, and it seems clear that the initial direction of Roberts's art was determined more ularly by Keats, Rossetti, and son. He began as a Canadian pre-Raphaelite, and was clearly dominated by the "æsthetic" tendencies of contemporary English poetry. We can see now that this was in a sense a dangerous ancestry. "Alexandrianism" was in its decline in England, and our nascent poetry was attaching itself therefore to a dying tradition. Less and less was mere literature to be held in esteem, and more and more was vital imaginative contact with life and reality demanded of the poet. Even in the Irish diversion where "actuality" was despised, the effort to escape rhetoric and phrase-making was unmistakable.

I am not asserting that new fashions (and poetry is curiously a creature of fashion) are necessarily better than old, but merely that Mr. Roberts started his journey as a fifth wheel to a beautifully modeled but rickety coach. One of the legacies bequeathed to him was classical myth, a legitimate poetical theme like any other but demanding the deftest imaginative treatment. Miss Marjorie Pickthall has the trick of vitalizing these old-world stories, whether classical or biblical. She makes a picture for the mind's eye by touches, never too emphatic, of local color, and satisfies our human sympathies by importing into her theme as much emotion as it is capable of bearing. But the classical work of Roberts and of Lampman is academic, as that of Carman is monotonous and cold, and we are relieved that they did not expend themselves more freely in that direction.

Independent of English influence our poetry would undoubtedly have been preeminently a nature poetry. What our writers gained from their models was the romantic method of visualizing and the romantic method of spiritualizing scenery. Nature is

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approached with reverence and delight. Energy, beauty, power are hers. All virtue resides in her, and intimations of divine significance shine in upon the mind that has been initiated into her mysteries. Roberts has certainly less of the religion of nature than his fellow poets—less mysticism than Carman, less simple rapture than Lampman, less intelligence that D. C. Scott. But if he does not surpass Lampman, he equals him in his power of giving us the salient aspects of a scene, and with the essential details also, though not invariably, the emotional reaction. It is a sort of impressionistic realism, and it demands for its success close powers of observation, and the same skill in selection and representation that the landscape painter possesses. The general effect in a large body of poetry where there is such scanty human interest and such an exiguous fund of ideas is monotonous, and to find relief from this monotony we must turn to the "habitant" sketches of Drummond or to Service's northern yarns, the authors of which were too sensible to imagine that their wide popularity established their claim to high poetic distinction.

A sonnet from Mr. Roberts's "Songs of the Common Day" must serve to represent a typical subject and his way of treating it:

THE MOWING

This is the voice of high midsummer's heat.
  The rasping, vibrant clamour soars and shrills
  O'er all the meadowy range of shadeless hills,
As if a host of giant cicadæ beat
The cymbals of their wings with tireless feet,
  Or brazen grasshoppers with triumphing note
  From the long swath proclaimed the fate that smote
The clover and timothy-tops and meadow-sweet.
The crying knives glide on; the green swath lies,
  And all noon long the sun, with chemic ray,
  Seals up each cordial essence in its cell,
That in the dusky stalls, some winter's day,
  The spirit of June, here prisoned by his spell,
  May cheer the herds with pasture memories.

Of Carman one best remembers the early pieces from "Low Tide on Grand Pré" to the "Vagabondia" songs he wrote with Richard Hovey. We may have thought him better than he was, for his latest work has belied the early promise; but in the 'nineties I rated him as the most spontaneous and exquisite of American lyrists. He had then a distinct vein of originality, not much passion but a kind of fitful intensity that simulated it, a discreet touch of Bohemianism that was not more than mildly bacchanalian and erotic, a sense of the mystery of life and death, a sunny courage that served him as philosophy, and above all the gift of naming things beautifully. He has now beaten out his philosophy very thin, and he names too many things beautifully and always in the same way. It is the penalty that age pays for being too exclusively sensuous, for being too little interested in events, in character, and in the general movement of ideas. He cannot run out of material, for he has still all the seasonal changes to draw from, but we await not too hopefully the renewal of his early inspiration. Many memory-haunting lines return to me as I think of those first books of his:

Was it a year or lives ago
  We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
  Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

How delicate too and tender was the inspiration of "Pulvis et Umbra", and how sure and sympathetic the lines that commemorated the life whose wanderings closed in Samoa. In the "Vagabondia" volumes, too, there was God's plenty, and the late Francis

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Thompson told me once that of Canadian poetry these songs were all he knew and cared for.

Wilfred Campbell did not start with so rich a poetic endowment as either Roberts or Carman. These poets never lose their artistry, but Campbell's sense of form was fitful at the best and at the worst was non-existent. He will li e by a few beautiful things in which his habitual vehemence did not betray him into incoherence. To his credit be it said that at least he tried to think.

Lampman had many solid virtues, and was developing power to the end. He and his friend Duncan Campbell Scott most nearly fulfill our conception of what Canadian poetry should stand for, and what it might attain. They lived always in our country, and for many years in Ottawa, its political center, a town set in the midst of most enchanting scenery at the confluence of three great rivers that draw down from the highlands of the north. At the gateway of the wilderness their escape was easy into regions of untamed nature, and they were both devoted woodsmen. The love of wild things was in their veins, but each was vitally interested also in the problems of the modern time, and in their poetry we might expect to look for refutal of the charge that our Canadian poets are lacking in human interest. The one impulse gave us Lampman's "Woodcutter's Hut", and a score of poems in which wild things find a voice; the other gave us his "Land of Pallas" and that grim piece of a hopeless hour, "The City of the End of Things". But his chief concern was to register his impressions of nature in her quieter moods. He is the poet of the April forests and the midsummer fields, and a snake fence or a cluster of withered mullein stalks serves his purpose supremely well.

The most significant of our Canadian poets is Duncan Campbell Scott, and no contemporary work in Canada or elsewhere interests me more. He has a securer sense of form and more musical variety than is possessed by any of those I have named, as rich a fund of emotional energy, and more of the "fundamental brainwork" upon upon which Rossetti asserted that great poetry must necessarily rest. His output is slender, and this we may attribute either to fastidiousness, which is the euphemistic term for laziness, or more charitably to the demands of his official duties, or more truly perhaps to a defect in the creative impulse. If Carman is too voluble Scott is too reticent, but it is possible that if he received any encouragement from the appreciation of the public his production would be more ample. He has still a great deal to say, and one of the most remarkable things about him is that increase of years brings not only more power but more freshness to his work. His latest volume is always his best, and there is so much in the "Lundy's Lane" book to note that one is perplexed in the selection of poems for special comment.

I should like to dwell on the songs, were it not that I think that Mr. Scott's originality is more fully exhibited in two poems—"The Height of Land" and the "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris". In the former he sketches in vivid, revealing phrases a journey he once made with Indian canoe-men over the height of land that divides the Great Lakes from the Hudson Bay watershed. The summit levels become for him a peak of vision, a spiritual height of land whence in the watches of the night he envisages the poet of the future and the burden

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of his message to the race. The metrical movement of the poem is very skilfully devised, and the variations of the theme are bound together by dominant phrases which have the recurrent richness and significance of a leading motive in a musical composition. The Morris lines have not the recurrent phrases, but they, too, have the emotional complexity of a sonata, and pass through all the intervals from the light scherzo to the grave adagio mood. There are interesting passages of free verse rhythm in the poem, and quite the best blank verse that any of our poets have used. I am not sure whether one recalls with most delight the meditative passages or the narrative episodes which relate themselves also to the theme of death and immortality. In the way of narrative description there is nothing finer in our poetry than the vivid lines which recount the death of Akoose.

Were it possible for me here to comment on the verse of those who began to write shortly after the work of these poets first appeared, it would be a pleasure to speak of such competent craftsmen as the Reverend F. G. Scott, Miss Machar, Miss Pauline Johnson, Miss Helena Coleman, Seranus, Mrs. Virna Sheard, Mr. Alan Sullivan, and not a few others. But it is preferable to conclude with the poets who have more recently announced themselves, even if mere mention must suffice for commendation.

The best known of these is Miss Marjorie Pickthall, who was born in England, grew to maturity in Canada, and who recently has returned to the country of her birth. We can reasonably claim her as a Canadian poet, and many of her admirers would claim her as our finest. She has a teeming fancy and she is yet young enough not to have shown the full extent of her imaginative range. She is capable of doing superb work in the song lyric, but her predilection seems to be for carefully wrought studies of oriental or biblical themes with sufficient antique color to produce the desired illusion, and enough modern emotion to enlist the sympathies of the reader. I would not have it understood that she ever loses control of her pathos so far as to become sentimental, but she skirts the shore of that danger in even so fine a poem as "The Mother in Egypt".

How her talent is being moulded under the pressure of the unescapable issues of today we are curious to learn. The immediate reaction from these great world events will multiply the number of our singers, but the significant results will be garnered only in later years. The most popular Canadian poem of the war was "In Flanders Fields", written by the late Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae, and it is certainly a great achievement to have written stanzas of so poignant an appeal. It is to be regretted that they served to win an election and to launch a victory loan, but the results in each case were a tribute to their effectiveness. Another Canadian poet, Bernard Freeman Trotter, died on the field of action and left us a volume of much promise, "A Canadian Twilight". Mr. Wilson Macdonald is an alumnus of the same university—McMaster—and his volume that has just appeared, "A Song of the Prairie Land", announces a poet of very genuine talent. The poem of shortest compass that I can choose to give an indication of his value is the following fine sonnet, "France":

My heart goes out to France, the Queen in war,
In carnival and love; the gay, the brave.
To that young blue-eyed Breton who would save

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A dance for Death or for his Belle Aurore.
Who keeps so purely in his neart the lore
Of love and honor while the tyrant guns
Spume at his wisp of flesh their flaring tons,
While hot from maddened ages gone before.
The world's barometer is in that lad—
That Breton peasant against whom is hurled
The wild, down-leaping chariot of Mars.
When France is laughing all the Earth is glad,
And when she weeps the windows of the world
Are darkened to the sun and to the stars.

Among many other recent publications I have been most interested in a first volume, "Spun-Yarn and Spindrift", by Miss Norah Holland. The art of poetry is the art of self-discovery, and I am not quite sure that Miss Holland has yet found herself, so suggestive are her verses of the methods of Moira O'Neill, Noyes, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall. But it is withal exquisite work, albeit in a minor key, and she has the singing voice. Whether Mr. Tom MacInnes in his Villonesque and Vagabondia verses, "The Fool of Joy", has found himself, or has adapted himself to a borrowed vogue, is again a question. The cleverness is there and he will give us his measure at a future time. Father Dollard writes fluently and well on Irish themes, but until he frees himself from his Firbolgs, his Fomors and his Sluagh-Sidhe, we must remain in the dark as to his powers. To mention Mr. Theodore Roberts, the Reverend Robert Norwood, and Miss Isabella Ecclestone Mackay as mere items in an enumeration is a scant tribute to their value, but already I have exceeded my apportioned measure.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in May in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	A Land-Girl's Love Story	*Berta Ruck*	DODD, MEAD
5.	Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
6.	The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	The Undefeated	*J. C. Snaith*	APPLETON
6.	A Land-Girl's Love Story	*Berta Ruck*	DODD, MEAD

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4.	Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5.	"Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
6.	The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land	*Ralph Connor*	DORAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
3.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	An American Family	*Henry Kitchell Webster*	BOBBS-MERRILL
5.	Patricia Brent, Spinster	*Anonymous*	DORAN
6.	Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
4.	The Texan	*James B. Hendryx*	PUTNAM
5.	A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land	*Ralph Connor*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2.	The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4.	Dawn	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5.	Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
6.	The Secret City	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. Letters of Susan Hale	*Caroline P. Atkinson*	MARSHALL JONES
5. A Writer's Recollections	*Mrs. Humphry Ward*	HARPER
6. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. A Writer's Recollections	*Mrs. Humphry Ward*	HARPER
5. Out of the Shadow	*Rose Cohen*	DORAN
6. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Village	*Ernest Poole*	MACMILLAN
3. Power of Will	*F. C. Haddock*	PELTON
4. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD
5. Echoes of the War	*J. M. Barrie*	SCRIBNER
6. Yashka	*Maria Botchkareva*	STOKES

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
3. A History of the World War	*Frank Herbert Simonds*	DOUBLEDAY
4. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	*A. W. Catlin*	DOUBLEDAY
5. A Writer's Recollections	*Mrs. Humphry Ward*	HARPER
6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
6. Ten Days That Shook the World	*John Reed*	BONI AND LIVERIGHT

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
4. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
5. The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
6. Power of Will	*F. C. Haddock*	PELTON

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

It may be that in general the readers of THE BOOKMAN are not constant readers of that long established and widely celebrated journal, "The Police Gazette". The Gossip Shop can only speak for itself. Once there was a small boy—this was some little time ago. He was an omnivorous reader. He did not, however, at that time, patronize booksellers. He dealt, in his purchase of literature, at the shop of a newsdealer. The works he read, in such quantities, were not psychological. They were not erotic. Nor æsthetic. Not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. They were simple and direct. Tales of mystery and adventure. For some reason or other (never very clear to him) these productions did not have the approval of the governing members of his household. However, as to that there is a long story. Certain incidents in it are not agreeable to contemplate. The point is that these works of fiction were in cost well within his reach. They were displayed in great numbers in the window of the newsdealer mentioned. The frontispiece, so to say, of each tale was presented face outward on the front of the paper cover. The way you chose which novel you would read next was to stand for a long time before the newsdealer's window and study these illustrations. In this way you carefully estimated which story was the most exciting.

Well, in this window there was also always displayed the latest number of our old friend, "The Police Gazette". In the way of giving your mind a recess from the problem upon which you were engaged, your gaze would now and then rest upon the pictures upon the cover of this journal. After awhile the shades of the prison-house closed about this boy. And the type of literature here mentioned, and the newsdealers where it was to be had, and the latest copy of this standard journal in the window, faded from his mind. But, as Barry Lyndon observes, it is doubtful whether one ever altogether forgets anything that one has known. Coming, in a trade paper, on the announcement that there has been a change in the editorial staff of "The Police Gazette", the long gone past comes back in a vivid, throbbing flood, and, for a moment, "The Police Gazette" is more real than THE BOOKMAN. William A. Rafter, for twenty years sporting editor of the Brooklyn "Standard Union", is now, it is announced, in charge of the magazine. Good luck to Mr. Rafter! The paper is said to be vastly improved under his management. And, we are told, it has been demonstrated that the paper has been and is tremendously popular among the soldiers, and is recognized as such by the Red Cross and Knights of Columbus who are distributing hundreds of copies in the hospitals here, in the camps abroad, and on the returning transports. The result is that the circulation of "The Police Gazette" has increased twenty-five per cent since January first, and the publishers expect before the first of the year to more than double this circulation.

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Although it is more than sixty years since the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" appeared, it is proper to ask such questions as these: How well are Walt Whitman and his writings popularly understood? How far has he progressed in popular esteem?

The extent to which the centenary of his birth has been celebrated ought to help toward answering these questions. It was recognized throughout the country in a general way by references in the newspaper press, and special meetings of the elect. The chief commemorative gathering was that held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the date, for convenience of the greatest number, being May 9th. Later, on May 31st, the exact anniversary date, some scores of those interested in the "good gray poet" went on a pilgrimage to his birthplace at West Hills, Long Island, under the direction of Dr. Richard Burton, of the University of Minnesota, and Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

At the Brooklyn gathering, there were reminiscences by John Burroughs, a friend for more than a generation; Thomas B. Harned, one of Whitman's executors, and Hamlin Garland and Joseph Pennell, also friends of Whitman; Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale, Samuel McChord Crothers, Louis Untermeyer, and Clayton Hamilton, contributed estimates from various angles.

The Brooklyn gathering helped materially toward an estimate of the growth of Whitman's popularity and the general understanding of his message. The addresses were largely descriptive of the man and his habits, appearance, and attitude toward life. There was discussion of his motives and objectives. One felt, however, that even those who had lived most closely to him were unable to make his portrait a living personality. Many interesting anecdotes were told, particularly by Mr. Harned, who took pains to answer some of Bliss Perry's unfavorable comments. For instance, he declared it to be untrue that money was ever given to Whitman for his support, or that it was sought from young men, ill able to give it. On one occasion, however, when Whitman was ill and required day and night nurses, Mr. Harned said a few of Whitman's friends, including such persons "unable to give" as Andrew Carnegie, George W. Childs, and Howard Furniss, did make up a purse for the payment of expenses connected with the poet's illness.

Whitman purchased his Camden home for $1,750, Mr. Harned said, of which amount $1,250 consisted of royalties from "Leaves of Grass", which had a considerable sale following public denunciation of the work as indecent. The remainder was a loan made by George W. Childs, which Whitman repaid. The stories of character so commonly passed about under the breath about important men, in Whitman's case—picturing him as a man down whose long gray beard streams of tobacco juice traced their way,—Mr. Harned said must be greatly exaggerated, as Whitman did not use tobacco.

Nothwithstanding many such living links, it was difficult for the writer of these paragraphs to obtain from them any clear portrait of Whitman, the man. There were many curious and contradictory sidelights thrown upon his personality. Although a poet of nature, yet he did not care to

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live in the country. The visitor to his Mickle Street home in Camden would find it difficult to imagine it the home of a nature lover. It is one of a row of cheap houses, joining one another, and unfortunately typical of many American tenement districts. There are no trees in the street. A wavy, depressing brick pavement and a poorly paved street are the playgrounds for the children of the neighborhood. "Could anyone with poetic instinct live in such a hole?" one asks. An historian and interpreter of the spirit of democracy, a lover of men, he was not a voluble man. He is chiefly attractive to the cultured. One felt that the key to Whitman had not been well cut. It would not unlock the door. It only started the bolt. Why was this?

Whitman is one of the unclassifiable men. He was grouped by Professor Phelps of Yale with Ibsen, Browning, and Wagner—men of the last century who differed from others because their task was not alone that of supplying a demand. They, also, were forced to create the demand. An apostle of democracy and freedom of expression, it may be that the coming of his interpreter must be awaited until a later date as one awaits the historian of a great epoch—because causes have not fully revealed themselves in effects, and of the tale only the half can be told. In other words, Whitman is increasingly recognized as one of America's great literary leaders, but his importance and greatness have not been fully measured.

The meetings were not attended by such a throng as would indicate popular acceptance of the prophet. Whitman, preacher of democracy as he was, did not expect his message rapidly to become popular. There was too much that was new and strange about it for it to be quickly accepted. It must pass through a period of assimilation and interpretation. Indisposition to accept new things is not readily overcome. Whitman is still the poet of the thinker and literary man rather than a popular poet, but he is making headway. The general attention given to the anniversary, and the noise created at forum gatherings where Whitman has been discussed by the unthinking as well as the thinking, will greatly stimulate interest, and study of Whitman's work. His place in world literature will be strengthened.

Several months ago (to be precise, in the December number) THE BOOKMAN ran an article, "George Horace Lorimer: The Original Easy Boss", by Irvin S. Cobb. This was designed to be the first of a number of somewhat similar articles about famous American editors, the papers to appear at intervals throughout the year. In the next article of the series James Lane Allen will write about Henry Mills Alden, the dean of American editors. Mr. Alden became editor of "Harper's Magazine" in 1861. Quite a time to hold down one job!

Perhaps because the price of what are called *objets d'art*, and especially old furniture, has gone up preposterously in England of late, books are coming more and more into their own as wedding presents. This was strikingly shown in the case of Miss Asquith. This brilliant young lady, now Princess Antoine Bibesco, has always been a great reader, and numbers many writers among her friends. Bernard Shaw broke a lifelong rule and was present at her wedding; and it may be said with certainty that no girl of her age—she is just twenty-two—possesses a more interesting au-

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tographed collection of novels and serious books. Among her wedding gifts were many first editions—that of "David Copperfield", given by Hugh Walpole; that of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey", the gift of Margaret Ranee of Sarawak—forming a quaint contrast to certain superb modern editions de luxe, notably to that, illustrated in colors, of Barrie's "Quality Street", given by a famous actress.

The Gossip Shop is having some fun in the matter of the series of causeries recently begun in THE BOOKMAN under the head of "The Londoner" and signed Simon Pure. They were announced, we remember, as being by "a distinguished English novelist". The celebrated Henry Blackman Sell, literary editor, etc., etc., etc., of the Chicago "Daily News", prints in his paper the guess that the author of these papers is Frank Swinnerton. At lunch the other day with John Bunker, poet, journalist, and so on, Mr. Bunker remarked to the Gossip Shop, "I suppose, of course, Simon Pure is Arnold Bennett". Why doesn't somebody else guess something?

It is no new thing for a man (or for the matter of that for a woman) to win material success with work vastly inferior to his best. Those who care for genuine literature will agree that this has been the case with W. Somerset Maugham, whose new novel "The Moon and Sixpence" has just been published in London. To the great majority of people Mr. Maugham is known only as a dramatist, but to the select few he remains one of the really noted novelists of his time, and that from the far-away day when he published that powerful, disagreeable book, "Mrs. Craddock". This study of a woman is unlike any other English novel; indeed at the time it was brought out it was unique, for it dealt not only with subjects but also with a special class which British novelists had hitherto carefully avoided—the country-life middle class which dwells remote from cities, in big and small farms scattered through the length and breadth of England. Long years were to go by before Mr. Maugham published anything to compare with "Mrs. Craddock". Then came the far longer and more elaborate "Of Human Bondage"—a full-length portrait of a man—that is what Thackeray always said he longed to do, and dared not do, in the England of his day! Mr. Maugham—who, though entirely English, spent a great deal of his youth in Paris—has based "The Moon and Sixpence" on the life story of a well-known French painter. Taken of course from a very different angle of vision, he deals with much the same world as did Du Maurier in "Trilby". The fact that part of the story is laid in the Pacific Islands gives a clue to the French painter the English novelist has had in mind when planning out this curious and original book.

The Gossip Shop has found much interest in, and is very glad to print, the following letter:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

"The Publishers' Weekly" for May 10th contained an item of much interest, not so much for the actual facts in it as for their implication. The passage I refer to was as follows:

> The recent announcement of Harold Kinsey's assumption of the management of the Hearst book business and of the new enterprises of E. Byrne Hackett, reminds the book-trade that Doubleday, Page and Company have been a training school for much of the book-trade talent.
>
> Alfred A. Knopf started with them; Eu-

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gene F. Saxton now occupies an important editorial position with George H. Doran Company; John G. Kidd is vice-president and general manager of Stewart and Kidd Company; T. R. Smith, editor of "The Century Magazine"; Christopher Morley, now of the Philadelphia "Ledger"; Walter V. McKee, now general manager of the John V. Sheehan bookstore at Detroit; Howard W. Cook and J. H. Apeler, now in the Moffat, Yard business; Maxwell Aley of Holt's and for a brief stay Robert Cortes Holliday, editor of THE BOOKMAN—all were at one time with Doubleday.

Accustomed as I am to a teaching life and a college atmosphere, it is perhaps natural that an academic analogy should come to my mind. It is the usual thing for colleges and universities to train their men for work in other institutions. They expect their ablest and most promising to leave their halls and take up important work elsewhere. I do not mean to say that college presidents and faculties watch this dispersal without regret. Far from it. But at least this carrying of the torch is their chosen work. They accept it as part of the job. In a way it is their pride—if also their sacrifice.

But what I want to point out is this: how seldom do we find any such spirit among business houses? The one idea in the great successful commercial organizations seems to be to train their men and women and *keep the best all to themselves.*

I have met only one person connected with Doubleday, Page, and that was a number of years ago (Stenger,* I think, was the name), and I was much interested in what he told me of this remarkable firm. Indeed in the light of the quotation from "The Publishers' Weekly," one can easily imagine that their nature magazines and books (they publish "The Red Cross Magazine" too) are really public benefactions rather than sources of profit.

I know what the retort of the "practical folk" is to this: that I express the woman's typically sentimental attitude. But let me tell you, dear Editor, there will be more of this self-sacrificing idealism, as displayed by Doubleday, Page in giving up its best men, when women have more power in the world. Male business is selfish and predatory. That is why it is such a cheering thing for a woman to see a big publishing house like the Doubledays foregoing chances of making money and allowing its best men to go to other firms for the greater good of all.

One can only hope the example will not be wasted in a selfish world—or be too costly to those who had the courage to set it.

R. DEV. M.

*The late Harry Peyton Steger, editorial adviser of Doubleday, Page and Company.—ED.

The editorial department of the Gossip Shop put on its new straw hat the other day and went out to lunch with Francis Hackett, formerly of Chicago, now of "The New Republic". This was a mistake (wearing the hat, that is) as the weather was damp. Mr. Hackett is soon to become a BOOKMAN contributor. The gentlemen discovered that chicken pot-pies had gone up in price considerably.

Booth Tarkington recently discussing The Players said: "I'm rather thinking you'll like that club. I do, and could never get over it. It changes—though little in outwards—and is haunted (for me) by dead laughter; it's a place of many ghosts, my own youth among them. I have a feeling for it that's somewhat the species of feeling I have for my own elderly house here and for some of the old buildings at Princeton. Such houses get to be in your family. What an old uncle the house of The Players is! Incarnated that house would wear a hat a bit like Henry James's hat—and spats—and hushed, old-fashioned clothes, with a cornflower, a little rusty, in the buttonhole, and smell faintly of ale".

Lyman Frank Baum, author of many plays and books, died in May at his home in Los Angeles of heart disease. He was born in 1856 and began newspaper work in 1880.

Mr. Baum was editor of the Dakota "Pioneer" at Aberdeen, South Dakota from 1886 to 1890, and from 1897 to 1902 he was editor of the Chicago "Show Window". It was dur-

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ing the latter period that he began writing books and plays, his first effort being "Mother Goose in Prose".

He was the author of "The Wizard of Oz", "The Kingdom of Oz", and many fairy-tales. For twenty years he had written children's and other stories for "The Youth's Companion", "Harper's", "St. Nicholas", and other magazines.

Ever so many people have written in to THE BOOKMAN asking for the address of that celebrated bookshop of R. and H. Mifflin. These communications have been forwarded to Christopher Morley, who, apparently desiring to keep the place unspoiled from the onslaught of the curious horde, has made no reply. Mr. Morley, however, cannot hope to own Mifflin's. It belongs to us all; it is a national possession. And so it is with pleasure that the Gossip Shop prints in the following letter the happy results of an enterprising searcher:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIR: Inspired by the desire to make the acquaintance of Mr. Morley's interesting bibliophile—he of the Haunted Bookshop of Gissing Street,—and browse as long as I liked among the "ghosts of all great literature in hosts", I spent a full day in October last ranging in vain the weird streets of Brooklyn, until the late hour reminded me that I was due to return to life the other side of the bridge.

I then wrote to a friend, once a real detective, who sleeps in the quiet portion of New York, to search out this same Mifflin man, to see if he could discover "Parnassus at Home", and forthwith send me his address. To assist him in his search I enclosed Mr. Morley's delightful article in last September's BOOKMAN.

After an interval of a few weeks he replied:

"Do you remember Mrs. Harris? She is the great aunt of your second-hand friend, Mifflin, who, as far as I can find, is but the shadow of a dream; at least, he is of the stuff that dreams are made of, and, like Coriolanus, merely 'dwells under the canopy'. I wore out two rubber heels, and gridironed the heights, article in hand, walking a mile either way on our soporific thoroughfares, without finding the 'cure for malnutrition of the reading faculties', or a trace of 'Gissing Street'. The air was heavy with rain, and the 'delightful fragrance (!) of mellowed paper and leather surcharged with the strong bouquet of tobacco' (i. e., old boots and cigar stumps) was all pervasive—and *I* am now heavy with a cold. Mifflin—well, believe me, there ain't no sich a person!"

"Oh, ineffectual and inefficient!" I lamented to my wife; "our sleuth says he cannot find this philosopher Mifflin of Egg Samuel Butler fame, he who created that 'pyramid, based on toast, flaked with bacon, wreathed with mushrooms and capped with red peppers'!"

"I should think his nose might have led him to the spot", she returned—"you're forgetting the 'warm pink dribble'!"

"If he had washed it down with honest Zinfandel, instead of that 'sweet brown California Catawba', I would have liked it better"—I continued musingly.

My wife was bitterly disappointed. Experiments in our kitchenette had resulted in a wonderful rival pyramid, based, it is true, upon the Egg Samuel Butler, but masonried with even more varied and savory layers, and she was anxious to meet this philosopher of bookery and cookery and get another of his suggestions:

"*I* can find that man—he cannot hide himself from me—and I will put him to the blush with my *Egg Samuel Weller!*" she exclaimed; "next time *I* will go with you".

So the following day we dove under the river to Brooklyn in a fresh search for the Haunted Bookshop. Only once during the process did she open her lips: "Mifflin says—'Always wash dishes immediately after meals—it saves trouble!' *Experientia docet*, evidently, while his wife's away; I wonder if he's learned also—'Never sweep the dust under the dresser—it *makes* trouble'. I'm dying to know this wise saw-maker!"

Emerging from the subway at Burrow Hall, we plunged into a maze of side-streets and, promptly losing all sense of direction and distance, began our search for Mifflin—philosopher, cook, bookseller, and expounder of character and books.

He was not in the telephone book, he was not in the directory, he was not in Who's Who, or the Social Register; and we wore out our nerves and imperiled our Christian dispositions trying to find Gissing Street, as, from Burrow Hall to Hamilton Ferry, we walked and walked and walked.

"I particularly wanted to ask him how he'd ever come to like Emily Dickinson—a shy woman, with poems to match", I said.

"And I am dying to find out how to make that dribbling pink sauce", she said.

Then we walked and walked and walked and walked.

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It was in the late gloaming—Brooklyn's silent prayer-meeting hour—when, baffled and beaten, we retraced our steps, homeward bound, guided from corner to corner by purest instinct.

Attracted by a gleam in a trunk-maker's window, my wife halted me: "Look, here are books—plenty of books—can this be Mifflin's?—whole editions piled on the floor in vast quantities—do let us go in—what a queer old place!"—And we entered the dingy shop, where sat an aged Israelite in shabby gabardine, smoking a pipe. Besides the front window piled with new books, the shop contained many shelves with dusty rows of old tomes, and a sort of storeroom filled with new trunks and suitcases together with many handbags—all new and shiny. On nails over a rusty stove hung a few worn and battered cooking utensils.

The books, on closer inspection, proving to be chiefly new "best sellers"—poems, women's "Talks" on women's "Wants", old store ledgers and unsalable "plugs", we were about leaving, when the old man called after us: "Vat you vants, peoples? Books? I haf tons of fine sheep books—all vot a man don't haf to read—I haf tirteen hundred pounds of new poets a man don't haf to know even de name. In all, understand me, not vun ounce of common sense! How many pound you buy, mister? Today I sell dem to you sheep, for tomorrow dey go into my boiling vat for to make drunks".

I noticed a dozen pounds or so of richly bound gilt-edge volumes of vers libre on his counter. There were many well advertised names of our most famous living poets.

"I boil down two hundred pound of dem free verses yesterday—dey cost me nutting—I make clear profit out of dot free verse".

"So that is the end of free verse—free trunks!"

"Nein, understand me, free drunks do not come of free verse—if de verse is free I do not look a gift ottermobile in der injine,—I am glad dey make de verses free—can you blame me? So I make clear profit".

It certainly seemed very reasonable.

"As to 'greatest American novels'—'best sellers' and 'famous' short stories", I queried, "how do they go?"

"I dell you a segret—ven dey sell dem best sellers in ten million edition, dey don't do ut. Most come to me by de ton. Take it from me, best sellers make best drunks".

"How do the uplift books go? The high-brows?"

"Oh, vell, dem easies (doubtless he meant essays) by dem long-haired college brofessors, undt dem clergymen's sermons—vell, somedimes, it takes too long to boil dem oudt. I pay half a cent a pound sheeper for dot line o' goots"—

"And the emanations of our great statesmen?"

"Vell, I buy everyding by veight, so I get great quantities of long speeches of Brine, undt dem human orations of Woodrow—undt dem long-vinded Congressional Reports, undt de Leagues of Nations drafts—dey are mostly vind, so I make much profit".

"How about newspapers and Sunday magazines?"

"No use to me, mister, dey all go down de bay as garbage".

"Tell me, oh scavenger of poets, why do authors exist?"

"For to make drunks—I see no udder reason".

"As to cook-books?" put in my wife, hopelessly, "have you not saved out one of Mr. Morley's?"

The old trunk-maker shook his head: "Each lady today, understand me, she is her own cook, and a cook-book never cooked a meal yet".

"All made into trunks!" sighed my wife.

"See dem handsome Saratogas undt dem vardrobes, lady?"

We hastily fled to the sidewalk, and left the old Jew grinning in his greasy gabardine.

"I remember", said my wife, "that Mifflin made use of 'a flake of bacon'."

"Alas, we'll have to give him up".

At the corner we turned and looked back. Above the shop door a sudden electric sign went up:

PARNASSUS AT HOME
R. AND H. MIFFLIN
BOOKLOVERS WELCOME!
☞THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED☜

J. S. Wood

Hugh Walpole will be over here in the fall, probably some time in September.

Clement K. Shorter wears eye-glasses just like those of Gilbert Chesterton's, at any rate just like those Mr. Chesterton is described as wearing in one of the essays in "Walking-Stick Papers". Mr. Shorter is, like Mr. Chesterton, a large man—though not quite so large as G. K. C. He puts on his glasses catacornered across his nose, that is, with one lens much closer to one eye than the other lens is to the other eye. We know all of this because shortly after he got off

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the boat Mr. Shorter honored the Gossip Shop by a call. Asked who was going to run his page in "The Sphere" while he was away, he replied that he was going to try to turn it in himself. His first letter from this side he thought would be one on "Forty-eight Hours in New York", or something like that.

Speaking of canes, Meredith Janvier, that excellent Baltimore dealer in first editions and rare books, remarked the other day in a communication to the Gossip Shop:

My two pet canes are both that now rare kind, made of solid tempered steel, covered with an infinity of leather rings or washers, rubbed down, varnished, and polished. One has a very pretty, thin, rapier-like straight handle with a copper plate in the top with my name engraved thereon. This cane, if tapped on the cement sidewalk, or upon a heavy stone step, will ring like a bell, nearly, in dry weather, and give forth but a dull sound in damp weather.

The other of this steel-leather breed has the crook handle, and the weight thereof entire is one pound. The leading surgeons in the city have instructed me as to how and where to strike possible footpads or Apaches with either of these canes so as to produce almost instant death. I carry this cane daily. Thus day after day and night after night Death and I walk hand in hand, as indeed do we all, and other passengers wot little of it.

One of the poems contained in Arthur Guiterman's book, "The Laughing Muse", has received a great deal of original publicity in London and New York owing to the fact that two people other than the author claim to have written it. The volume was published by the Harpers in 1915, and the poem in question is entitled "Strictly Germ Proof", the first verse reading:

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambolled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised—
It wasn't disinfected and it wasn't sterilized.

Quite innocently "Punch" reprinted these verses as original. They were also offered to "Puck" in 1908, but their publication was stopped because someone happened to remember that they were Mr. Guiterman's. In May, 1908, they were likewise offered to the New York "World", but Mr. Pulitzer soon discovered that they had already appeared over Mr. Guiterman's name in "The Woman's Home Companion" two years previous. Having found out the name of the American plagiarist, Mr. Guiterman is doing a little detective work on his own, trying to locate the English culprit who sold the poem to "Punch". Mr. Guiterman's latest book of verse is "The Mirthful Lyre".

To a New York publishing house, accompanied by an order for a number of books published by the firm, recently came the following circular from the Casa Freire of São Paulo, Brazil:

I am not a candidate for the presidency of the Republic of the United States of Brazil, but if I were and were elected, my first act would be—to order every cinema to be closed.

How fine, instructive, and moral is a family reunion at night. It is only amidst the family that the character and natural dispositions of a nation can be known. The English, for instance, are severe and almost ferocious as regards to bills of exchange but when at home they are quite kind, witty and almost childlike.

The Casa Freire, Rue São Bento 34-B, has already created a fine collection of books in Portuguese and French, and is now forming a library with the best authors such as Rudyard Kipling, Shakespeare, Alice Hegan Rice, and many other authors of renown. Good ideas are always heartily welcome, so that I expect to get the sympathy of the English and American colonies.

It is when far from our dear mother country, in our room as a single man, or among our family and reading good books, that the recollection of our native place with all its natural and artistic beauties comes with greater intensity to our mind.

Reading requires a complement, and we find it in Fine Arts. We are going to have

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also fine pictures and bronzes from the best English artists of renown.

Padaria Espiritual is the baptismal name of our library, and you, dear readers, are the patrons we chose to allow it a lasting existence.

One of the most interesting features attending the recent hundredth anniversary celebration of Whitman's birth, was the presentation of testimony of appreciation from very distinguished English men of letters. On the occasion of the pilgrimage of about two hundred to the birthplace of the poet at West Hills, Long Island, after the tributes of the speakers present, letters were read from guests who had been invited but who had not been able to come to the celebration. Among these was one from John Masefield, who wrote:

I wish that it might be possible for me to attend the centenary, but this I am sorry to say I cannot do. It is, however, a real pleasure to me to be able to write something "upon the value of Whitman". Roughly, he was your first real voice. You had had plenty of writers before him, but he was the first to speak out in a way that was American. He came out of a big, unmade, abundant new country (the republic wasn't a man's life old when he began to write), that was free of most of the shackles and the shams of the old countries. He spoke out just as though the country, such as I've described it, were speaking through him, in a way big, abundant and new. His value is that he liked men and women and made even the meanest of us feel that he or she was heartily welcome and good for something, "good enough, anyway, to be Walt's friend". That is a message which does the world's heart good. It is something honest and manly and kind for the wide world to fall back on in a bad time.

Arnold Bennett's summary was brief, but distinctly to the point. He said:

In reply to your letter of the 7th of April as to the centenary of Walt Whitman's birth, I can only say that in my opinion America has produced no greater writer than Walt Whitman, and that he is one of the greatest teachers that ever lived.

There appears in the office of the Gossip Shop a publication called "The World of Books". It is published at Toronto, Canada, and is edited by one Donald G. French. There is a turn of considerable sprightliness to the gossip it carries. The May number printed the following ad:

WANTED: For limited time, additional reviewers to review novels by Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Applicants must have read "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".—This appears in the book review section of the New York "Sun". *Is it a bit of gentle satire, or* is the review department swamped by the sudden heavy crop of Ibáñez books?

Arthur Machen is the most prolific and enterprising supernatural reporter of the war. This English novelist revived and very much widened his fame when in 1914 he gave to the world, through the columns of a London newspaper, an account of the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt, at the time of the British retreat from Mons. In a recent number of the London "Outlook" Mr. Machen continues the legend of Drake's Drum, always heard, the navy believes, on great occasions. The article is said by the London "Standard" to be founded on the statements of officers who were present, as to how Drake's Drum was heard for hours on November 21st, when the German fleet surrendered to the British. It was soon after nine o'clock in the morning, when the German fleet appeared looming through the mist. Admiral Grant saw them and waited; he could scarcely believe, he says, that they would not instantly open fire.

Then the drum began to beat on the "Royal Oak". The sound was unmistakable; it was that of a small drum being beaten "in rolls". The commander himself made a special tour of investigation through the "Royal Oak". He found that every man was at his station. At about two

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o'clock in the afternoon the German fleet was enclosed and helpless, and the British ships dropped anchor some fifteen miles off the Firth of Forth. The irrevocable ruin of the German navy was consummated. And at that moment the drum stopped beating and was no more heard.

Walter A. Dyer, author of frequent articles in THE BOOKMAN, and also of other writings, recently speaking of his hens said:

We got sixteen fine Rhode Island Reds this year, and after ten days of idleness they began to lay famously. Unfortunately, a new poultry disease has come to the front—a sort of paralysis that the experts haven't got at the bottom of yet. That carried off Ellen Glasgow and Frances Hodgson Burnett. The others, I am glad to say, are vigorous and busy to date. The smallest one is Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, but she understands her business. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Edna Ferber are rivals for the honor of being the handsomest. Alice Hegan Rice is, all things considered, the greediest, being particularly addicted to skimmed milk The others are Gertrude Atherton, Dorothy Canfield, Margaret Deland, Eleanor Glyn, Kathleen Norris, Gene Stratton-Porter, Agnes Repplier, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Edith Wharton, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. Their works are proving very popular with us.

Really what else could have been done in the matter? The Pulitzer prize of $1,000 "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood", has been awarded to "The Magnificent Ambersons", by Booth Tarkington, Columbia University has just announced. The jury was composed of Robert Grant, chairman; William Morton Payne and William Lyon Phelps.

Théodore Stanton, reviewing in the "Mercure de France" the volumes "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters", says:

His friend, Robert Cortes Holliday, gives us an interesting biographical sketch of Kilmer at the beginning of the first of these volumes. Several of Kilmer's poems exhibit striking qualities—"Trees", for example, being a veritable jewel. The short essays and letters, written for the most part from the north of France, will be read with a certain sadness, especially by the Frenchman, who will see in them the spirit of the Americans —those ardent admirers of this country. In the same volume I find the preface that Kilmer wrote for the American edition of the "Verses" of the brilliant Franco-British writer, Hilaire Belloc—a preface which is one of the best studies of that writer that I have read.

"The Arrow of Gold", published late in the fall and now in its fifth large printing, has already exceeded by over one-third the sale of "Chance", Conrad's next-best seller, which appeared five years ago, and by more than half again that of any of his other novels. Just before the appearance of this novel Conrad remarked in a letter to his publishers:

I am sufficiently a democrat to detest the idea of being a writer of any "coterie" of some small self-appointed aristocracy in the vast domain of art or letters. As a matter of feeling—not as a matter of business—I want to be read by many eyes and by all kinds of them, at that.

A friend of the Gossip Shop has sent in this communication:

Tell your Conrad fans to turn to the next to the last sketch in "The Mirror of the Sea", called "The Tremolino", where they will find a complete first sketch of the plot of "The Arrow of Gold". It is there told by Conrad as something that happened to him in youth. This is mighty interesting. The characters of "The Arrow" are all described in that earlier sketch—even Dona Rita, and the American who "lived by his sword".

Edmund Gosse tells us, in the introduction to a selection from Swinburne, that in 1879, in consequence of the state of his health, Swinburne was induced to take up his abode with "a friend at Putney"—that is, Mr. Gosse's old enemy at Putney, Theodore Watts-Dunton.

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The celebrated banker of Flushing, Long Island, Ellis Parker Butler (also celebrated as an author), tells in this number of THE BOOKMAN how to get material for fiction. Apropos of this, a Southern book club asked William Johnston how his latest book "The Apartment Next Door" came to be written. Mr. Johnston, it is said, replied:

"It is the easiest thing in the world to write a story like 'The Apartment Next Door'. First you take a typewriter and some plain sheets of white paper, twenty-five if it is to be a short story, two hundred and fifty for a long one. You sit down at the typewriter and ask yourself, 'What shall I write about?' taking the first subject that comes into your head—a pretty girl, a dog, an old couple, or the apartment next door.

"Having adjusted the paper carefully you ask yourself, 'What happened?' and proceed to write it down. In a couple of minutes you stop and ask yourself, 'What happened next?' That's all there is to writing a story. It is simply a record of what happened next. If it's to be a love story, you make the happenings romantic. If it's to be an adventure story, you make them thrilling. If it's to be a mystery story, you make them puzzling. If it's to be a highbrow book, you don't even have to have anything happen. You just keep on writing."

A Canadian "BOOKMAN" has recently appeared. It is issued at a village twenty miles from Montreal—Ste. Anne de Bellevue, which has distinct literary associations, as it was in this village that Tom Hood lived when he wrote the Canadian boat song, "Row, Brothers, Row". Tom Hood's house still stands, and is now

BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Love Stories, by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART [Doran].
A collection comprising seven love affairs.

Birds of a Feather, by MARCEL NADAUD, trans. by FLORENCE CONVERSE [Doubleday].
The escapades of four young French aviators.

Dwellers in Arcady, by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, illus. [Harpers].
The story of two city people who find their ideal home in the country.

The Romantic Liar, by LAWRENCE PERRY [Scribners].
The misfortunes of a young man involved in a series of lies.

The Moonlit Way, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, illus. [Appleton].
A romance of intrigue, spies, and secret service men.

The Second Bullet, by ROBERT ORR CHIPPERFIELD [McBride].
The tale of an investigator who solves a mysterious crime.

The Jervaise Comedy, by J. D. BERESFORD [Macmillan].
The adventures of a young dramatist involved in an elopement.

His Wife's Job, by GRACE SARTWELL MASON, illus. [Appleton].
The problem of a soldier's wife who enters business.

Wooden Spoil, by VICTOR ROUSSEAU [Doran].
The experiences of a man who inherits land in the Canadian lumber country.

Tales of Secret Egypt, by SAX ROHMER [McBride].
Stories of the mysteries of the East.

The Tale of Mr. Tubbs, by J. E. BUCKROSE [Doran].
The narrative of a man who begins to live at the age of forty-six.

Nurse Benson, by JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY [Lane].
A novel founded on the play of the same name.

Twelve Men, by THEODORE DREISER [Boni and Liveright].
Stories of men representing different phases of American life.

Victorious, by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN [Bobbs-Merrill].
A tale of America's part in the war at home and abroad.

A Romance of Two Centuries, by KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE [Alpine, N. J.: Platonist].
A narrative of the year 2025.

The Soul of Ann Rutledge, by BERNIE BABCOCK [Lippincott].
The story of Abraham Lincoln's romance.

The Red Signal, by GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ [Lippincott].
The adventures of an American girl who saves her country.

The Bounder, by ARTHUR HODGES [Houghton].
A picture of bohemian New York life.

The Hills of Desire, by RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER [Macmillan].
The experiences of a writer and his wife who travel in search of health.

The Lady of the Night Wind, by VARICK VANARDY [New York: Macaulay].
A detective yarn involving a house of mystery and a secret service plot.

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The Azure Rose, by REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN [Macaulay].
The romance of an American in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

The Toys of Peace, by H. H. MUNRO ("Saki") [Lane].
A volume of posthumous sketches and stories, with a memoir of the author.

The Golden Rope, by J. W. BRODIE INNES [Lane].
The narrative of an artist commissioned to paint a haunted castle.

The Shrieking Pit, by ARTHUR J. REES [Lane].
The story of a murder on the North Sea coast of England.

Rosy, by LOUIS DODGE [Scribners].
A tale of the Ozarks, in which the heroine hides a fugitive.

Travelling Companions, by HENRY JAMES [Boni and Liveright].
A collection of short stories hitherto unpublished in book form.

The Wind in the Garden, by HEWES LANCASTER [Stratford].
A story of French people in Louisiana.

The Shadow of the Past, by F. E. MILLS YOUNG [Doran].
An account of German intrigue in South Africa.

Travel and Description

A Year with a Whaler, by WALTER NOBLE BURNS, illus. [Macmillan].
The account of a trip into the Arctic in a whaler.

Blancs et Noirs, by PAUL REBOUX [Paris: Flammarion].
A study of negro life as seen on a trip to the U. S. and the West Indies.

Out and About London, by THOMAS BURKE [Holt].
Sketches of London in war time.

Peking Dust, by ELLEN N. LA MOTTE, illus. [Century].
Sketches of modern China.

Adventures in Alaska, by S. HALL YOUNG, illus. [Revell].
The experiences of a missionary in the North.

A Pilgrim in Palestine, by JOHN FINLEY, illus. [Scribners].
An account of journeys in the Holy Land after its recovery by the British.

Sociology and Economics

Foreign Financial Control in China, by T. W. OVERLACH [Macmillan].
An analysis of the activities of the six leading powers in China during the last twenty years.

The Tragedy of Labor, by WILLIAM RILEY HALSTEAD [Abingdon].
A discussion of the economic side of socialism and similar questions.

Women, ANONYMOUS [Knopf].
A study of modern women from a psychological point of view.

A Manual of Home-Making, compiled by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER, FLORA ROSE, HELEN CANON, illus. [Macmillan].
Suggestions on house furnishing and managing, clothing and foods.

The Food Crisis and Americanism, by WILLIAM STULL [Macmillan].
A criticism of the treatment of the farmer by the government.

used as the branch office of the Bank of Montreal. The Canadian "BOOKMAN" is a quarterly magazine.

An innovation in English-speaking lecture tours has been brought about by the war. Americans now are to lecture in England as well as Englishmen to lecture in the United States, according to James B. Pond, who recently sailed for England to complete plans for next winter's program both here and in England. Vachel Lindsay and Stephen Leacock are already listed for England, and there will probably be others. Not since Major James B. Pond, the father of the present head of the lyceum bureau, took Henry Ward Beecher to England in 1886 and Thomas De Witt Talmage in 1879, have lecturers from this country been toured in England. Maurice Maeterlinck and Lord Dunsany are two of the most interesting lecturers expected in America.

There is, apparently, a growing misconception about the real name of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. So let's get the matter straightened out. You know that in Spain a man's name still clings to the old Roman custom of having the surname or family name in the middle. Therefore, this author's father's name was Blasco. But there is an additional custom which combines the name of his mother with that of his father, and the two are supposed to be used together. Thus Blasco Ibáñez—not just "Ibáñez". Furthermore, there is still another social distinction which rules that if any one calls a man by his mother's maiden name—*e.g.* calling this man only "Ibáñez"—the implication is that his father and mother were not married. It is a curious custom, but a fact.

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The Brooklyn "Daily Eagle" commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Walt Whitman by publishing on May 31st, a Walt Whitman centenary number. Among the articles included were: "Reminiscences of Walt Whitman", by John Burroughs, his old friend and biographer; "Walt Whitman and His Publishers", by Thomas B. Harned, Whitman's friend and literary executor; "Whitman as an Editor", by Arthur M. Howe, editor of the "Eagle"; and "Walt Whitman, the Prophet Poet", by Roland D. Sawyer. In addition, the Whitman number contained editorials and other prose written by Whitman in 1846 and 1847 as editor of the "Eagle", which had not been reprinted. This included fiction, the existence of which seems to have escaped all the biographers and compilers of Whitman's works.

A portrait medallion to Rupert Brooke in Rugby School chapel was unveiled at an impressive ceremony on March 28th by General Sir Ian Hamilton, under whom Brooke served at Gallipoli. The medallion is a profile, executed in white marble by Thomas Harvard, from the well-known photograph by Sherrill Schell. Beneath it are the inscription "Rupert Brooke, 1887-1915", and his sonnet, "The Soldier", beginning,—

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Brooke's mother was at the service, in mourning for two lost sons, Rupert's only surviving brother having met death in action less than two months after the poet died at Lemnes. The photograph appeared in the 1914 volume of his poems, and at once created a sensation. The New York

The Business of Home Management, by MARY PATTISON [McBride].
A discussion based on experiments made by the Club Women of New Jersey.

The Taxation of Mines in Montana, by LOUIS LEVINE, Ph.D. [Huebsch].
A presentation of the economic principles involved in mine taxation.

Proposed Roads to Freedom, by BERTRAND RUSSELL [Holt].
An exposition of socialism, anarchism and syndicalism.

The Farmer and the New Day, by KENYON BUTTERFIELD [Macmillan].
A statement of the problems facing the farmer today.

The Little Town, by HARLAN PAUL DOUGLASS, illus. [Macmillan].
A study designed to show the opportunities of the small town.

The Whole Truth About Alcohol, by GEORGE ELLIOT FLINT [Macmillan].
A protest against prohibition.

The War Garden Victorious, by CHARLES LATHROP PACK, illus. [Lippincott].
A discussion of the value of the war garden in war and peace time.

World-Power and Evolution, by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D., illus. [Yale].
An interpretation of economic and biologic conditions in terms of climate and health.

Government Ownership of Public Utilities, by LEON CAMMEN, M.A. [New York: McDevitt-Wilson's].
An exposition of the theme that government ownership of public utilities means autocracy.

He Made His Wife His Partner, by HENRY IRVING DODGE, illus. [Harpers].
The story of a farmer who introduced efficiency into his home.

Opportunities in Farming, by EDWARD OWEN DEAN, illus. [Harpers].
Suggestions as to how to achieve success in farming.

Rural Reconstruction in Ireland, by LIONEL SMITH-GORDON, M.A., and LAURENCE C. STAPLES, A.M. [Yale].
The story of the cooperative organization movement in Ireland.

The Forgotten Man, and Other Essays, by WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER, LL.D. [Yale].
Essays on protectionism, the money controversy, education, and similar subjects.

Money and Prices, by J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN [Scribners].
A consideration of the principles involved in the regulation of prices, with illustrations from history.

American Business in World Markets, by JAMES T. M. MOORE [Doran].
A discussion of the means for protecting American business and trade.

How These Farmers Succeeded, edited by JOHN R. MCMAHON, illus. [Holt].
Stories of sixteen farmers representing as many agricultural states in the U. S.

Cotton, by GEORGE BIGWOOD; *Wool*, by FRANK ORMEROD, illus. [Holt].
Two volumes in a new series designed to convey a knowledge of the staple raw materials and manufactured products.

The American Year Book, edited by FRANCIS G. WICKWARD, B.A., B.Sc. [Appleton].
A digest of events in politics, science, art, etc., during 1918.

Facts About France, by E. SAILLENS, illus. [Stokes].
Information on French life, past and present, alphabetically arranged.

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Jewish Contributions to Civilization, by JOSEPH JACOBS [Jewish Publication Society].
A survey of Jewish influence in matters intellectual and economic.

Biography

Georges Clemenceau, The Tiger of France, by GEORGES LECOMTE [Appleton].
The translation of a French writer's interpretation of the Premier.

Cervantes, by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL [Duffield].
A biography and a critique of the Spanish writer.

Christina Forsyth of Fingoland, by W. P. LIVINGSTONE, illus. [Doran].
The story of a missionary in southeastern Africa.

Rebels and Reformers, by ARTHUR and DOROTHEA PONSONBY, illus. [Holt].
Biographies of such men as Savonarola and Tolstoi, written for young people.

President Wilson, by DANIEL HALÉVY, trans. by HUGH STOKES [Lane].
A Frenchman's interpretation of the President and his policy.

Arthur Machen, by VINCENT STARRETT [Chicago: Walter M. Hill].
A paper on the novelist reprinted in part from "Reedy's Mirror".

The Walk with God, by JULIA WARD HOWE, edited by LAURA E. RICHARDS [Dutton].
Extracts from Mrs. Howe's journals, verses, and an essay on immortality.

Dr. Elsie Inglis, by LADY FRANCES BALFOUR, illus. [Doran].
The story of the nurse who gave her life in the war.

A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, by the HON. RALPH SHIRLEY, illus. [Funk and Wagnalls].
A biography adapted for class-room use.

The Life of Joel Chandler Harris, by ROBERT LEMUEL WIGGINS, illus. [Nashville: Smith and Lamar].
A study supplemented by short stories and other unpublished works by Harris.

The Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by WILLIAM DRAPER LEWIS, Ph.D., illus. [Winston].
A biography prefaced with an introduction by William Howard Taft.

The New Elizabethans, by E. B. OSBORN, illus. [Lane].
Memoirs of young men in the British service who fell in the war.

Drama

Dramatic Technique, by GEORGE PIERCE BAKER [Houghton].
An exposition by the professor of dramatic literature at Harvard.

The Great Conspiracy, by CHARLES V. H. ROBERTS [New York: Torch Press].
A drama of the war, with scenes laid in Europe and in hell.

Molière, by PHILIP MOELLER [Knopf].
The text of the play lately produced in New York.

The Gentile Wife, by RITA WELLMAN [Moffat, Yard].
A study of the problem of love versus family ties.

Without the Walls, by KATRINA TRASK [Macmillan].
The love story of a Jewish girl and a Roman soldier in Jerusalem.

"Evening Post" tells the story:

Persons who were not appreciative of the poetry wanted the picture. Booksellers said that not a few purchasers of the book tore the portrait out and left the volume on the counter. The original was exhibited in the London Salon of Photography, where it made a deep impression upon visitors. Mr. Schell's studio was besieged by persons clamoring to be taken à la Brooke, sans collar and sans shirt. When generals and admirals with double chins trooped in with the same demand, the artist concluded that it was time to call a halt.

John Ernest Hodder Williams, head of the firm of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London, and Vice-President of George H. Doran Company, New York, has been knighted. Sir Ernest is the eldest son of John and Mary Williams. His mother is the only child of the late M. H. Hodder, and his father is a nephew of the late Sir George Williams, founder of the Y. M. C. A., with whom he was connected in business for over forty years.

Sir Ernest has crossed the Atlantic many times, and before the war a trip to the States and Canada, where he has many friends, was a regular event of the summer. When the war broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Hodder Williams threw their whole strength into national service, but Mrs. Hodder Williams has not lived to share her husband's honors.

When the post of minister to Belgium was offered to Brand Whitlock, he accepted it because the surroundings would be agreeable and the duties light. Those are the bald facts, even though official documents, in their fanciful verbiage, might have much to say about the "call to duty", etc. He knew Brussels well in the old and happier days and liked the city, and he wished to enjoy a certain amount of quiet and repose so that

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he might complete several novels that were clamoring within him to be put down on paper.

In his book "Belgium" Mr. Whitlock tells an anecdote which recalls Stanley's laconic remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume", made when the two men met in the African jungle. During the early days of the war, Mr. Whitlock was busy catching legations that were being tossed in his direction by the diplomats of various warring nations as they made their exits.

He says:

> . . . Sir Francis Villiers came, formally to turn over his Legation. He wore the British calm—this distinguished gentleman, whose hair was grown white in his King's service.
>
> "A most frightful bore!" was his only comment on the impending demenagement.

"He (Bernard Shaw) has succeeded in interesting us largely by inventing himself as a public figure, as Oscar Wilde and Stevenson did before him", is a line from an essay on "Mr. Bernard Shaw" in a volume of brilliant literary studies, "Old and New Masters" by Robert Lynd, which has recently appeared in England.

George Moore continues as the author of privately-printed books. His volume "A Story-Teller's Holiday" (reviewed by James Huneker in the Christmas BOOKMAN) is followed by a sequel entitled "Avowals", in which he relates his life in Paris. The book is published in England at two guineas, and if it is frank enough—and Mr. Moore makes considerable of a point of being frank—no doubt it will be worth double that money in a very short time. Mr. Moore is at present at work, it is said, on the story of "Abélard and Héloise".

Alice Sit-By-The Fire, by J. M. BARRIE [Scribners].
A new volume in the uniform edition of Barrie's plays.

The Moon of the Caribbees, by EUGENE O'NEILL [Boni and Liveright].
A collection of seven plays of the sea.

Old Saws and Modern Instances, by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D. [Dutton].
Illustrations of the treatment of "modern" questions in ancient dramas.

The Return of the "Mayflower", by RENDEL HARRIS, illus. [Longmans].
A play in which the Pilgrims meet Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson.

Three Tremendous Trifles, by FELTON B. ELKINS [Duffield].
Three comedies of English life.

History

The Fathers of New England, by CHARLES M. ANDREWS; *The Spanish Conquerors*, by IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN; *The Anti-Slavery Crusade*, by JESSE MACY; *The Cotton Kingdom*, by WILLIAM E. DODD; *Dutch and English on the Hudson*, by MAUD WILDER GOODWIN; *The Old Northwest*, by FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG; *The Boss and the Machine*, by SAMUEL P. ORTH; *The Age of Big Business*, by BURTON J. HENDRICK; *The Old Merchant Marine*, by RALPH D. PAINE; *The Day of the Confederacy*, by NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON, illus. [Yale.]
Further volumes in the Chronicles of America series, edited by Allen Johnson.

Constitutional Power and World Affairs, by GEORGE SUTHERLAND [Columbia Univ.].
A discussion of the external powers of the national government.

Essays

The New America, by FRANK DILNOT [Macmillan].
Sketches of American life as seen by an Englishman.

A Plea for the Familiar Essay in College English, by SISTER M. MADELEVA, M.A. [Notre Dame: University Press].
A paper designed to introduce to the young student the familiar essay.

In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays, by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS [Macmillan].
Selections reflecting the author's work in the various fields of literature.

Art

Early Illustrated Books, by ALFRED W. POLLARD, illus. [Dutton].
A revised edition of a history of the illustration of books in the 15th and 16th centuries.

Art Principles, with Special Reference to Painting, by ERNEST GOVETT, illus. [Putnam].
A treatise on the principles underlying the fine arts.

Science

The Elementary Nervous System, by G. H. PARKER, Sc.D., illus. [Lippincott].
A description of the elementary nervous system as it exists in the simpler animals.

What We Eat and What Happens to It, by PHILIP B. HAWK, Ph.D. [Harpers].
Advice based on investigation at Jefferson Medical College.

"Busy", The Life of an Ant, by WALTER FLAVIUS MCCALEB, illus. [Harpers].
An account, in story form, of an ant's life.

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From Nebula to Nebula, by GEORGE HENRY LEPPER [pub. by the author at Pittsburgh].
An outline of the history and achievement of astronomy.

Field and Study, by JOHN BURROUGHS [Houghton].
Essays on out-door life.

Juvenile

Daddy Pat of the Marines, by LT.-COL. FRANK E. EVANS, illus. [Stokes].
Letters from a marine on active service abroad to his six-year-old son.

Rainbow Island, by EDNA A. BROWN, illus. [Lothrop].
A story of the Maine sea-coast, in which a patriotic boy figures.

Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls, selected by ELVA S. SMITH, illus. [Lothrop].
A collection of twenty stories and poems by a librarian.

The Wonder of War at Sea, by FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER, illus. [Lothrop].
An exposition of naval warfare during the Great War.

When I Was a Girl in Mexico, by MERCEDES GODOY, illus. [Lothrop].
The narrative of the daughter of a former Mexican official to the U. S.

Dave Porter's War Honors, by EDWARD STRATEMEYER, illus. [Lothrop].
The concluding volume of the series, in which the hero is at the front.

Cornelia, by LUCY FITCH PERKINS, illus. [Houghton].
The story of a little girl who would improve the condition of her neighbors.

Miscellaneous

Report of the Librarian of Congress for 1918, illus. [Government Printing Office].
A report illustrated with plans of the floors of the Library.

The Salmagundi Club, A History, by WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON, illus. [Houghton].
The story of the growth of the New York art club.

Small Talk at Wreyland, by CECIL TORR [Putnam].
Personal reminiscences of a native of Devonshire.

Commercial Tests and How to Use Them, by SHERWIN CODY [World Book Co.].
The history and technique of the National Business Ability Tests.

The Higher Learning in America, by THORSTEIN VEBLEN [Huebsch].
A consideration of the forces responsible for the failure of our universities.

The Red Cow and Her Friends, by PETER MCARTHUR, illus. [Lane].
Sketches of farm life.

Mother Love in Action, by PRUDENCE BRADISH [Harpers].
Advice to parents on the bringing up of children.

Keeping Fit All the Way, by WALTER CAMP, illus. [Harpers].
Suggestions for the maintenance of good health, with illustrative exercises.

Model Making, by RAYMOND FRANCIS YATES, 1918 edition, illus. [New York: Henley].
An exposition of model engineering and the mechanical sciences associated with it.

Remaking a Man, by COURTNEY BAYLOR [Moffat, Yard].
A presentation of a method of "mental refitting" by a member of the Emmanuel Movement.

The anonymous novel of wartime life in London, "Patricia Brent, Spinster", the identity of whose authorship has never been revealed, has been translated into Swedish and Danish-Norwegian. It is now being translated for early publication in Holland and France, and is also to appear in a motion-picture version.

Faith Harris Leech, daughter of Corra Harris, who collaborated with her mother in "From Sunup to Sundown", died on May third at her home in Georgia after a very brief illness.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden", and lately of "Christopher and Columbus", is a very eccentric writer. "The Sphere" of London recently printed what this paper says "is probably the first portrait of her that has ever been published". The author of "Elizabeth" was Miss Beauchamp, now the Countess Russell.

A recently published volume is "Behind the Motion-Picture Screen", by Austin C. Lescarboura. The book has been prepared by Mr. Lescarboura, who is one of the editors of "The Scientific American", with a view to answering the thousand-and-one questions continually being asked about motion-picture production. It is not technical; yet designs to be accurate, unbiased, comprehensive, and, withal, highly instructive. Every right-hand page is a picture page; every left-hand page is a corresponding text page. This seems to be a new departure in books of this kind.

Indiana has been protesting against a comparison between the verse of the late James Whitcomb Riley and the productions of the school pro-

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claimed writers of "free verse". The free versifiers probably would join in the protest. And so, too, doubtless would Riley.

Brinsley MacNamara, author of a recently published book, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows", has, it would seem, received an unusual tribute from the Irish public. Copies of the book, it is said, were publicly burned after the best mediæval fashion, and the author was subjected to acts of lusty violence—many of the inhabitants of the section of Ireland portrayed by the author believing themselves to be originals of some of the characters.

The College of Mount St. Vincent has given the degree of Doctor of Literature to Miss Blanche M. Kelly, one of the younger poets whose versatility in prose also has been marked. Dr. Kelly has been an editorial associate and contributor on the staff of "The Catholic Encyclopædia" and the compiler of its Index volume; the editor of the late Dr. Emmet's lives of his illustrious grandfather and granduncle; the writer of an extended series of virile essays in "America", "Studies", "The Catholic World", and other periodicals, and a successful lecturer to literary audiences. In addition Miss Kelly has a volume of poetry to her credit, "The Valley of Vision". Of this, in a recent review, so keen a critic as Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said:

> If poetry is the suggestion of the light that never was on sea or land; if it is the power of touching chords of emotion whose existence is unsuspected; if it is the evocation of fragile visions that seem to shine through breaks in the mists of the future, the verses in this book are **poetry.**

Education for Character, by FRANK CHAPMAN SHARP, Ph.D. [Bobbs-Merrill].
Suggestions for moral training in the home and the school.

The Pronunciation of Standard English in America, by GEORGE PHILIP KRAPP [Oxford].
A book designed to provide a rational method of guidance in punctuation.

Jewish Education in New York City, by ALEXANDER M. DUSHKIN, Ph.D., illus. [Bureau of Jewish Education].
A survey of the history, organization, and management of Jewish schools.

Natural History, Vol. XIX, No. 1 [Amer. Museum of Nat. History].
An issue containing articles by John Burroughs, Robert E. Peary, and others.

The Greatness of Quebec, by JOHN BOYD [Montreal: Librairie Beauchemin].
An address on the history, riches, and resources of Quebec.

The Training of a Salesman, by WILLIAM MAXWELL, illus. [Lippincott].
Talks on methods of approaching customers and getting orders.

Idealism and the Modern Age, by GEORGE PLIMPTON ADAMS, Ph.D. [Yale].
A consideration of the ideas which have found expression in modern social structures.

The American Hunting Dog, by WARREN H. MILLER, illus. [Doran].
A manual on raising and training the hunting dog.

The Social Secretary, by ELIZABETH MYERS [Brentano's].
A handbook to the profession of social secretary.

Handbook of Simplified Spelling, Part I [Simplified Spelling Board].
A survey of the reform movement in English spelling.

The Art of Photoplay Writing, by E. F. BARKER [St. Louis: Colossus Pub. Co.].
Hints on successful scenario writing.

The Business Man and His "Overflow", by WILLIAM E. SWEET [Association].
An appeal to men to continue unselfish services rendered during the war.

How to Live, by IRVING FISHER and EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D. [Funk and Wagnalls].
Rules for healthful living prepared in collaboration with the Life Extension Institute.

Courage, by JEANNETTE MARKS [Womans Press].
Talks on the right conduct of one's life.

Altruism, Its Nature and Varieties, by GEORGE HERBERT PALMER [Scribners].
An exposition of the stages of altruism: manners, gifts, mutuality.

The Third Book of Artemas, ANONYMOUS [London: Westall].
Further reflections on the affairs of men in war and peace time.

Barney Oldfield's Book for the Motorist, by BARNEY OLDFIELD, illus. [Small, Maynard].
Suggestions designed to help the motorist in increasing the service of his car.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy, selected by FRED C. MULLINIX [pub. by the author at Jonesboro, Ark.].
Selections from the utterances of former Chief Justice Lamm of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

Book Review Digest, 1918 [H. W. Wilson Co.].
A compilation supplemented by indexes to subject matter, authors, and publishers.

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The Adventure of Life, by ROBERT W. MACKENNA, M.A., M.D. [Macmillan].
Reflections on such subjects as heredity, suffering, and death.

Book Repair and Restoration, by MITCHELL S. BUCK, illus. [Nicholas L. Brown].
A manual of suggestions for repairing and preserving books.

The Mental Hygiene of Childhood, by WILLIAM A. WHITE, M.D. [Little, Brown].
An analysis of the mental life of the child, for the guidance of parents.

The American Language, by H. L. MENCKEN [Knopf].
A discussion of the origins and development of the American dialect of English.

Religion and Spiritualism

A Gentle Cynic, Being the Book of Ecclesiastes, by MORRIS JASTROW, JR., Ph.D., LL.D. [Lippincott].
A new interpretation of the Book of Koheleth.

The New Opportunity of the Church, by ROBERT E. SPEER [Macmillan].
A consideration of the dangers and duties of the present.

The Secret of Progress, by W. CUNNINGHAM, F.B.A., F.S.A. [Cambridge].
A sketch of the development of the spiritual consciousness in man.

The Southern Methodist Handbook, 1919, edited by THOMAS N. IVEY, illus. [Nashville: Smith and Lamar].
A digest of information concerning the activities of the church.

Prophecy and Authority, by KEMPER FULLERTON, M.A. [Macmillan].
A discussion purporting to be a study in the history of the doctrine of interpretation of Scripture.

Essays in Lent, by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE [Dutton].
A series of short Lenten essays reprinted from "The Outlook".

The Country Church in the New World Order, by EDMUND DES. BRUNNER, Ph. D. [Association].
A consideration of the effect of the war on the country church.

Spiritualism, Its History, Phenomena and Doctrine, by J. ARTHUR HILL [Doran].
A history supplemented by a complete glossary and index.

Reunion in Eternity, by SIR W. ROBERTSON NICHOLL, M.A., LL.D. [Doran].
Essays on immortality.

The Making of the Church of England, by THOMAS ALLEN TIBBALL, D.D. [Stratford].
A series of lectures on the history of the English Church.

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"Sapper", the author of "The Human Touch", "No Man's Land", "Michael Cassidy, Sergeant", and "Men, Women and Guns", is one of the few anonymous authors who have remained anonymous after repeated success. The other day an American officer telephoned to his publishers and asked to be told in confidence the name of the Englishman writing under the name of "Sapper". He asked this because an Englishman at his club was representing himself as the author of the "Sapper" books, and he suspected something not right. This incident encouraged the announcement of the real author. He is Lieutenant H. C. McNeile, M.C., and a novel by this author, entitled "Mufti", is announced for this autumn.

The Government Printing Office will have for publication soon "America's Munitions, 1917-1918" (the report of Honorable Benedict Crowell, Director of Munitions) written by Captain Robert Forrest Wilson, who before being commissioned was a magazine writer. The document departs from the usual style of official reports by attempting to set forth in clear, entertaining fashion something of the science and the human struggle involved in the effort to put America's resources in the field as munitions. Every phase of the war mobilization of materials is covered. Cloth-bound and profusely illustrated, the book will be on sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, at cost, which will be low. The volume is to be the forerunner of others describing for popular consumption various historical phases of America's participation in the war.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who contributes to the July BOOKMAN the paper on "The Paris of Thackeray and Dickens", has long been an assiduous follower of the literary trail. His "New York of the Novelists", later is-

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sued in book form, ran through six issues of THE BOOKMAN in 1915 and 1916. He has sought out and described the Blue Grass region of the James Lane Allen novels; the Blackmore country in the west of England; the Ayrshire of Robert Burns; the Edinburgh of Scott; the London of a score of writers; and once his keen interest in Alphonse Daudet's Tartarin took him to Tarascon, and thence, by a tramp steamer on which he was the only passenger, across the Mediterranean to Algeria.

Once Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the translator of Maeterlinck, wrote Mr. Maurice expressing astonishment that an American could write European scenes with so much easy intimacy. Mr. Maurice replied that it was probably because he had been "caught young". In other words, he was taken to Europe at eight years of age, lived there from nine till eleven, visited the old world every year during the impressionable 'teens. It was more than twenty years ago that he began to follow the literary trail in Paris, and he has gone back there to revisit the scenes of fiction every two or three years since. He was last there in the summer of 1917, having served behind the German lines with the American Commission for Relief in Belgium and the north of France since the preceding autumn. When the entrance of the United States into the war forced the retirement of the Americans, Mr. Maurice was one of seven men who, suspected of possessing knowledge of military value, were destined for a period of detention in the Black Forest, and were taken through Germany in way trains, with many stops. Eventually the party reached Swiss soil, thence going to Paris. In writing a forthcoming book dealing with the Paris and rural France of the novelists, Mr. Maurice found only two towns calling for description that he had not visited.

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They Who Understand, by LILIAN WHITING [Little, Brown].
Experiences in communication between this world and the unseen.

World Facts and America's Responsibility, by CORNELIUS H. PATTON [Association].
A presentation of America's new obligations as a Christian country.

Chosen Peoples: The Hebraic Ideal versus the Teutonic, by ISRAEL ZANGWILL [Macmillan].
An exposition of the ideals of the Jewish people today.

The Kingdom That Must Be Built, by WALTER J. CAREY, M.A., R.N. [Macmillan].
An examination of what constitutes Christianity.

Claude's Book, by MRS. KELWAY-BAMBER [Holt].
Messages purporting to be revelations to his mother by a young airman killed in the war.

The Faith by Which We Live, by THE RT. REV. CHARLES FISKE, D.D., LL.D. [Milwaukee: Morehouse].
An exposition of the facts of Christianity.

Go and Tell! by EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D. [New York: Amer. Tract Soc.].
A paper on the resurrection of Christ.

The Riddle of Nearer Asia, by BASIL MATHEWS [Doran].
A study of the spiritual forces at work in the Near East.

The Coming of the Lord: Will It Be Premillennial? by JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D. [Macmillan].
A consideration of both sides of the question of premillennarianism.

Marks of a World Christian, by DANIEL JOHNSON FLEMING [Association].
A series of daily readings and topics for study, arranged for nine weeks.

The House of Judah, by CHARLES EDWARD HEWITT [Abingdon].
A story of the Resurrection.

International Aspects of Christianity, by OZORA S. DAVIS AND GRACE T. DAVIS [Association].
Readings designed to present the internationalism of Christianity.

Heart Messages from the Psalms, by RALPH WELLES KEELER [Abingdon].
An interpretation of the "personal" Psalms in terms of modern life.

The Second Coming of Christ, by JAMES M. CAMPBELL [Methodist Book Concern].
A discussion and a catechism on the second coming of Christ.

What Is This Spiritualism? by HORACE LEAF [Doran].
A statement of the fundamentals and the religious and scientific claims of spiritualism.

Christianity's Unifying Fundamental, by HENRY F. WARING, D.D. [Doran, or Association].
Discussions designed to clear up religious doubts and problems.

By an Unknown Disciple, ANONYMOUS [Doran].
A new revelation of the life and teachings of Jesus.

Christian Life in the Community, by A. J. W. MYERS [Association].
An outline of church problems, for the student of church work.

The Challenge of the War, by HENRY FRANK [Stratford].
A discussion of immortality.

Moral Education as a Reconstruction Problem, by NORMAN E. RICHARDSON [Abingdon].
A paper on the failure of Christianity educationally, and the duty of the church.

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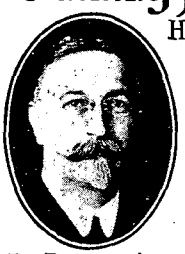

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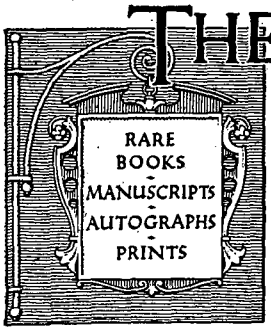

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

Those collectors who were fortunate enough to see the collection of Japanese color prints belonging to the late Frederick W. Hunter, which was dispersed at the Walpole Galleries in this city last March, gained a new idea of what careful selection in this line will accomplish. Mr. Hunter was one of the pioneer lovers of Japanese prints, and paid particular attention to condition, the result of the sale justifying his judgment in every particular. It is not difficult or expensive to secure Japanese prints, but this is a line of collecting in which study and experience count and the beginner should have expert guidance. A western collector who now has a very fine collection of Japanese prints explained to a friend one day the fascination of this field: "They are all out of drawing and they don't look pretty at first, but the darned things keep on growing better and better looking. You don't want too many of them around, but if you go after the right sort you needn't be afraid of getting too many." Mr. Hunter's collection numbered only one hundred and fifty prints. Yates Thompson limited himself to one hundred illuminated manuscripts. In neither case had the collector any reason to regret his limitations.

The copy of the "True Chronicle History of King Leir", the foundation play of Shakespeare's "King Lear" which brought £1,950 in the sale of Lord Mostyn's plays, now reappears on a London dealer's catalogue with the price of £2,850 affixed. The Huth copy, the only other one in private hands (the British Museum having two), brought £2,470. That copy was cut in two places by the binder, while the Mostyn copy had large margins. The same dealer has a copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare which probably was owned originally by Samuel Gilburne, one of the actors in Shakespeare's company, priced at only £850. But there are more First Folios than "King Leirs".

Many of the important manuscripts and autograph letters which were in the great collection of the late Alfred Morrison, the final sale of which has been held at Sotheby's, will find their way into American private collections. Several London dealers made extensive purchases with a view to the American market, and some of the Morrison material may come into the American auction room. The "Album Amicorum" of Francis Segur, 1599-1611, which was in the Huth sale, cost Sabin £380, which was £300 more than it cost Mr. Huth in 1865 at the Wellesley sale. It made its appearance in the Halsey sale at Anderson's in New York this spring, when it brought $2,960. Many items in the Morrison sale offered a still more promising field for the speculator in

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rare autographs, and the prices there indicated some speculative bidding.

A well-known book collector, whose library is to come into the auction room next season, announces to his friends that he is through with book collecting. "Broadsides for me, hereafter", he declares. "They take up little room, and they are more interesting than books, most of which are repetitions of other books. A broadside has something new to tell. But the main thing is that they can be tucked away in small space, and in these days room is a consideration to the collector."

There is little danger of a slump in the Thackeray market in spite of the large amount of material which is coming into the auction room relating to the author of "Vanity Fair". When it appears that the price for Thackeray drawings and autograph letters and books seems to have become standardized, and every dealer thinks he knows about what a Thackeray "item" will bring, somebody comes along with a Thackeray "find" and prices go soaring. The publication of a definitive Thackeray bibliography tends to awaken flagging interest and to draw new collectors into the field. Thackeray was an author whose manuscripts and corrected proof-sheets lead one into his literary workshop and reveal his methods. Much of his work was unsigned and the finding of it has occupied the time of many literary sleuths. Many of his publications appeared first in the United States and precede the English editions, and in some instances the first American edition differs from the first English edition. Henry S. Van Duzer's Thackeray bibliography attempts to define these differences, and will furnish joy to many Thackeray collectors, while

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America leads England in the matter of Thackeray collections, as it does in appreciation of Swinburne. Harvard University and the Drexel Institute have precious Thackeray manuscripts, and the Thackerayana collections of J. P. Morgan and Henry S. Van Duzer outrank similar collections in England. The great Lambert collection and those of Edwin W. Coggeshall and Samuel Henry Austin have been dispersed, but their treasures were eagerly taken up by other American collectors, while some have gone into public institutions from which they will never be released. The great Thackeray rarities, such as a perfect "Vanity Fair", are so few that there are not enough to go around, and even a small Thackeray drawing or an interesting autograph letter — and Thackeray did not write many dull ones—is a worthy acquisition in any man's library.

The invasion of the American rare-book market by English dealers is an interesting phase of book collecting. Of course the great London dealers, whose names are familiar to every collector, have been selling rare books in the American market ever since Obadiah Rich and Henry Stevens of Vermont showed them that there was such a thing. But the number of catalogues of the smaller and less-known English houses that find their way to the American book collector's table has increased greatly since the war started and is likely to increase. It takes time, but the keen collector soon learns how to go through many titles quickly, and the principal sufferer by a neglected catalogue is generally the one who neglects it.

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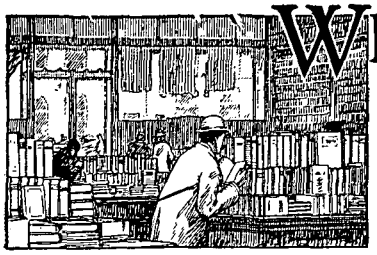

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War and Reconstruction

The Way to Victory, by PHILIP GIBBS, with maps and diagrams, 2 vols. [Doran].
A history of the war from the Cambrai salient of November, 1917, to the signing of the armistice.

Labor and Reconstruction in Europe, by ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN [Dutton].
Facts concerning labor problems in the various European countries.

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Suggestions for the reconstruction of civilization.

Prisoner of the U-90, by EDOUARD VICTOR ISAACS, Lieut., U. S. N. [Houghton].
The narrative of the only line officer of our navy captured during the war.

Save America! by FRANK PUTNAM [pub. by the author at Milwaukee].
Letters protesting against the proposed league of nations, prohibition, etc.

Our Debt to Great Britain, by PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM [Beacon].
A paper on the reasons for our indebtedness to England.

The Curtain of Steel, by the author of "In the Northern Mists" [Doran].
Stories of the British Navy, by a chaplain who served with it.

After the Whirlwind, by CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL [Doran].
Reflections based on observation of destruction in the countries of Europe.

Our First Ten Thousand, by SERGT. CHESTER JENKS, illus. [Four Seas].
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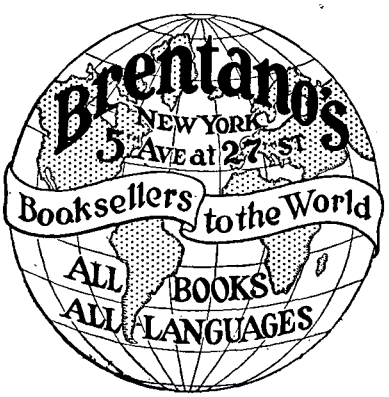

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A narrative of the French aviation corps.

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Democracy in Reconstruction, edited by FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND and DR. JOSEPH SCHAFER [Houghton].
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The New Grand Army of the Republic, by LOREN C. GRIEVES, Lieut.-Col., U. S. A. [Doran].
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Parlor Bolshevism and the Other Kind, by EDWARD LEIGH PELL [pub. by the author at New York].
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Final Proof of German Brutality

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN,
Former United States Minister to Denmark

BELGIUM. A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. By Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium and Author of "Forty Years of It," In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1919.

IN reading the other two of the great American war books—Mr. Gerard's and Mr. Morgenthau's—in comparison with this very rich and precious record of one of the greatest works that any Extraordinary Envoy ever accomplished—one feels that the writers of the first two have done us a great injustice. If Mr. Gerard knew the language of the country to which he was accredited, he does not help us in any way to know it; he very infrequently drops into German; he does not even translate "gemüthlichkeit" for us; and, as for Mr. Morgenthau, "kismet" and "bismillah"—words that every person at all familiar with Turkish uses constantly—he seldom writes, if ever!

Looking at Mr. Brand Whitlock's luxurious pages, we discovered on each of them that he is saturated with the elegant language of the Court of Brussels. It may be remarked here, by the way, that these pages are really luxurious; no book has of late years been so perfectly printed as this. Nevertheless, although Mr. Gerard and Mr. Morgenthau have done great things, too, they do not present them in such a truly elegant manner. If these two ex-Ambassadors have what Mr. Brand Whitlock would call "*de rosserie*," Mr. F Whitlock has what he would · *peu de coquetterie*." only adds a ce of speaking, hard to

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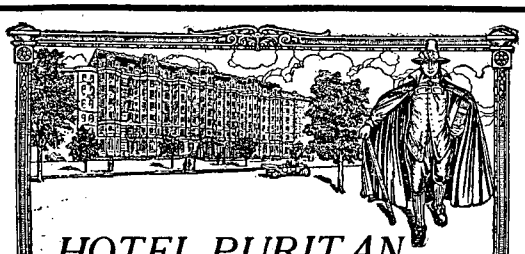

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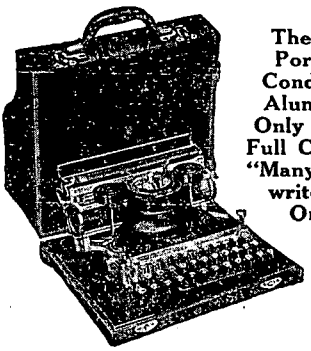

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